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LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD,

TO

SIR HORACE MANN,

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S RESIDENT AT THE COURT OF FLORENCE, FROM 1760 to 1785.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

CONCLUDING SERIES.

VOL. I.

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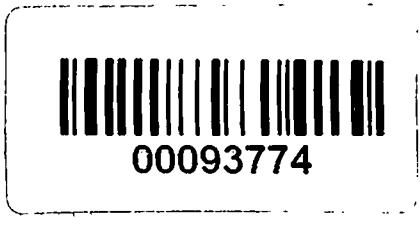

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The Editor thinks it necessary to state, that the Notes to the following Letters are all by Horace Walpole himself, except those otherwise indicated.

London, June 26th, 1843.

LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

SIR HORACE MANN.

LETTER I.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1, 1760.

As I suppose your curiosity about the new reig[n] is not lessened by being at such a distance, I am, you see, prompt in satisfying it, and I can do it in few words. It set out with great show of alteration; it soon settled into the old channel. The favourite* appeared sole minister for a day or two. The old ministers agreed to continue as they were; and though the Duke of Newcastle attempted to pretend to have a mind of retiring, he soon recollected that he had no such inclination. Mr. Pitt† on Thursday acquainted the King that he was content to manage

* John Stewart, Earl of Bute.

† Afterwards the celebrated Earl of Chatham.—Ed.

the war, and wished to act in other things as he had done under the Duke of Newcastle in the late reign: the City have expressed the same advice; the duke signified his acquiescence yesterday; and thus only the superficies of the drawing-room is altered, not the government. The household will probably not be settled till after the burial. The young King, you may trust me, who am not apt to be enamoured with royalty, gives all the indication imaginable of being amiable. His person is tall, and full of dignity; his countenance florid and good-natured; his manner graceful and obliging: he expresses no warmth nor resentment against anybody; at most, coldness. To the Duke of Cumberland he has shown even a delicacy of attention. He told him, he intended to introduce a new custom into his family, that of living well with all his family; and he would not permit anybody but the Princess to be named in the prayers, because the Duke of Cumberland must have been put back for the Duke of York. This is a nature that your own is suited to represent; you will now act in character.

I will tell you something,—the King loves medals; if you ever meet with anything very curious in that way, I should think you would make your court agreeably by sending it to him. I imagine his taste goes to antiques too, perhaps to pictures, but that I have not heard. If you learn that any purchases may be made in either kind, and that are beyond your own purse, you may acquaint him through the

Secretary of State. I should like to have you make yourself necessary to him in his pleasures, as they are so reputable.

The Lord Mayor laid the first stone of the new bridge* yesterday. There is an inscription on it in honour of Mr. Pitt, which has a very Roman air, though very unclassically† expressed; they talk of the contagion of his public spirit. I believe they had not got rid of their panic about mad dogs.

The King's will was opened last night. He has given fifty thousand pounds between the Duke, Princess Amelie, and the Princess of Hesse.‡ The duke, it is said, has relinquished his share. The interest of the whole is to be paid to the two Princesses for their lives, and the survivor is to have the principal. A strong box, containing about ten thousand pounds, is left to Lady Yarmouth. But there is besides an unrevoked deed, dated soon after the battle of Culloden, by which he has given the greatest part of his jewels, which are very fine, to the duke, and about an hundred and fourscore thousand pounds. Unluckily, the chief part of this sum is upon mortgages in Germany; consequently, German and French armies are executors. What more was laid out thus, or remains, I know not—I cannot believe in this apparent poverty. It is pretended that the present war exhausted all his savings; I was going to say,

* Blackfriars Bridge.—Ed.

† That inscription was exceedingly ridiculed, particularly in a pamphlet written on purpose.

‡ Mary, the King's fourth daughter.

credat Judæus — but a Jew is the last man alive who would believe so.

Don't say I have not announced to you the Duchess of Hamilton, and her husband General Campbell,* Lady Ailesbury's brother. I have mentioned them to you already. They set out this week. I think the duchess will not answer your expectation. She never was so handsome as Lady Coventry, and now is a skeleton. It is hard upon a standard beauty, when she travels in a deep consumption. Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, who never quitted curiosity about her, went, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. If she had lived to ninety like Helen, I believe they would have thought that her wrinkles deserved an epic poem. Poor thing! how far from ninety! she was not eight-and-twenty! Adieu!

* John, afterwards Duke of Argyll, father to the present duke.—Ed.

LETTER II.

Arlington Street, Nov. 14, 1760.

I AM vexed, for I find that the first pacquet-boat that sailed after the death of the King, was taken by the French, and the mail thrown overboard. Some of the parcels were cast on shore, but I don't know whether they were legible, or whether the letter I had written to you was among them, and is got to you. It must be very irksome to you not to hear from me on that occasion; and it is particularly so to me, as I had given you all the satisfaction imaginable that you would be safe. This is of much more consequence than the particulars of the news. I repeat it now, but I cannot bear to think that you feel any anxiety so long. Everything remains so much in the same situation, that there is no probability of your being removed. I have since given you a hint of purchasing medals, antiquities, or pictures for the King. I would give much to be sure those letters had reached you. Then, there is a little somebody of a German prince, through whose acre the post-road lies, and who has quarrelled with the Dutch about a halfpenny-worth of postage; if he has stopped my letters, I shall wish that some frow may have emptied her pail and drowned his dominions! There is a murmur of Mr. Mackenzie * being Vice-chamberlain,—I trust you have

* James Stewart Mackenzie, brother of Lord Bute.

been very well with him; I am so connected* with the Campbells that I can increase it. Why should not you write to him to offer your services for any commissions in virtù that the King may be pleased to give?

Lord Huntingdon† remains Master of the Horse; nothing else is decided yet. The changes in the household, and those few, will constitute almost all the revolution. The King seems the most amiable young man in the world; you may trust me, who am not apt to be the Humorous Lieutenant‡ and fall in love with Majesty.

We are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of Prussia over Daun;§ but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are doubters. The courier comes so exactly in cadence with the intended meeting of the Parliament, having set out before the late King's death could be known, that some people are disposed to believe it is a despatch to the city, which he meant to take by surprise sooner than he will Dresden.

I make this a short letter, for I could only repeat the contents of my two last, which I have forgot, and which I will flatter myself you have received. Adieu!

* Not only Lady Ailesbury was a Campbell, but Eliz. Mackenzie was a Campbell, and Lady Strafford, wife of the Earl of Strafford, one of Mr. Walpole's particular friends.

† Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon.

‡ A play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

§ The battle of Torgau.—Ed.

LETTER III.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5th, 1760.

I HAVE received the samples of the brocadella, but they are so small that I cannot form any judgment of the pattern. I will beg you to follow your own method, and send me some pieces by the first person that will bring them; but they must be of three colours. I am sure I remember such at Florence, particularly at Madame Rinuncini's or Madame Ricardi's, I think the former's; it was in a bedchamber where she saw company when she was with child. Of two colours they make them here very well, but they cannot arrive at three. I do not approve damask at all, for as there will be no pictures in the chamber, nothing is more *triste* than a single colour.

Don't think I took ill your giving away my books: I had really forgotten them; you shall certainly have another set, and one for Lady Mary Wortley,* who scolded me by Stosch. I shall send you a curious pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called "Considerations on the present German War," and is written by a wholesale woollen-draper;† but the materials are supposed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorke's. The confirmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was then in Italy.

† Isaac Mauduit.

disciples of the pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that monarch's head shot off. There are letters from the Hague, that say Daun is dead of his wounds. If he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully at last. It has been the fashion to cry down Daun ; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself, I dare say he would have been glad to be matched with one much more like himself than one so opposite as the marshal.

I have heard nothing lately of Stosch, and am told he has been ill at Salisbury. This climate is apt to try foreign constitutions. Elisi,* the first singer, cannot get rid of a fever, and has not appeared yet. The comic Opera pleases extremely ; the woman Paganina† has more applause than I almost ever remember ; every song she sings is encored.

I have little to tell you more of the new reign. The King is good and amiable in everything he does, and seems to have no view but of contenting all the world ; but that is not just the most attainable point. I will tell you a bon-mot of a Mrs. Hardinge, a physician's wife—and a bon-mot very often paints truly

* Philip Elisi, an Italian, who performed at the Opera in London, in 1760 and 1761. Though a very fine singer, Elisi was still more eminent as an actor.—Ed.

† Though the Paganina did not appear in this country till she was about forty years old, she speedily became the rage by her graceful acting, the splendour of her voice, her perfect intonation, and her exquisite taste in singing.—Ed.

the history or manners of the times. She says, it is a great question what the King is to burn in his chamber, whether Scotch-coal,* Newcastle-coal, or Pitt-coal. The Bedchamber, I was going to say, is settled, but there are additions made to it every day; there are already twenty Lords and seventeen Grooms. To the King's own set are added all the late King's, but Lord Hyndford, Lord Essex, the Duke of Manchester, and Lord Falconberg; added, are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Weymouth, Lord March,† and Lord Eglinton; and, since that, two Tory Lords, Oxford and Bruce. General Campbell, Mr. Nassau, and Mr. Clavering are omitted; Mr. Compton, and I forget who, are new Grooms, with three Tories, Norbonne Berkeley, George Pitt, whom you remember, and Northey. Worsely‡ is made Master of the Board of Works; he was this King's Equerry, and passes for having a taste for architecture, of which I told you the King was fond. Lord Rochford is amply indemnified by a pension on Ireland of two thousand a-year. Of a Queen, the talk is dropped; and no other changes are likely to be made yet. We have already been in danger of losing this charming young King; his horse threw him the day before yesterday, and bruised his head and shoulder; with difficulty they made him be blooded. He immediately wrote to the Princess that she might not be

* Alluding to Lord Bute, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham.

† Afterwards the well-known Duke of Queensbury.—Ed.

‡ — Worsely, Esq., of Hovingham, in Yorkshire.

frightened, and was well enough to go to the play at night.

Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Strange ;* if he still persists in his principles, he will be strangely unfashionable at his return. I, who could make great allowances in the last reign, cannot forgive anybody being a Jacobite now.

As you have a print of my eagle,† I will be obliged to you if you will employ any body at Rome to pick me up an altar as like to the pedestal of the eagle as they can. I don't insist upon an exact resemblance; but should like it to be pretty much of the same height and size: it is for my Vespasian,‡ which is to answer the eagle in a recess in my approaching gallery. Adieu!

P.S. The Secret Expedition§ is beating about off Portsmouth.

LETTER IV.

Arlington Street, Jan. 2nd, 1761.

I NEVER was so rich in letters from you before; I have received four pacquets at once this morning

* The eminent engraver, afterwards Sir Robert Strange.—ED.

† A magnificent piece of sculpture found in 1742, in the precincts of the baths of Caracalla. It has been spoken of as one of the finest specimens of Greek sculpture in the world. At the dispersion of Walpole's curiosities, in 1842, this antique was purchased by the Earl of Leicester.—ED.

‡ A bust of Vespasian in basalt. This and the eagle were placed in the grand gallery at Strawberry Hill.—ED.

§ A large armament. After being detained many months at Portsmouth, the forces were dispersed, and the design was abandoned.—ED.

—there had been thirteen mails due. It is supposed that the pacquet-boats were afraid of French privateers, who swarmed about the Dutch coast, believing that the late King's jewels were coming over. I have not yet received the letter by Prince San-Severino's* courier; but, as you mention the fans in a subsequent despatch, I shall immediately provide them; but, as the pacquets have been detained so long, I fear any courier to Mr. Mackenzie must be departed some time: I shall send them by sea, with the books I promised you.

With regard to enlarged credentials, I cannot think this a likely time to obtain them. You yourself hold the compliment paid to the Emperor extraordinary; undoubtedly they would not make that civility greater. Should he send a minister in form, I should be glad if increasing your dignity would be thought a sufficient return; but, in my own opinion, the peace will be the best season for pushing your request. When that will arrive, God knows! or who will be the person to whom application must be then made. Quiet as things are at present, no man living expects or believes they can continue so. Three separate ministers and their factions cannot hold together in a more phlegmatic country than this. The preferment of some Tories had already like to have overset the system; and, though Lord Bute avoids preferring his countrymen more sedulously than it was supposed he would try to prefer them, the clamour

* The Neapolitan minister.

is still unreasonably great, nor can all his caution or the King's benignity satisfy.

. With regard to foreign affairs, I beg you to be cautious. Stick to your orders, and give no opinion: make no declaration of the King's intentions farther than you are authorised by Mr. Pitt's directions. He is too much a man of honour not to support you, if you act by his instructions; but don't exceed them. The German war is not so popular as you imagine, either in the closet or in the nation. Mystery, the wisdom of blockheads, may be allowable in a foreign minister; use it till you see farther. If I have any sagacity, such times are coming as will make people glad to have nothing to unsay. Judge of my affection for you, when a nature, so open as mine, prescribes reserve; but I wish your fortune to be firm, whatever happens. At present, there is no kind of news—everybody is in the country for the holidays. The laying aside of the expedition gave universal pleasure; as France had had so much time to be upon its guard, and the season is so far advanced, and so tempestuous.

We have lost poor Lord Downe,* one of the most amiable men in the world. Frank, generous, spirited, and odd, with a large independent fortune, he had conceived a rage for the army. He received twelve wounds in the affair of Campen; and, though one of them was in his knee, he was forced to walk five miles. This last wound was neglected, and closed too

* H. Pleydell Dawes, Viscount Downe.

soon, with a splinter in it, not being thought of consequence; and proved mortal. He bid the surgeons put him to as much pain as they pleased, so they did but make him fit for the next campaign. He languished ten weeks; and not a mouth is opened but in praise or regret of him.

I question a little whether you will see the Duchess of Hamilton; these mails have brought so good an account of her that, unless she grows worse, they will scarce pass Lyons, where they are established for the winter. I never heard of that Lord Archibald Hamilton;* he would pass his time ill with General Campbell, who is not at all of a humour to suffer any impertinence to his wife.

Thank you much for the seeds; in return, behold a new commission, but, I trust, not a troublesome one. A friend of mine, Mr. Hawkins,† is writing the history of music; the sooner you could send us the following books the better; if by any English traveller, we should be glad.

1. Tutte le Opere di Giuseppe Zarlino. Venezia, 1589; 2 vols. folio.

2. History of Music, in Italian, by Gio. Andr. Angelini Bontempi. 1695, folio.

3. Dialogo della Musica antica e moderna, di Vincenzo Galilei. Folio; 1602, or 1541, in Firenze.

* Sir H. Mann did not know that he was half-brother of the late Duke of Hamilton.

† Afterwards Sir John Hawkins. His history was published in five volumes quarto.

4. Musica vaga ed artifiziosa di Romano Michieli. Folio; 1615, Venezia.

5. Osservazioni di ben regolare il Coro della Capella Pontificizia, fatte da Andrea Adami. Quarto, 1714; in Roma.

Any other books of character on the subject will be very acceptable; but, when I review the list and see so many thundering folios, I don't expect that any gentleman will bring them in his breeches-pocket, or even in his cloak-bag.

Pray, is there any print of the Cardinal of York?* If there is, do send me one.

Adieu, my good child!

LETTER V.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1761.

I SHOULD like Marshal Botta's† furniture, which you describe, if my tenure in Strawberry were as transitory as a Florentine commander's; but, in a castle built for eternity, and founded in the most flourishing age of the greatest republic now in the world, which has extended its empire into every quarter of the globe, can I think of a peach-coloured ground, which will fade like the bloom on Chloe's cheek? There 's a pompous paragraph! A Grecian or a Roman would have written it seriously, and with even more slender pretensions. However, though my

* Younger brother of Prince Charles Edward, and after his death called, by the remaining adherents to his family, Henry IX.

† Commander of the troops in Tuscany for the Emperor Francis.

castle is built of paper, and though our empire should vanish as rapidly as it has advanced, I still object to peach-colour—not only from its fading hue, but for wanting the solemnity becoming a Gothic edifice: I must not have a round tower dressed in a pet-en-l'air. I would as soon put rouge and patches on a statue of St. Ethelburgh. You must not wonder at my remembering Rinuncini's hangings at the distance of nineteen or twenty years: my memory is exceedingly retentive of trifles. There is no hurry: I can wait till you send me patterns, and an account of that triple-coloured contexture, for which, in gratitude to my memory, I still have a hankering. Three years ago I had the ceiling of my china-room painted, from one I had observed in the little Borghese villa. I was hoarding ideas for a future Strawberry even in those days of giddiness, when I seemed to attend to nothing. The altar of the eagle is three feet two inches and half high, by one foot eight inches wide. If that for the Vespasian should be a trifle larger, especially a little higher, it would carry so large a bust better; but I imagine the race of altar-tombs are pretty much of the same dimensions.

So much for myself—sure it is time to come to you. Mr. Mackenzie, by the King's own order and thought, was immediately named Plenipotentiary. I fear you have not exactly the same pretensions; however, as I think, services will be pretensions in this reign, the precedent I hope will not hurt you. The peace seems the proper period for asking it.

I have delivered to your brother the famous pamphlet; two sets of the Royal and Noble Authors for yourself and Lady Mary Wortley; a Lucan, printed at Strawberry, which, I trust, you will think a handsome edition; and six of the newest-fashioned and prettiest fans I could find—they are really genteel, though one or two have caprices that will turn a Florentine head. They were so dear, that I shall never tell you the price; I was glad to begin to pay some of the debts I owe you in commissions. All these will depart by the first opportunity; but the set for Lady Mary will, I suppose, arrive too late, as her husband is dead, and she now will probably return to England. I pity Lady Bute:* her mother will sell to whoever does not know her, all kinds of promises and reversions, bestow lies gratis and wholesale, and make so much mischief, that they will be forced to discard her in three months, and that will go to my Lady Bute's heart, who is one of the best and most sensible women in the world; and who, educated by such a mother, or rather with no education, has never made a false step. Old Avidien,† the father, is dead, worth half a million. To his son,‡ on whom six hundred a-year was settled, the reversion of which he has sold, he gives 1000*l.* a-year for

* Mary Countess of Bute, only daughter of Lady Mary Wortley.

† Edward Wortley Montagu, husband of Lady Mary. Both were remarkably avaricious, and are satirized by Pope in one of his Imitations of Horace, under the names of *Avidien and his Wife.*

‡ Edward Wortley Montagu, jun., their only son, whose adventures deserve better to be known than his own writings.

life, but not to descend to any children he may have by any of his many wives. To Lady Mary, in lieu of dower, but which to be sure she will not accept, instead of the thirds of such a fortune, 1200*l.* a-year; and after her to their son for life; and then the 1200*l.* and the 1000*l.* to Lady Bute and to her second son; with 2000*l.* to each of her younger children; all the rest, in present, to Lady Bute, then to her second son, taking the name of Wortley, and in succession to all the rest of her children, which are numerous; and after them to Lord Sandwich, to whom, in present, he leaves about 4000*l.* The son, you perceive, is not so well treated by his own father as his companion Taaffe * is by the French court, where he lives, and is received on the best footing. So near is fort l'Evesque to Versailles, Admiral Forbes told me yesterday, that in one of Lady Mary's jaunts to or from Genoa, she begged a passage of Commodore Barnard. A storm threatening, he prepared her for it, but assured her there was no danger. She said she was not afraid, and, going into a part of the gallery not much adapted to heroism, she wrote these lines on the side:

> Mistaken seaman, mark my dauntless mind,
> Who, wreck'd on shore, am fearless of the wind.

On landing, this magnanimous dame desired the commander to accept a ring: he wore it as a fine emerald, but being over-persuaded to have it unset before his face, it proved a bit of glass.

* Theobald Taaffe, an Irish adventurer, was, with his associate, Wortley Montagu, imprisoned in Fort l'Evêque at Paris, for cheating and robbing a person with whom they had gamed.

News we have of no sort—Ireland seems to be preparing the first we shall receive. The *good* Primate* has conjured up a storm, in which, I believe, he will not employ the archiepiscopal gift of exorcism. Adieu!

LETTER VI.

Arlington Street, March 3, 1761.

WELL, are not you peevish that the new reign leaves our correspondence more languid than the old? In all February not an event worth packing up and sending to you! Neither changes, nor honours, nor squabbles yet. Lord Bute obliges every body he can, and people seem extremely willing to be obliged. Mr. Pitt is laid up with a dreadful gout in all his limbs; he did not sleep for fourteen nights, till one of his eyes grew as bad as his hands or feet. He begins to mend.

Whatever mysteries or clouds there are, will probably develope themselves as soon as the elections are over, and the Parliament fixed, which now engrosses all conversation and all purses; for the expense is incredible. West Indians, conquerors, nabobs, and admirals, attack every borough; there are no fewer than nine candidates at Andover. The change in a Parliament used to be computed at between sixty and seventy; now it is believed there will be an hundred and fifty new members. Corruption now stands upon

* Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.

its own legs—no money is issued from the Treasury; there are no parties, no pretence of grievances, and yet venality is grosser than ever! The borough of Sudbury has gone so far as to advertise for a chapman! We have been as victorious as the Romans, and are as corrupt: I don't know how soon the Prætorian militia will set the empire to sale. Sir Nathaniel Curzon* has struck a very novel stroke; advertising that the King intended to make him a peer; and, therefore, recommending his brother to the county of Derby for the same *independent* principles with himself. He takes a peerage to prove his independence, and recommends his brother to the opposition to prove his gratitude!

Ireland is settled for the present; the Duke of Bedford relinquishes it, with some emoluments, to his court. Lord Kildare's neutrality is rewarded with a marquisate—he has been prevailed upon to retain the oldest title in Europe, instead of Leinster, which he had a mind to take.† Lord Temple‡ has refused that island, very unwillingly, I believe, or very fearfully; but Mr. Pitt was positive, having nobody else in the House of Lords—and what is such an only one? Some who are tolerably shrewd, think this indicates more, and that Mr. Pitt would not let Lord Temple engage in Ireland, when he himself may be thinking of quitting in England. Lord Halifax,§ I believe, will be Lord-Lieutenant.

* Created Baron Scarsdale.

† And which he afterwards took, with a dukedom.

‡ Richard Grenville, first Earl Temple.

§ George Montagu, last Earl of Halifax.

Mr. Conway is going to Germany, to his great contentment, as his character is vindicated at last. It may show he deserved to lose no glory, but the ensuing campaign does not open much prospect of his gaining any.

The new peerages will soon be declared. Legge* is not of the number; and yet has had an intimation to resign, being extremely out of favour in the new court, where he had been so well, and which he had officiously contrived to disoblige very late in the day. Lord Barrington will be Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend Secretary at War; and Lord Talbot, who is to be an earl, and is much a favourite, will succeed Lord Halifax in the Board of Trade.

Voltaire has been charmingly absurd. He who laughed at Congreve for despising the rank of author and affecting the gentleman, set out post for a hovel he has in France, to write from thence, and style himself *Gentleman of the Bedchamber* to Lord Lyttelton, who, in his Dialogues of the Dead, had called him an exile. He writes in English, and not a sentence is tolerable English. The answer is very civil and sensible.

There has been a droll print :† her Mistress reproving Miss Chudleigh‡ for her train of life. She replies, "Madame, chacun a son *But.*"

* Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

† The Princess Dowager.

‡ The famous Elizabeth Chudleigh, Maid of Honour, afterwards Duchess of Kingston and Countess of Bristol.

Pray, is there a print of the Cardinal of York, or any medal of him? If there is, do be so good to send them to me. Adieu!

LETTER VII.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1761.

You will have no reason to complain now that there is a barrenness of events. Here are changes enough to amount to a revolution, though it is all so gilded and crowned that you can scarce meet a face that is not triumphant. On Friday last it was notified pretty abruptly to Lord Holderness that he must quit the Seals, which the King thought proper to give to Lord Bute. This measure was as great a secret as it was sudden. Mr. Pitt heard it as late as his colleague himself. To soften, however, the disagreeableness of his not being consulted, and whatever else might be unpleasant to him in the measure, Mr. Pitt was acquainted that the King bestowed the Cofferer's place on Mr. James Grenville, and would restore the department of the West Indies, which had been disjoined to accommodate Lord Halifax, to the Secretary of State. As Mr. Pitt's passion is not the disposal of places, and as he has no dependants on whom to bestow them, this feather is not likely to make him amends for the loss of his helmet, which it is supposed Lord

Bute intends to make useless; and, as he has hitherto behaved with singular moderation, it is believed that his taking the Seals in so particular a juncture was determined by the prospect of his being able to make a popular peace, France having made the most pressing offers. Nothing else, I think, could justify Lord Bute to himself for the imprudence of this step, which renders him the responsible minister, and exposes him to all the danger attendant on such a situation. As Groom of the Stole, he had all the credit of favourite without the hazard. The world does not attribute much kindness to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, who advised him to this measure.

Lord Halifax goes to Ireland;* Lord Sandys succeeds him in the Board of Trade, which is reduced to its old insignificance; and the additional thousand pounds a-year granted to Lord Halifax are turned over to the Duke of Leeds, who is forced to quit the Cofferer's place to James Grenville, and to return to his old post of Justice in Eyre, which Lord Sandys had;—but to break the fall, the Duke is made Cabinet Counsellor, a rank that will soon become indistinct from Privy Counsellor by growing as numerous. You will ask what becomes of Lord Holderness;—truly, he is no unlucky man. For a day

* When Lord Halifax was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he was accompanied by Gerard Hamilton, as chief secretary. This gentleman (well-known as the associate of Dr. Johnson and his literary circle, as well as by the sobriquet "Single-speech Hamilton,") was not appointed to that office by Lord Halifax, but by his own political friends.—Ed.

or two he was to be Groom of the Stole, with an addition of 1000*l.* a-year,—at last he has the reversion of the Cinque Ports for life, after the Duke of Dorset, who is extremely infirm.

When you have digested all this in your head—Have you? I shall open a new vein of surprise,—a new favourite! Lord Talbot is made an Earl, and his son-in-law, Rice, a Lord of Trade;—stay, this is nothing: the new earl is made Lord Steward too! To pave his way, Lord Huntingdon is removed to Groom of the Stole, and the Duke of Rutland to Master of the Horse;—you see great Dukes are not immoveable as rocks. The comments on this extraordinary promotion are a little licentious, but, as I am not commentator enough to wrap them up in Latin, I shall leave them to future expounders; and the rest of the changes, which have less mystery, I shall reduce to a catalogue.

Legge, turned out from Chancellor of the Exchequer; succeeded by Lord Barrington, Secretary at War; he by Charles Townshend, Treasurer of the Chambers; and he by Sir Francis Dashwood, at the solicitation of Lord Westmorland. Mr. Elliot succeeds James Grenville in the Treasury. Lord Villiers and your friend T. Pelham, Lords of the Admiralty. Rice, John Yorke, and Sir Edm. Thomas, Lords of Trade. The new Peers, *Earl* Talbot and *Earl* of Delawar; Mr. Spencer, *Lord* Viscount Spencer; Sir Richard Grosvenor, a Viscount or Baron, I don't know which, nor does he, for yesterday, when he

should have kissed hands, he was gone to Newmarket to see the trial of a race-horse. Doddington, Lord Melcombe; Sir Thomas Robinson, Lord Grantham; Sir William Irby, Lord Boston; Sir Nathaniel Curzon, Lord Scarsdale; and Lady Bute, Lady Mount Stewart of Wortley. This is a sensible way of giving the English Peerage to her family regularly, and approved by all the world, both from her vast property, and particular merit, which is not at all diminished by the torrent of her fortune. Lord Carpenter is made Earl of Tirconnel, in Ireland; and a Mr. Turner, a Lord* there. The next shower is to rain red ribands, but those I suppose you are in no hurry to learn.

The Parliament rises in two days. Mr. Onslow quits the chair and the House; George Grenville is to be Speaker.

You will not wonder that in a scene so busy and amusing, I should be less inquisitive about the Jesuitical war at Rome. The truth is, I knew nothing of it, nor do we think more of Rome here than of a squabble among the canons of Liege or Cologn. However, I am much obliged to you for your accounts, and beg you will repay my anecdotes with the continuation of them. If Pasquin should reflect on any Signora Rezzonica for recommending a Major Domo† to his Holiness, pray send me his epigram.

If our political campaign should end here, and our

* Lord Winterton.

† The name of the then pope was Rezzonico. The Major Domo alludes to Lord Talbot's being Lord Steward.

German one where it is, we still are not likely to want warfare. The colliers in Northumberland are in open hostilities with the militia, and in the last battle at Hexham the militia lost an officer and three men, and the colliers one-and-twenty. If this engagement, and a peace abroad, had happened in the late reign, I suppose Prince Ferdinand would have had another pension on Ireland for coming over to quell the colliers. Adieu!

LETTER VIII.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1761.

WELL, I have received my Cousin Boothby and the pacquet. Thank you for the trouble you have given yourself; but, another time, I will trust my memory rather than my taste. Rinuncini's brocadella is frightful; how could I treasure up an idea of anything that consisted of such a horrid assemblage as green and yellow? Those that have red, green and white, are very pretty, and as soon as I can determine the quantity I shall want, I will take the liberty of employing you for the manufacture. The gallery advances by large strides, and when that is complete, I shall furnish the Round Tower. My cousin Boothby* is my cousin; my mother and his were first cousins; but his, happening not to be the most amiable person in the world, we have had so little connection, that it was perfectly nothing at all.

* Thomas Boothby Schrimshire, Esq.

If I can find an opportunity of presenting the account of the statues, I certainly will, and in a manner not to hurt you. Strange's information is, I believe, by no means ill-founded, and I give up my advice. Kings, though the representatives of Heaven, have none of its all-seeingness inserted in their patents, and being obliged to use many pair of eyes besides their own, no wonder if they are made to pay for all the light they borrow. The young King has excellent and various dispositions—just so many occasions for being imposed upon! Whatever a King loves, is ready money to those who gratify his inclinations—except he loves what his grandfather did, the money itself. I who love the arts, like the King, have found that even I was worth cheating.

Blessed be Providence! we are going to have peace; I do not regret it, though the little dabs I save would be almost doubled if the Stocks continued at low-water mark. France, who will dictate even in humiliation, has declared to Sweden that she must and will make peace; that even their Imperial furiousnesses, Tisiphone and Alecto,* would be content with less perdition of the King of Prussia than they had meditated; and when snakes smile, who can help hoping? France adds, that she will even let the peace be made *vis-à-vis du Roi de la Grande Bretagne.* It is to be treated here, and the imps of the two Empresses are to reside at Paris, to communicate their instructions; the congress will be afterwards held, for

* The two Empresses of Germany and Russia.

form, at Augsbourg. All Canada is offered. I don't believe we shall be intractable, as all Prince Ferdinand's visionary vivacities are vanished into smoke; his nephew is again beaten, himself retired to Paderborn, and the siege of Cassel raised. Luckily, the French cannot pursue their success for want of magazines.

And so you don't think we are obliged to Mr. Pitt? Yes, I am sure you do. Who would have believed five years ago that France would send to Whitehall to beg peace? And why would they not have believed it? Why, because nobody foresaw that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke would not be as absolute as ever. Had they continued in power, the Duke of Newcastle would now be treating at Paris to be *Intendant* of Sussex, and Sir Joseph Yorke would be made a Prince of the empire for signing the cession of Hanover. 'Tis better as it is, though the city of London should burn Mr. Pitt in effigy upon the cessation of contracts and remittances. And so you and I are creeping near to one another again; we shall be quite sociable when there is only *all* France betwixt us. Will you breakfast in the Holbein chamber the first week in June?

I must announce a loss to you, though scarce a misfortune, as you never saw her. Your *dear* brother's second daughter is dead of a consumption. She was a most soft-tempered creature, like him, and consequently what he much loved.

As the elections are now almost over, people will

begin to think of something else, or at least will consider what they intend to think about next winter—no matter what! Let us sheath the sword, and fight about what we will. Adieu!

LETTER IX.

Strawberry-Hill, May 14th, 1761.

From your silence, I began to fear you were ill; but yesterday I received yours of the 25th of last month, with the account of your absence at Pisa. The little convulsions which surprised you so much in my letter of March 17th, subsided the moment they were settled; and if any factions design to form themselves, they will at least not bespeak their colours till next session of Parliament, or till the peace. The latter is the present object, and the Stocks at least give credit to the professions of France. The impertinent Bussy * (who, I believe, will be a little more humble than formerly) is coming, exchanged with Mr. Stanley,†—but with all the impatience of France to treat, they modestly proposed that Bussy should come in the man-of-war that carried Stanley. This was flatly refused; and an *Irish* arrangement is made; the one is to be at Dover, the other at Calais, on the

* The Abbé de Bussy: he had been very insolent, even to the King, in a former negotiation for a neutrality for Hanover.

† Hans Stanley, Esq.

22nd, and if the same wind can blow contrary ways at once, they will sail at the same moment; if it cannot, I am persuaded the French weathercocks will not blow east till ours have been four-and-twenty hours in the west. I am not among the credulous, not conceiving why the Court of Versailles should desire a peace at the beginning of a campaign, when they will have so much more in bank to treat with at the end of it. They will have Hesse and Hanover; shall we have the Rock of Belleisle? That expedition engrosses as much attention as the peace. Though I have no particular friends there, I tremble every day in expectation of bloody journals, whether successful or disadvantageous. Sir William Williams, a young man much talked of, for his exceeding ambition, enterprising spirit, and some parts, in Parliament, is already fallen there; and even he was too great a price for such a trumpery island—we have dozens as good in the north of Scotland, and of as much consequence. For the Empress Queen, she has marked her christian disposition to peace sufficiently, by forbidding her Knights of Malta to assist their religion, lest it should offend the Turk, and take her off from pursuing the King of Prussia.

Your friend, Lord Huntingdon, is safe—at least till some new Court-earthquake. To Mr. Doddington you ask what you shall say? Nothing: but to my Lord Melcombe address as many lords and lordships as you please, and you cannot err: he is as fond of his title

as his child could be, if he had one.* Another of your friends, Lord Northampton, is named to return the compliment to Venice.

I rejoice that you have got Mr. Pitt;† make him a thousand speeches from me, and tell him how much

* Lord Melcombe's love of display was excessive. "His mansion at Eastbury," says Cumberland, "was magnificent, massy, and stretching out to a great extent in front, with an enormous portico of Doric columns, ascended by a stately flight of steps. There were turrets and wings that went I knew not whither, though now they are levelled with the ground, and gone to more ignoble uses. Vanbrugh, who constructed this superb edifice, seemed to have had the plan of Blenheim in his thoughts; and the interior was as proud and splendid as the exterior was bold and imposing. All this was exactly in unison with the taste of its magnificent owner, who had gilt and furnished the apartments with a profusion of finery that kept no terms with simplicity, and not always with elegance. His town-house in Pall Mall, his villa at Hammersmith, and the mansion above described, were such as few nobles in the nation were possessed of. In either of these he was not to be approached but through a suite of apartments, and rarely seated but under painted ceilings and gilt entablatures. In his villa, you were conducted through two rows of antique marble statues, ranged in a gallery floored with the rarest marbles and enriched with columns of granite and lapis lazuli. His saloon was hung with the finest Gobelin tapestry, and he slept in a bed encanopied with peacocks' feathers. He had a wardrobe loaded with rich and flaring suits, each in itself a load to the wearer. His bulk and corpulency gave full display to a vast expanse and profusion of brocade and embroidery, and this, when set off with an enormous tye-periwig, and deep-laced ruffles, gave the picture of an ancient courtier in his gala habit. Being a man of humble birth, he seemed to have an innate respect for titles, and none bowed with more devotion to the robes and fasces of high rank and office. He paid his court to Sir Robert Walpole in panegyric poems; to Chesterfield, to Winnington, Pulteney, Fox, he offered up the oblations of his genius. In his latter days the Earl of Bute, in the plenitude of power, was the god of his idolatry. That noble lord, unwilling to overlook a witty head that bowed so low, put a coronet upon it, which, like the 'barren sceptre' in the hand of Macbeth, merely served as a ticket for the coronation procession; and, having nothing else to leave to posterity in memory of its owner, left its mark on the lid of his coffin."—Ed.

† Thomas Pitt of Boconnock.

I say you will like one another. You will be happy too in Sir Richard Lyttelton and his duchess;* they are the best-humoured people in the world. I promised you another duchess, the famous beauty—she of Hamilton, but she is returning to England. In her room I announce her Grace of Grafton,† a passion of mine—not a regular beauty, but one of the finest women you ever saw, and with more dignity and address. She is one of our first great ladies. She goes first to Genoa—an odd place for her health, but she is not very bad. The duke goes with her, and as it is not much from inclination that she goes, perhaps they will not agree whither they shall go next. He is a man of strict honour, and does not want sense, nor good-breeding; but is not particularly familiar, nor particularly good-humoured, nor at all particularly generous.

As we have a rage at present for burlettas, I wish you would send me the music of your present one, which you say is so charming. If pleasures can tempt people to stay in town, there will be a harvest all summer; operas at the little theatre in the Haymarket, and plays at Drury-lane.

I have lost one of the oldest friends I had in the world, Lord Edgecumbe;‡ a martyr to gaming. With

* Rachel Duchess dowager of Bridgewater, married to her second husband, Richard, brother of George first Lord Lyttelton.

† Anne Liddel, only child of Lord Ravensworth, was first married to Augustus Henry Duke of Grafton, and, being divorced from him, secondly, to John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory.

‡ Richard, second Lord Edgecumbe.

every quality to make himself agreeable, he did nothing but make himself miserable. I feel the loss much, though long expected; and it is the more sensible here, where I saw most of him. My towers rise, my galleries and cloisters extend—for what? For me to leave, or to inhabit by myself, when I have survived my friends! Yet, with these ungrateful reflections, how I wish once to see you here! And of what should we most talk?—of a dear friend we have both, alas! survived. Gal. served me to talk to of you — now I can only talk to you of him! But I will not—I love to communicate my satisfactions—my melancholy I generally shut up in my own breast. Adieu!

LETTER X.

Strawberry Hill, July 9th, 1761.

WAS it worth while to write a letter on purpose to tell you that Belleisle was taken? I did not think the news deserved postage. I stayed, and hoped to send you peace. Yesterday I concluded I should. An extraordinary Privy Council of all the members in and near town was summoned by the King's own messengers, not by those of the Council, to meet *on the most urgent and important business.* To sanctify or to reject the pacification, was concluded. Not at all—To declare a queen. *Urgent* business enough, I believe; I do not see how it was *important.* The handkerchief has been tossed a vast way; it is to a

Charlotte, Princess of Mecklenbourg. Lord Harcourt is to be at her father's court—if he can find it—on the first of August, and the coronation of both their Majesties is fixed for the 22nd of September. What food for newsmongers, tattle, solicitations, mantua-makers, jewellers, &c., for above two months to come!

Though exceedingly rejoiced that we are to have more young princes and princesses, I cannot help wishing the Council had met for a peace. It seems to be promised, but I hate delays, and dread the episode of a battle. Bussy has taken a temporary house, and is to be presented here as Stanley has been at Paris.

You will be pleased with a story from thence: Monsieur de Souvré, a man of wit, was at Madame Pompadour's, who is learning German. He said, "Il me semble que depuis que Madame la Marquise apprenne l'Allemande, elle écorche le François." As the company laughed violently at this, the King came in, and would know what diverted them so much. They were forced to tell him. He was very angry, and said, "Monsieur de Souvré, est-il longtems que vous n'avez pas été à vos terres?" "Oui, Sire," replied he; "mais je compte d'y partir ce soir." The frank *hardiesse* of the answer saved him.

Have you seen Voltaire's miserable imitation, or second part, or dregs, of his "Candide?" Have you seen his delightful ridicule of the Nouvelle Eloïse, called "Prediction?"

I have often threatened you with a visit at Florence; I believe I shall now be forced to make you one, for I am ruining myself; my gallery, cabinet, and round tower, will cost immensely. However, if you can, find me a pedestal; it will at least look well in my auction. The brocadella I shall postpone a little, not being too impatient for a commission of bankruptcy.

I have not connexion enough with the Northumberlands to recommend a governor for their son. I don't even know that he is going abroad. The poor lad,* who has a miserable constitution, has been very near taking a longer journey. His brother† has as flimsy a texture; and they have just lost their only daughter.

Adieu! We shall abound with news for three or four months, but it will all be of pageants.

LETTER XI.

Strawberry Hill, July 23rd, 1761.

One cannot take the trouble of sending every victory by itself; I stay till I have enough to make a pacquet, and then write to you. On Monday last we learned the conquest of Pondicherry, and away went a courier to Mr. Stanley to raise our terms. Before the man could get halfway, comes an account of the

* Earl Percy, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

† Lord Algernon Percy. Lord Northumberland was not made a duke till after the period of the letter above.

entire defeat of Broglio and Soubise. I don't know what Mr. Stanley will be to ask now. We have been pretty well accustomed to victories of late, and yet this last is as much as we know how to bear decently; it is heightened by the extreme distress our army had suffered, and by the little hopes we had of even keeping our ground against such superior force. It seals all our other conquests; we have nothing to restore for Germany. The King may be crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, like Charlemagne, if he pleases, and receive the diadems of half the world. Of all our glories, none ever gave me such joy as this last. Mr. Conway, you know, is with Prince Ferdinand, and is safe —indeed everybody is; we lost but one officer of rank, a Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; and two are wounded, a Lieutenant-Colonel Marlay and Captain Harry Townshend.* No particulars are come yet; if I hear any before this goes away, you shall.

You will see the history of Pondicherry in the Gazette. Pray like Monsieur Lally's spirited insolence in the crisis of his misfortune. His intercepted letter shows it was not mere impertinence, but that he had tried and attempted everything upon earth to save his charge. We have got another little windfall in the West Indies, the Isle of Dominique; but one does not stoop to pick up such diminutive countries, unless they are absolutely of no use, like Belle-

* Third son of Thomas Townshend, Teller of the Exchequer, who was second son of Charles Viscount Townshend, Secretary of State.

isle, and then it is heroic obstinacy to insist on having them.

How all this must sound to the Princess of Mecklenburgh! To be sure, she thinks herself coming to marry Alexander the Great. There is a Lady Statira Lenox* who had like to have stood a little in her way, or, rather, I believe, helped her a little on her way. The Mother-Duchess is dead, and retards the nuptials, but the princess is expected, however, by the end of August.

Is Sir Richard Lyttelton with you, and Mr. Pitt†? —the latter's father † was just married again; but, to make his son some amends for giving away a jointure of 600*l.* a-year, is just dead—very happily for his family.

The new Queen's family ‡ consists of Lord Harcourt, Master of the Horse; Duke of Manchester, Chamberlain; Mr. Stone, Treasurer. The Duchess of Ancaster, Mistress of the Robes, and First Lady of the Bedchamber; the others are, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Effingham, Lady Northumberland, Lady Weymouth, and Lady Bolingbroke. Bedchamber Women and Maids of Honour, I could tell you some too;

* Lady Sarah Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, with whom the King was thought to be in love.

† Thomas Pitt, elder brother of the famous William Pitt.

‡ Simon, first Earl of Harcourt; Robert Montagu, Duke of Manchester; Andrew Stone; Mary Panton, Duchess of Ancaster; Eliz. Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton; Eliz. Beckford, Countess of Effingham; Eliz. Seymour, Countess of Northumberland; Eliz. Bentinck, Viscountess Weymouth; Diana Spencer, Viscountess Bolingbroke; and Alicia Carpenter, Countess of Egremont, omitted above.

but what can you care about the names of girls whose parents were not married when you were in England? This is not the only circumstance in which you would not know your own country again. You left it a private little island, living upon its means. You would find it the capital of the world; and, to talk with the arrogance of a Roman, St. James's Street crowded with nabobs and American chiefs, and Mr. Pitt attended in his Sabine farm by Eastern Monarchs and Borealian electors, waiting, till the gout is gone out of his foot, for an audience. The city of London is so elated, that I think it very lucky some alderman did not insist on—

Matching his daughter with the King.

Adieu! I shall be in town to-morrow; and, perhaps, able to wrap up and send you half-a-dozen French standards in my postscript.

Arlington Street, Friday 24th.

Alack! I do not find our total victory so total as it was. It is true we have taken three thousand prisoners; but we have lost two thousand, and the French army is still so superior as to be able to afford it. The Broglians thought themselves betrayed by the Soubisians, whose centre did not attack. Some say, it was impossible — that is not your business or mine; there are certainly great jarrings in their army—but the worst is (I mean to me) there is likely to be another battle. I wish they would be beaten once for all, and have done!

LETTER XII.

Arlington Street, Aug. 17, 1761.

I AM come to town to-day to prepare my wedding garments. The new Queen may be here by this day se'nnight, but scarce will before the 28th, and if the winds are not in hymeneal humour, it may be the Lord knows how long. There will be as great magnificence as people can put upon their backs—nothing more; no shows, no ceremonies. Six drawing-rooms and one ball—that is all; and then the honey-moon in private till the coronation. They told me the painting of the Charlotte yacht would certainly turn the Queen's stomach. I said if her head is not turned, she may compound for anything else. Think of the Crown of England and a handsome young King dropping out of the clouds into Strelitz! The crowds, the multitudes, the millions, that are to stare at her; the swarms to kiss her hand, the pomp of the coronation. She need be but seventeen to bear it.

In the meantime, adieu peace! France has refused to submit to our terms. They own themselves undone, but depend on the continuation of the war for revenging them—not by arms, but by exhausting us. I can tell you our terms pretty exactly. All Canada, but letting them fish on Newfoundland; Goree and Senegal, but with a promise of helping them somehow or other in their black trade; the neutral islands to be divided; Hesse and Hanover restored, and Minorca; Guadaloupe and Belle-

isle to return to them. The East Indies postponed to the Congress; Dunkirk to be demolished, *à la* Utrecht; at least, *à l'* Aix-la-Chapelle. The last article is particularly offered to glory. If they have no fleet, Dunkirk will not hurt us; when they have, twenty other places will do the business, especially if they have Nieuport and Ostend, on which, notwithstanding all reports, I hear we have been silent. Our terms are lofty; yet, could they expect that we would undo them and ourselves for nothing? We shall be like the late Duke of Marlborough, have a vast landed estate, and want a guinea.

The great prince of the coalpits, Sir James Lowther, marries the eldest infanta of the adjoining coalpits, Lord Bute's daughter. You will allow this earl is a fortunate man; the late King, old Wortley, and the Duke of Argyle,* all dying in a year, and his daughter married to such an immense fortune! He certainly behaves with great moderation, and nobody has had reason to complain of him. Adieu!

LETTER XIII.

Arlington Street, Sept. 10, 1761.

When we least expected the Queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half-an-hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin

* By whose death Lord Bute obtained the chief power in Scotland.

open. They made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, and on Monday morning she landed at Harwich; so prosperously has his Majesty's chief eunuch, as they have made the Tripoline ambassador call Lord Anson, executed his commission. She lay that night at your old friend Lord Abercorn's, at Witham; and, if she judged by her host, must have thought she was coming to reign in the realm of taciturnity. She arrived at St. James's a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the palace she turned pale: the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear duchess," said the Princess, "*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." Is this a bad proof of her sense? On the journey they wanted her to curl her toupet. "No, indeed," said she, "I think it looks as well as those of the ladies who have been sent for me: if the King would have me wear a periwig, I will; otherwise I shall let myself alone." The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden-gate; her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the King met her; she would have fallen at his feet; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta: * these three princesses only dined with the King. At ten the procession went to chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of peers, and

* Daughter of the Princess of Wales and sister of George III. In 1764 she married the hereditary Prince of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, and had six children, one of whom was Caroline, consort of George IV.—Ed.

peeresses in plenty. The new Princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William;* the Archbishop married them; the King talked to her the whole time with great good humour, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall, nor a beauty; pale, and very thin; but looks sensible, and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably; possesses herself, is frank, but with great respect to the King. After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-coloured velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes halfway down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth three score thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the coronation too. Her train was borne by the ten bridemaids, Lady Sarah Lennox, Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Caroline Montagu, Lady Harriot Bentinck, Lady Anne Hamilton, Lady Essex Kerr, daughters of Dukes of Richmond, Bedford, Manchester, Portland, Hamilton, and Roxburgh; and four daughters of the Earls of Albemarle, Brook, Harcourt,

* Afterwards Duke of Gloucester.

and Ilchester, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Louisa Greville, Elizabeth Harcourt, and Susan Fox Strangways; their heads crowned with diamonds, and in robes of white and silver. Lady Caroline Russell* is extremely handsome; Lady Elizabeth Keppel† very pretty; but with neither features nor air, nothing ever looked so charming as Lady Sarah Lennox;‡ she has all the glow of beauty peculiar to her family. As supper was not ready, the Queen sat down, sung, and played on the harpsichord to the royal family, who all supped with her in private. They talked of the different German dialects; the King asked if the Hanoverian was not pure — "Oh, no, sir," said the Queen; "it is the worst of all."—She will not be unpopular.

The Duke of Cumberland told the King that himself and Lady Augusta were sleepy. The Queen was very averse to leave the company, and at last articled that nobody should accompany her but the Princess of Wales, and her own two German women, and that nobody should be admitted afterwards but the King —they did not retire till between two and three.

The next morning the King had a levee. He said to Lord Hardwicke, "It is a very fine day:" that old gossip replied, "Yes, Sir, and it was a very fine night." Lord Bute had told the King that Lord Orford had betted his having a child before Sir

* Afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.

† Afterwards Marchioness of Tavistock.

‡ Lady Sarah Lennox was married to Sir Charles Bunbury, and being divorced from him, to Captain Napier.

James Lowther, who had been married the night before to Lord Bute's eldest daughter; the King told Lord Orford he should be glad to go his halves. The bet was made with Mr. Rigby.* Somebody asked the latter how he could be so bad a courtier as to bet against the King? He replied, "Not at all a bad courtier; I betted Lord Bute's daughter against him."

After the King's levee there was a drawing-room; the Queen stood under the throne; the women were presented to her by the Duchess of Hamilton, and then the men by the Duke of Manchester; but, as she knew nobody, she was not to speak. At night there was a ball, drawing-rooms yesterday and to-day, and then a cessation of ceremony till the coronation, except next Monday, when she is to receive the address of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, sitting on the throne attended by the bridemaids. A ridiculous circumstance happened yesterday; Lord Westmorland, not very young nor clear-sighted, mistook Lady Sarah Lennox for the Queen, kneeled to her, and would have kissed her hand if she had not prevented him. People think that a Chancellor of Oxford was naturally attracted by the blood of Stuart. It is as comical to see Kitty Dashwood,† the famous old beauty of the Oxfordshire Jacobites, living in the palace as Duenna to the Queen. She

* Richard Rigby, afterwards Paymaster of the Forces.

† Mrs. Catherine Dashwood, on whom Mr. Hammond wrote many poems.

and Mrs. Boughton, Lord Lyttelton's ancient Delia, are revived again in a young court that never heard of them. There, I think, you could not have had a more circumstantial account of a royal wedding from the Heralds' Office. Adieu!

Yours to serve you,

HORACE SANDFORD.

Mecklenburgh King-at-Arms.

LETTER XIV.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1761.

WHAT is the fine stsight in the world? A coronation. What do people talk most about? A coronation. What is delightful to have passed? A coronation. Indeed, one had need be a handsome young peeress not to be fatigued to death with it. After being exhausted with hearing of nothing else for six weeks, and having every cranny of my ideas stuffed with velvet and ermine, and tresses, and jewels, I thought I was very cunning in going to lie in Palace-yard, that I might not sit up all night in order to seize a place. The consequence of this wise scheme was, that I did not get a wink of sleep all night; hammering of scaffolds, shouting of people, relieving guards, and jangling of bells, was the concert I heard from twelve to six, when I rose; and it was noon before the procession was ready to set forth, and night before it returned from the Abbey. I then

saw the hall, the dinner, and the champion, a gloriously-illuminated chamber, a wretched banquet, and a foolish puppet-show. A trial of a peer, though by no means so sumptuous, is a preferable sight, for the latter is interesting. At a coronation one sees the peerage as exalted as they like to be, and at a trial as much humbled as a plebeian wishes them. I tell you nothing of who looked well; you know them no more than if I told you of the next coronation. Yes, two ancient dames whom you remember, were still ornaments of the show,—the Duchess of Queensberry* and Lady Westmorland.† Some of the peeresses were so fond of their robes, that they graciously exhibited themselves for a whole day before to all the company their servants could invite to see them. A maid from Richmond begged leave to stay in town because the Duchess of Montrose‡ was only to be seen from two to four. The heralds were so ignorant of their business, that, though pensioned for nothing but to register lords and ladies, and what belongs to them, they advertised in the newspaper for the Christian names and places of abode of the peeresses. The King complained of such omissions and of the want of precedents; Lord Effingham,§ the Earl Marshal, told him, it was true there had been great neglect in that office, but he had now taken such care of registering directions, that *next coronation* would be

* Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry.

† Mary Cavendish, Countess of Westmoreland.

‡ Lucy Manners, Duchess of Montrose.

§ Thomas Howard, second Earl of Effingham, Deputy Earl Marshal.

conducted with the greatest order imaginable. The King was so diverted with this *flattering* speech that he made the earl repeat it several times.

On this occasion one saw to how high-water-mark extravagance is risen in England. At the coronation of George II. my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas —a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St. Margaret's roundhouse to the church-door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for two thousand four hundred pounds. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time, it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford.* A single shop now sold six hundred pounds' sterling worth of nails — but nails are risen — so is everything, and everything adulterated. If we conquer Spain, as we have done France, I expect to be poisoned. Alas! we *are* going to conquer Spain. They have taken France by the hand, and bully for her. Mr. Pitt, who desires nothing better than to bid upon anybody's haughtiness, has recalled Mr. Stanley, and would willingly have recalled my Lord Bristol too. If the Turks don't know what to do with their armament, Mr. Pitt will be

* Margaret Rolle, wife of Robert Lord Walpole, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole, and afterwards Earl of Orford.

obliged to them if they will be a little impertinent too. If all this did but starve us I should not much mind it: I should look as well as other people in haughty rags, and while one's dunghill is the first dunghill in Europe, one is content. But the lives! the lives it will cost! to wade through blood to dignity! I had rather be a worm than a vulture. Besides, I am no gamester; I do not love doubling the bet, but would realize something.

The Duchess of Grafton is drawing nearer to you; you will see her by the end of the winter; they leave Geneva the 10th of next month, and go to Turin. I believe I liked the coronation the less for wanting the principal figure. Good night!

LETTER XV.

Arlington Street, Oct. 6, 1761.

I WROTE to you but last week. You will conclude I have a victory to tell you, by following that letter with another so soon. Oh, no! you may bid adieu to victories. It is not that Spain or we have declared war, but Mr. Pitt has resigned. The Cabinet Council were for temporising. That is not *his* style.

Without entering into discussions of which side is in the right, you will easily see how fatal this event must be, even from its creating two sides. What saved us; and then what lifted us so high, but Union? What could France, what could your

old friend the Empress-Queen, desire so ardently as divisions amongst us? They will have their wish to satiety. I foresee nothing but confusion. Nor shall we have a war the less: if Spain bullied while Mr. Pitt was minister, I don't believe she will tremble more at his successors. Who they will be I cannot imagine. It required all his daring to retrieve our affairs. Who will dare for him, nay, and against him? Next to pitying our country and ourselves, I feel for the young King. It is hard to have so bright a dawn so soon overcast! I fear he is going to taste as bitter a cup as ever his grandfather swallowed! This happened but yesterday. It is not an event to lie dormant long without consequences.

Adieu! my dear child; this is an unpleasant letter, and I don't care how soon I finish it. Squabbles of ministers are entertaining in time of peace; they are a little too serious now. Adieu!

LETTER XVI.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8th, 1761.

I WRITE to you so often, you will think I have succeeded Mr. Pitt as Secretary of State. The truth is, I want to overtake my last letter. I fear I was peevish in it. I was

> So odd, my country's ruin made me grave.

Forgive me; it was an air of departing haughtiness.

We have been used of late to triumph ; it felt unpleasant to relinquish glory ; and I am exactly that sort of philosopher to be angry if I am not prepared to keep my temper.

Spain tells us to-day that she means us no harm. She has only made a defensive and *offensive* league with France to keep the *peace*. When she hears Mr. Pitt is out, I suppose she will make a neutrality, that she may invade Ireland. If she does, pray hold your militia ready to attack Naples.

Great attempts, great offers have been made to recover Mr. Pitt. He waives them, goes to court, bows, and goes to Bath. In the city it was proposed at first to go into mourning on his resignation ; as yet they have come to no resolution. It will perhaps depend on some trifle to set fire to the train—should it not be lighted up now, that will insure nothing. It cannot be indifferent whether he is in place or out. Your new master is to be Lord Egremont,* who was to have gone to Augsburgh: he is to have the Seals to-morrow. As Mr. Pitt declares against being hostile, I conclude nobody will resign with him.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived. I have not seen her yet, though they have not made her perform quarantine for her own dirt.

This short letter, and t'other short letter, make a long one. Adieu!

Stop, I have told you a monstrous lie; Lady Mary is not arrived; it was a Dutch blunder of Lady Den-

* Sir Charles Windham, first Earl of Egremont.

bigh,* who confounded Lady Mary Wrottesley and Lady Mary Wortley.

Lord Talbot, on Mr. Pitt's resignation, advised the Duke of Newcastle not to die for joy on the Monday, nor for fear on Tuesday.

LETTER XVII.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

Am not I an old fool? at my years to be a dupe to virtue and patriotism! I, who have seen all the virtue of England sold six times over! Here have I fallen in love with my father's enemies, and because they served my country, believed they were the most virtuous men upon earth. I adored Mr. Pitt, as if I was just come from school and reading Livy's lies of Brutus and Camillus, and Fabius; and romance knows whom. Alack! alack! Mr. Pitt loves an estate as well as my Lord Bath! The Conqueror of Canada, of Afric, of India, would, if he had been in the latter, have brought my Lady Esther† as many diamonds as General Clive took. Spain assures us she is still very pacific, and what if France would have been so too, if Mr. Pitt would have suffered her! one day or other we shall know. In the mean time, as the mob have not pulled the King out of St. James's, nor Mr.

* Isabella de Jonghe of Utrecht, wife of William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh.

† Lady Esther, wife of Mr. Pitt, and sister of Lord Temple.

Pitt into it again, the latter has contented himself with a barony for Lady Esther, and three thousand pounds a-year for three lives. Lord Temple has resigned; I don't understand that. Mr. George Grenville is to be representing Minister in the House of Commons, and not Speaker; Lord Egremont is Secretary of State; and Lord Hardwicke, I suppose, Privy Seal. You will like your new master the Secretary, who is extremely well bred.

Don't be frightened at this torrent of letters; I will send you no more this age; and when I do, I shall only talk to you of assemblies, plays, operas, balls, &c., which are subjects of dignity compared to politics.

Is Sir Richard Lyttelton* with you still, or in your neighbourhood? You need not read my opinion to him of this transaction. Confess, however, that I send you quick intelligence,—three letters in a week.

LETTER XVIII.

Arlington Street, Nov. 14, 1761.

If my share in our correspondence was all considered, I could willingly break it off; it is wearisome to pursue the thread of folly for so many years, and with the same personages on the scene. Patriotism, prostitution, power, patriotism again—one ought to be new to it all, to see it in an amusing light—but I recollect that you wish to hear it, and I submit to run

* Cousin of Lady Esther, and attached to Mr. Pitt.

through a recapitulation of what moves little more than my contempt!

The Common Council (calling themselves the City of London) have given Mr. Pitt a dispensation for taking a pension, on his writing them a letter, in which he acquainted them, that as he could not be monarch for their sakes, he would content himself, like them, with a private station, and with giving all the disturbance he could. You have seen his letters in the papers—my paraphrase is not stronger, than his own commentary on his behaviour. They thanked him, and instructed their members to tread in his steps. Hitherto this flame has had much ado to spread. Exeter, and Stirling, and at last York, are the only towns that have copied the example.

In the midst of this came over the negotiation for peace published in France—a melancholy volume to any feeling heart! You may see what a beneficial, what a splendid peace we might have had; you will not so easily find the reason why we rejected it. You will see nothing but facility on their side, nothing but haughtiness on ours; yet the eyes that the pension and peerage could not open are not purged by this memorial. There are men who wish for more than the world we have conquered!

Well! the Parliament opened; and the first production of the rebaptized patriots, was a *constitutional* proposal from Lord Temple for a *First Minister*. Patriots used to attack such officers, though they intended to be in their place; this is the first time they ever

demanded such a post for the good of their country. This was on the address, and was answered by the Duke of Bedford.

A week afterwards the King, Queen, and royal family dined with the Lord Mayor; but a young King, and a new Queen, were by no means the principal objects of attention. A chariot and pair, containing Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, formed the chief part of the triumph. The reception, acclamation, and distinction paid to Mr. Pitt through the streets, and the observance of him in Guildhall, were equal to anything you can imagine. You will call his appearance there arrogant,—I do not think it was very well bred. Since that—for pensions stop the mouths only of courtiers, not of the virtuous — he has harangued in the House with exceeding applause; it was fine, guarded, artful—very inflammatory. Don't think I am paying court by censuring a *late* minister. He is too near being minister again for mine to be interested conduct. It never was my turn, nor do the examples I see make me more in love with the practice. Nor think me changed lightly about Mr. Pitt—nobody admired him more—you saw it. When he preferred haughtiness to humanity, glory to peaceful glory,—when his disinterestedness could not resist a pension, nor a pension make him grateful—he changed, not I. When he courts a mob, I certainly change; and whoever does court the mob, whether an orator or a mountebank, whether Mr. Pitt or Dr. Rock, are equally contemptible in my eyes.

Could I now decide by a wish, he should have remained in place, or have been ruined by his pension. When he would not do all the good in his power, I would leave him no power to do harm,—would that were always the case! Alas! I am a speculatist and he is a statesman; but I have that advantage, or disadvantage, over others of my profession, I have seen too much to flatter myself with visions!

George Pitt, whom you must well remember, is coming to you to Turin, with his lovely wife,* all loveliness within and without. If you see my duchess† soon, tell her I trust my letter of thanks for the *découpure*‡ she sent me of herself did not miscarry. We hear your neighbour Sir Richard§ thinks of resigning the Jewel-Office. Adieu!

Nov. 16th.

I HAVE just received yours of the 31st of last month, but can tell you no more than I have already said. We don't know the particulars of the treaty between Spain and France: Lord Bristol‖ is certainly coming home; Lord Temple says, has *demanded* to come, and insinuates, from political reasons; the court calls it asking to come for his health; he certainly has wished to come before these broils. You may expect new events every day in politics.

* Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkins, wife of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers. She is celebrated in Horace Walpole's poem, on the Beauties. † The Duchess of Grafton.

‡ Her figure cut out in card by Monsieur Hubert, of Geneva, who was famous in that art. § Sir R. Lyttelton.

‖ George William Hervey, Earl of Bristol, ambassador at Madrid.

I don't see how we can make peace, or another war; even in Germany it is not over for this campaign. Lord Granby and Mr. Conway have been successful in some fresh skirmishes, when I thought the latter gone to Pyrmont, for his amusement, and the rest of our generals coming home. As he went abroad last, he does not return this winter. When the officers do come I expect a new scene; we hear of nothing but hardships and abuses; the German war was already become unpopular, and had Mr. Pitt sunk entirely, would not have supported itself. It will require all the compromising spirit of the age to bring things back into a settled channel. I am not shining in prophecy, so I shall foretell nothing; while we have a shilling left, it will quiet somebody or other. Good night.

P.S. I have forgot to answer one of your questions, that I can answer: you ask if the city had not rather part with Mr. Pitt than have a Spanish war? How *tramontane* you are! I believe the chief reason of their forgiving his pension, was his holding out Spanish plunder to them. Though they say they have ceased to be Jacobites, they have not relinquished the principles of privateering, brokerage, insurance, contracts, and twenty other tenets, not to be found in the Crusca.* Perhaps, you do not know that merchants thrive by taxes, which ruin everybody else. Your own country is delightful, but you are not acquainted with half its virtues.

* Alluding to the celebrated Dictionary of the *Academici della Crusca*.

LETTER XIX.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 12, 1761.

You may conclude, my dear sir, that when my letters do not arrive so frequently as you expect, there have been no great events. I never fail you at a new epoch; nay, nor let you lose any considerable links of the political chain. My details, indeed, must be more barren than they were twenty years ago, when I came fresh from talking with you of the *dramatis personæ*, and when your own acquaintance with them was recent. When I mention them now, I talk to you of Sevarambians,* of unknown nations; or must enter into more explanations than could be packed up in a letter. The new opposition have not proceeded very briskly, considering the alertness of their leader: yet they have marked out a camp at the St. Alban's tavern, and in a council of war determined that the chief effort of the campaign should be exerted in behalf of a *perpetual* militia: a measure most unwelcome to many of the great lords, and not peculiarly agreeable to all concerned in that service; yet difficult to be denied now, lest the officers should disband, in a moment when we have so few regulars at home, and are threatened with an invasion, if such a thing can be put in practice. This plan has waited for the arrival

* There was a political French romance, called *L'Histoire des Sevarambes.*

from Germany of General George Townshend,* the restorer of militia, who is not yet landed; but Lord Strange† is to present the bill two days hence. In the mean time, there have passed scenes, which make this attempt more necessary to Mr. Pitt, and which yet may relax the ardour of his half-ally, Charles Townshend,‡ the Secretary at War, who is discontented with the precedence given to George Grenville, and has attended the assemblies at the St. Alban's. Last Wednesday the question of the war in Germany was agitated. The Court support it, for they don't know how to desert it, nor care to be taxed with abatement of vigour; yet the temper of the House of Commons, and the tone even of the advocates for that war, were evidently repugnant to the measure; still, as it was accorded unanimously, Mr. Pitt had rather matter of triumph. On Friday, his superiority declined strangely, his friends proposed calling for the memorials that have intervened between us and Spain on their late demands. He supported this proposition with great ability, but even his friends the Tories, who had been falling back to him, abandoned him on this motion, which was rejected with great spirit by the administration; and on putting the question, his numbers were so trifling, that he could not venture a division. If the militia produces no confusion,

* Eldest son of Charles Viscount Townshend, whom he succeeded in the title.

† James Stanley Lord Strange, only son of the Earl of Derby.

‡ Brother of the foregoing George Townshend.

he must wait for some calamitous moment. The Spanish war is still ambiguous. We do not think they intend it openly; but as any repugnance to it on our side will encourage their flippancies, it is scarce probable but it will arrive, even without the direct intention of either Court. This is the situation of the present minute; your own sagacity will tell you how soon it may be altered.

What an assembly of English dames at Naples! The Duchess of Grafton is at Turin; but, I should think, would soon be at Florence, on her way to Rome. Don't forget to ask her if she received my answer and thanks for her present; I should be vexed if they had not reached her.

The politics occasioned by Mr. Pitt are our only news. The court, the town, the theatres, produce no novelty. Mr. Conway will get a little into Gazettes, though not in a light worthy his name, as it will not be for action: Lord Granby is returning, and leaves the command to him. Lady Ailesbury passes the winter with him in quarters—I believe at Osnaburg.

I have told your brother to let me know when a ship sails. I shall send you the fashionable pamphlets, and prints of the King and Queen. His is like, but not so handsome; the Queen's, rather improved in the features, but with less agreeableness in the countenance than she deserves: yet both are sufficient resemblances. Adieu!

P.S. Pray, in the first person's pocket that is returning, send me a little box of pastils, such as they

burn in churches; the very best you can get. I have a few left, black and in a pyramidal form, that are delicious.

LETTER XX.

Arlington Street, Dec. 28, 1761.

Our correspondence is a register of events and æras, a chronicle of wars and revolutions in ministries: stay! Mr. Pitt is not restored, but the foundation is laid. The last courier is arrived from Spain: we demanded a sight of their treaty with France, or threatened war. They have refused the one, and defied us to the other. Lord Bristol is on the road home: Fuentes departs immediately. We did not dare to turn out war, as well as Mr. Pitt; and so, I conclude, we shall have both. Three weeks ago he was sunk to nothing; the first calamity will make the nation clamour for him. This will sound very well in his future Plutarch; but, if he had stooped to peace, and had confirmed his conquests, would not his character have been at least as amiable? A single life spared were worth Peru and Mexico, which to be sure he will subdue, the moment we are undone and he becomes necessary.

I know nothing more; but a Spanish war will make my letter as heavy as if it contained eight pages. Young Mr. Pitt* is arrived; we have exchanged visits, but have not met yet, as I have been

* Mr. Thomas Pitt.

the last four days at Strawberry. The Parliament is adjourned to the nineteenth of January. My gallery advances, and I push on the works there, for pictures, and baubles, and buildings look to me as if I realized something. I had rather have a bronze than a thousand pounds in the Stocks; for, if Ireland or Jamaica are invaded, I shall still have my bronze: I would not answer so much for the funds, nor will I buy into the new loan of glory. If the Romans or the Greeks were beat, they were beat; they repaired their walls, and did as well as they could; but they did not lose every sesterce, every talent they had, by the defeat affecting their *Change-Alley*. Crassus, the richest man on t' other side their *Temple Bar*, lost his army and his life, and yet their *East India bonds* did not fall an obolus under par. I like that system better than ours. If people would be heroes, they only suffered themselves by a miscarriage; they had a triumph, or a funeral oration, just as it happened; and private folk were entertained with the one or the other, and nobody was a farthing the richer or poorer; but it makes a strange confusion now that brokers are so much concerned in the events of war. How Scipio would have stared if he had been told that he must not demolish Carthage, as it would ruin several aldermen who had money in the Punic *actions!* *Apropos*, do you know what a *Bull*, and a *Bear*, and a *Lame Duck*, are? Nay, nor I either; I only am certain that they are neither animals nor fowl, but are extremely

interested in the new subscription. I don't believe I apply it right; but I feel as if I should be a *lame duck* if the Spaniards take the vessel that has my altar on board.*

Monday, at night.

I have been abroad, and have heard some particulars that are well worth subjoining to my letter. Fuentes last night delivered copies to the foreign ministers of his master's declaration. It is, properly, the declaration of the King of Spain against Mr. Pitt (a circumstance that will not lessen the dignity of the latter). It intimates that, if we had asked to see the treaty in a civil manner, we might have obtained it; and it pretends still to have no hostile intentions. Fuentes comments on this latter passage at large. You may judge of their pacific sentiments, by hearing that they have threatened the court of Portugal to march an army into that kingdom if they do not declare offensively against us. War was the only calamity left for the Portuguese to experience. When they have dethroned the royal family at Lisbon, I suppose, according to the tenderness of royal brotherhood, Don Carlos will afford his sister, her husband, and their race, an asylum in his own court. How much better he behaved when he was under your tuition at Naples! The same courier brought Fuentes the Toison d'Or, and carried another

* An ancient marble altar that Sir Horace Mann was sending to Walpole from Italy, as a pedestal for his bust of Vespasian.—Ed.

to the Duc de Choiseul; in return, the Cordon Bleu was given to Grimaldi at Paris. Well, we *must* make our fortune now we have a monopoly of all the war in Europe!

My Lady Pomfret* is dead, of a complication of distempers, on the road to Bath. Lady Mary Wortley is not yet arrived. Good night!

LETTER XXI.

Arlington Street, Jan. 4, 1762.

I WROTE to you but last week, just before I heard from you, so you must look on this only as a postscript. The Spanish war that I announced to you is a full and melancholy answer to your idea, if Sir James Grey† had gone to Spain—our sailors must go thither first, either as invaders or prisoners! The war was proclaimed this morning: the proclamation itself shows how little foundation for it. This war was conceived rashly, adopted timidly, carried into practice foolishly, and, I fear, will be executed weakly. But why prophesy, when one hopes to be mistaken?

Besides your letter, I have received one cargo, the burlettas and the residue of Medicean heads; I am much obliged to you for both. The latter are ill-

* Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, often mentioned in the former part of these letters.

† He had been minister at Naples, when Charles King of Spain, was King there, with whom he had been a favourite.

executed, but curious: by the Bianca Capella, one sees that the Electress* is dead. The Uccellatorii,† it was, I think, that you told me was so pretty. It shall be performed, if they will take it.

Mr. Robinson,‡ whom I begin to know a little, tells me that a great discovery has been lately made in Tuscany, of quantities of Etrurian vases. If they are dispersed and sold, and sold cheap, (for till I have taken an Acapulca ship, I shall be very penurious,) I should be glad of a few, if the forms are beautiful; for what they call *the erudition*, I am totally indifferent. A travelling college tutor may be struck with an uncouth fable, and fancy he unravels some point of mythology, that is not worth unravelling; I hate guessing at ugliness, and I know in general, that mysteries are built on the unskilfulness of the artists; the moment nations grew polished, they were always intelligible. Mr. Robinson tells me too, that the Duke of Marlborough has purchased most of Zanetti's gems at Venice. I remember one (you will say there is no end of my memory) which he has not bought. It was a couchant tiger, in alto relievo, and had been Prince Eugene's. I wish you would enquire about it, and know what he would have for it. Mr. Murray§

* The Electress Palatine Dowager, Anne Louisa, was the last of the House of Medici, and from the death of her husband had resided at Florence, where she died very aged. From family pride, she would suffer no print of Bianca Capello, who having been mistress of Duke Francis I., became his wife. † A comic opera.

‡ Thomas, afterwards the second Lord Grantham.

§ Resident at Venice; he was of the Isle of Man.

was a good deal an acquaintance of mine in England, and I should think would oblige me about it, but I must know the price first.

My Lady Pomfret has desired to be buried at Oxford. It is of a piece with her life. I dare say she had treasured up some idea of the Countess Matilda, that gave St. Peter his patrimony.* How your ghost and mine will laugh at hers, when posterity begins to consecrate her learning!

The parliament does not meet till the nineteenth; by that time people will have formed some opinion—at present there is much gloom. I don't know whither it will be directed. I have abundance of conjectures, but events so seldom correspond to foresight, that I believe it is as well to act like other soothsayers, and not broach one's visions till they have been fulfilled. Good night.

P.S. I should be glad Mr. Murray would not name *me*.† Zanetti cheated my father outrageously; he will think we forgive, and have no objection to being cheated.

* Lady Pomfret had given her husband's collection of statues to the University of Oxford.

† Zanetti, a Venetian, had been employed by the Regent of France to buy pictures for him; and afterwards by Sir Robert Walpole.

LETTER XXII.

Arlington Street, Jan. 29, 1762.

I WISH you joy, sir minister; the Czarina* is dead. As *we conquered America in Germany*, I hope we shall overrun Spain by this burial at Petersburg. Yet, don't let us plume ourselves too fast; nothing is so like a Queen as a King, nothing so like a predecessor as a successor. The favourites of the Prince Royal of Prussia, who had suffered so much for him, were wofully disappointed, when he became the present glorious Monarch; they found the English maxim true, that the King never dies; that is, the dignity and passions of the Crown never die. We were not much less defeated of our hopes on the decease of Philip V. The Grand Duke† has been proclaimed Czar at the army in Pomerania; he may love conquest like that army, or not know it is conquering, like his aunt. However, we cannot suffer more by this event. I would part with the Empress Queen, on no better a prospect.

We have not yet taken the galleons, nor destroyed the Spanish fleet. Nor have they enslaved Portugal, nor you made a triumphant entry into Naples. My dear sir, you see how lucky you were not to go thither; you don't envy Sir James Grey,‡ do you? Pray don't make any categorical demands to Marshal Botta,§ and

* The Czarina Elizabeth. † Peter III.

‡ He had been appointed minister to Spain, but the war prevented his going. § Commander in Tuscany.

be obliged to retire to Leghorn, because they are not answered. We want allies; preserve us our friend the Great Duke of Tuscany. I like your answer to Botta exceedingly, but I fear the Court of Vienna is shame-proof. The Apostolic and Religious Empress is not a whit a better Christian, not a jot less a woman, than the late Russian Empress, who gave such proofs of her being a *woman*.

We have a mighty expedition on the point of sailing; the destination not disclosed. The German war loses ground daily; however, all is still in embryo. My subsequent letters are not likely to be so barren, and indecisive. I write more to prove there is nothing, than to tell you any thing.

You were mistaken, I believe, about the Graftons; they do not remove from Turin, till George Pitt* arrives to occupy their house there. I am really anxious about the fate of my letter to the duchess; I should be hurt if it had miscarried; she would have reason to think me very ungrateful.

I have given your letter to Mr. T. Pitt; he has been very unfortunate since his arrival—has lost his favourite sister in childbed. Lord Tavistock,† I hear, has written accounts of you that give me much pleasure.

I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost—a ghost, that would not

* Appointed minister to Turin; afterwards Lord Rivers.

† Francis Russell, eldest son of the Duke of Bedford.

pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine.* It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg,† who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honour, and you, who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a pet-en-l'air, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable

* The notorious imposition called the Cock Lane Ghost, for an account of which see Bentley's Collective Edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, vol. iv. p. 204.—Ed.

† Prince Charles, brother of the Queen.

twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother,* and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute; what will the progress be of such a commencement!

The King of France† has avowed a natural son, and given him the estate which came from Marshal Belleisle, with the title of Comte de Gisors. The mother I think is called Matignon or Maquignon. Madame Pompadour was the Bathsheba that introduced this Abishag. Adieu, my dear sir!

* She was mother of Lady Bute, wife of the Prime Minister.

† This was a false report.

LETTER XXIII.

Arlington Street, Feb. 25, 1762.

We have not written to one another a great while: nothing has happened here very particular of a public nature. Our great expedition under Lord Albemarle is not yet sailed, but waits, I believe, for a card from Martinico, to know how it will be received there. We have another preparing for Lisbon; Lord Tyrawley is to command it. Dunn, a Jacobite Irishman, who married the daughter of Humphrey Parsons,* the brewer, and much in favour at Versailles, is named to counterwork Lord Tyrawley at Lisbon. Just at present we have a distant vision of peace; every account speaks the new Czar disposed to Prussia, — I hope no farther than to help him to a treaty, not to more glory and blood.

We have had an odd kind of parliamentary opposition, composed only of the King's own servants. In short, in the House of Lords the Duke of Bedford made a motion against the German war; but the previous question was put and carried by 105 to 16. Seven of the minority protested. Yet this stifled motion attempted to take root in our House. Young Bunbury,† whom I sent to you, and whom you have lately sent us back, and who is enrolled in a club of chicken orators, notified a day on which

* A well-known Jacobite Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Dunn, who married his eldest daughter, took the title of Count O'Dunn.

† He was afterwards Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury.

he intended to move such a question as had appeared in the Lords. When the day came, no Mr. Bunbury came—till it was too late. However, he pretended to have designed it, and on the 15th appointed himself to make it on the 17th, but was again persuaded off, or repented, and told us he would reserve himself and his objections for the day of the subsidy to Prussia. Nothing was ever more childish than these scenes. To show himself more a man, he is going to marry Lady Sarah Lenox, who is very pretty, from exceeding bloom of youth; but, as she has no features, and her beauty is not likely to last so long as her betrothed's, he will probably repent this step, like his motions.

We have one of the Queen's brothers here, Prince Charles; and she herself, I believe, is breeding—a secret that, during the life of old Cosimo Riccardi,* would have given you great weight with him.

Our foolish ghost, though at last detected, lasted longer than it was in fashion: the girl made the noises herself; and the Methodists were glad to have such a key to the credulity of the mob. Our bishops, who do not discountenance an imposture, even in the subdivisions of their religion, looked mighty wise, and only took care not to say anything silly about it, which, I assure you, considering the capacities of most of them, was a good deal.

* An old Marquis Riccardi, at Florence, who was very inquisitive about pregnancies, christenings, &c.

You have not sent word to your brother or me what the altar cost. I should much oftener plague you with commissions, if you would draw for them. If you will not, I must totally stop, concluding you had rather bestow your money than your trouble. I have at this moment a job, with which I will make the trial. I have been informed that at Leghorn, the palace (I suppose the Great Duke's) and the front of a church (I don't know which) were designed by Inigo Jones. If you can discover them and ascertain the fact, or great probability of it, I should be glad to have drawings of them; but subject to the conclusion I have stated above. You know I never was at Leghorn, so know nothing of this myself.

I almost wish to stop here, and not relate the cruel story I am going to tell you; for though you are no ways interested for any of the persons concerned, your tender nature will feel for some of them, and be shocked for all. Lord Pembroke, Earl, Lord of the Bedchamber, Major-General, possessed of ten thousand pounds a-year, Master of Wilton, husband of one of the most beautiful creatures * in England, father of an only son, and himself but eight-and-twenty to enjoy this assemblage of good fortune, is gone off with Miss Hunter, daughter to one of the Lords of the Admiralty,† a handsome girl with a fine person, but silly and in no degree

* Lady Elizabeth Spencer, younger sister of George Duke of Marlborough.

† Thomas Orby Hunter. Miss Hunter was afterwards married to a Captain Clarke.

lovely as his own wife, who has the face of a Madonna, and, with all the modesty of that idea, is doatingly fond of him. He left letters resigning all his employments, and one to witness to the virtue of Lady Pembroke, whom he says he has long tried in vain to make hate and dislike him. It is not yet known whither this foolish guilty couple have bent their course; but you may imagine the distress of the earl's family, and the resentment of the house of Marlborough, who doat on their sister: Miss Helen's family too takes it for no honour. Her story is not so uncommon; but did one ever hear of an earl running away from himself?

I have just published a new book, a sort of History of the Arts in England;* I will send it you on the first opportunity. Adieu!

LETTER XXIV.

Arlington Street, March 22, 1762.

You have nothing to do but to send for a conquest, and I send it you: Martinico is yours. Victory, it seems, did not expire with George II., nor resign with Mr. Pitt. The whole island was not subdued when the express came away, but little remained to be mastered. In short, General Monckton,† by the first despatch, promised it all, and when

* Anecdotes of Painting in England.

† Robert Monckton, brother of the Viscount Galway.

he has so well kept the greatest part of his word, it would be abominable to doubt the residue. He is a hero in all the forms, eager to engage, and bold to perform. This conquest is entirely owing to his bravery, to his grenadiers, and his sailors, and I don't question but he will achieve the whole, though George Townshend is not there to take the capitulation and the glory out of his mouth.* The great fear was the climate: of that I own I shall be as much afraid when we have got the island, for it cannot be an article of the surrender that the climate should only kill its enemies, not its masters. This is a vast event, and must be signally so to Lord Albemarle, who will find a victorious army ready to sail with him on new exploits; and the Spaniards, I should think, are not more trained than the French, not to be surprised at our hardiness.

Well! I wish we had conquered the world, and had done! I think we were full as happy when we were a peaceable quiet set of tradesfolks, as now that we are heirs-apparent to the Romans, and overrunning East and West Indies. The new Czar seems to admire heroes more than I do; he is quite an enthusiast to the King of Prussia; it may save the latter, but woe to the world when such a portion of the globe is in the hands of a man who admires a great general! I can tell you no more of Martinico than you will see in the Gazette, nor

* George Lord Townshend, on the death of General Wolfe, received the capitulation of Quebec.

little else that is new. Lord Pembroke is quite forgotten. He and his nymph were brought back by a privateer, who had obligations to her father, but the father desired no such recovery, and they are again gone in quest of adventures. The earl was so kind as to invite his wife to accompany them; and she, who is all gentleness and tenderness, was with difficulty withheld from acting as mad a part from goodness, as he has done from guilt and folly.

Your master, Lord Egremont, is dying of an apoplectic lethargy; and your friend, Lord Melcombe,* will, I believe, succeed him. Your old acquaintance, Mrs. Goldsworthy,† was t'other night at Bedford-house; I never saw her, and wanted to see her, but missed her. Lady Mary Wortley too was there, dressed in yellow velvet and sables, with a decent laced head and a black hood, almost like a veil, over her face. She is much more discreet than I expected, and meddles with nothing—but she is wofully tedious in her narrations.

By this time you have seen my charming duchess.‡ I shall build an altar to Pam, for having engaged her, when the house fell at Rome, where she was invited to a concert.

You scold me for going to see the ghost, and I don't excuse myself; but in such a town as this, if a ghost is in fashion, one must as much visit it, as

* George Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe.

† Her husband had been Consul at Leghorn.

‡ Anne Duchess of Grafton.

leave one's name with a new Secretary of State. I expect soon that I shall keep Saints' days, for enthusiasm is growing into fashion too; and while they are cancelling holidays at Rome, the Methodists are reviving them here. We have never recovered masquerades since the earthquake at Lisbon. Your country is very victorious, but by no means a jot wiser than it was.

I hope, and I think I did not forget to tell you how much I like the altar; you are not apt to neglect a commission, or to execute it ill. My gallery and Tribune will be finished this summer, and then I shall trouble you about the brocadella. Mr. T. Pitt has taken a sweet little house just by me at Twickenham, which will be a comfortable addition to my villeggiatura. Adieu!

P.S.—I am sorry for my Florentine friends, that they are losing their good governor, Marshal Botta—there are not many of the species in an Austrian court.

LETTER XXV.

Arlington Street, April 13, 1762.

I AM two letters in your debt, without much capital to pay them. This twilight between parliament and the campaign is not favourable for news. The houses are not prorogued indeed, but the end of a session always languishes, and we actually are adjourned for the holidays; and what is more, for

Newmarket. All that was reported of the Czar proves true, but is of consequence only to the King of Prussia; even the conquest of Martinico has not advanced the peace. The other Empress must die too, I believe, before her rage will subside. Portugal cries out for help, and our troops are going thither; but I don't think that every Spanish soldier in the world will march to Lisbon. There are some grumblings in Ireland, which look as if that kingdom would not be quite inactive this summer. A set of levellers there have been committing great disorders for some time, and we think there is a leaven of French officers and Spanish gold among them. Two regiments of dragoons have been ordered against them, and are to be followed by some foot. In short, our enemies must try something, and cannot sit entirely tranquil, while the Havannah is probably following the fate of Martinico. Well! we may make a bad peace at last, and yet keep a good deal!

I don't know how to execute the request made to Palombo * for my father's history, for the *nouvelles litteraires*. I have very slender opinion of the capacity of such panegyrists. Anecdotes, which they could not comprehend, and would mangle, are not fit to be dispensed to such shops. All I can do, I think, is to transcribe the principal dates of his life from Collins's Peerage, for there is no good life of him: this, I suppose, would content both Italian writers and readers. If I have time before the post goes

* Secretary to Sir Horace Mann.

out, I will subjoin the extract to this letter, or send it by next mail.

It was very true that Miss Hunter was brought back by a privateer, but her father desired she might be released; so they sailed again. Don't compassionate Lord Pembroke; he is a worthless young fellow. He does nothing but write tender and mournful letters to his charming wife, which distress her, and are intended to draw money from her. He is forgotten here, which is the best thing can happen to him.

How could I not commend the altar? It was just the thing I wished, and, if anything, prettier than I wished. I would by no means come into the tariff you propose to me between us, if I did not think it would be convenient to you. I wish so much to contribute to your satisfaction in any shape, that if it would facilitate it I would even consent to your paying for your commissions; but then you must take care they are numerous. Your brother James is really a good creature, but he is not your brother Gal.; there was but one he! James has no notion of the delicacies and attentions of friendship,—I hope I have; therefore let me be your factotum. Write to me and employ me without reserve, and you shall prescribe your own terms,—that is, if they are not too much in my favour. To open the intercourse, I desire you will send me the new volume of Herculaneum; it is the third, but only the second of prints. Don't let us balk our wishes, but without ceremony draw bills

regularly for the commissions we execute; and paying them shall be all your brother James shall do.

Mr. T. Pitt has taken a small house at Twickenham, within a stone's throw of me. This will add to the comfort of my strawberry-tide. He draws gothic with taste, and is already engaged on the ornaments of my cabinet and gallery. Adieu!

P.S. Here are the notes for my father's eulogium. I fear you will be plagued in translating the terms into Italian. Let them look to the Latin.

ROBERT WALPOLE was born at Houghton in Norfolk, August 26th, 1675. He was third son of Robert Walpole of the same place, but his two elder brothers dying before their father, he succeeded the latter, in 1700, in an estate of above 2000*l.* a-year; and was chosen member of Parliament for Lynn in every Parliament, except in the year 1711, from his father's death till his own admission into the peerage in 1742.

He was extremely in the confidence of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and particularly employed by him in drawing Queen Anne's speeches. On the change of the ministry great offers were made to him by Lord Treasurer Oxford, but he adhered steadily to the Whig party, and was so formidable to the Tory administration that they sent him to the Tower; after he had been one of the Council to Prince George in the Admiralty in 1705, Secretary at War in 1707,

and Treasurer of the Navy in 1709. In that year he was one of the managers of the House of Commons against Dr. Sacheverel.

On the accession of George the First, he was made Paymaster of the Forces; and in October 1715 was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the same year was elected Chairman of the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of Queen Anne's last administration.

On the differences between the King and Prince of Wales, he followed the latter, and resigned his employments; but, in June 1720, he was again made Paymaster of the Forces, and in April 1721 became once more First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister, as he continued during the whole remainder of that reign, and under the successor; and was several times one of the Lords Justices during the absences of those kings.

May 27th, 1725, he was made Knight of the Bath, on the revival of that order; and in the same month of the ensuing year was created Knight of the Garter, the only Commoner who had received such an honour since the restoration of Charles II.

He enjoyed his post of Prime Minister till Feb. 9th, 1742, when the opposition prevailing in Parliament, he resigned his employments, and was created Earl of Orford. His enemies obtained a secret committee to inquire into the last ten years of his administration; but being able to prove no more crimes

against him, though he had lost his power, than they could while he held it, he enjoyed to his death that tranquillity and honour that were due to his virtues, services, and age.

He died of the stone, in Arlington Street, March 25th, 1745, aged near seventy. His first wife was Catherine Shorter, by whom he had Robert, his successor, created a baron by George I., and Knight of the Bath; Sir Edward, Knight of the Bath; and Horatio: Catherine, who died unmarried; and Mary, married to George Earl of Cholmondeley, Lord Privy Seal in the reign of George II. Sir Robert married, secondly, Maria Skerret, by whom he had one daughter, Lady Maria, married to Charles Churchill, Esq.

LETTER XXVI.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1762.

SOME people think we are going to have peace—whatever we have abroad, it does not increase at home. The ministers are divided; the old for continuing the German war (take care you don't look back to my letters of last October), the new for supporting Portugal; neither point is resolved, consequently either will not be over-timely. With much affection for Portugal, and seriously with much commiseration, I cannot entirely lament that Spain is occupied there. If we quarrel on great chapters, you may be sure we do not agree more on little ones. A new cargo of peers has

set much ill-humour afloat, for when large pains are taken to content many, they are sure to offend more. As I neither wished to be a peer, nor to hinder any body else from being one, I can repeat the list without any gall.

Lord Wentworth and Sir William Courtney viscounts, same names.

Lord Milton, Sir Edward Montagu, Fox Lane, Vernon of Sudbury,	Barons	Milton. Beaulieu, or Bewley. Bingley. Vernon.

Lady Caroline Fox, a baroness Lady Holland. Lord Brudenel,* called up to the House of Lords as Lord Montagu. Duke of Newcastle, created Lord Pelham, with reversion to your friend Mr. Pelham; and Lord Egmont,† made Lord Louvain and Holland, and Baron of Enmore.

The Flemish titles of Lord Egmont are very diverting,—I suppose he is descended from one of the three hundred and sixty-five brats of the Countess of Holland. People recollect a pamphlet, published in the reign of James I., called "A Help to Weak Memories," for the use of those who would know *all* the new peers; and they tell a story of a Neapolitan, who being offered a dukedom by the Germans, when they were so profuse of honours at Naples, refused it, unless they would make his footman a duke too; but in this country ten new peerages will at least produce twenty

* Eldest son of the Earl of Cardigan.

† John Percival, second Earl of Egmont.

bon-mots. Our war is more serious, and I wish it well finished. It is uncertain whether we will give the King of Prussia a subsidy, or whether he will accept it. The disturbances in Ireland are at least checked; the insurgents are driven into bogs and woods. The French squadron narrowly escaped their fate: sailing to Martinico, they met their own prisoners conducted to France, and steered away; but Rodney soon followed them, with thirteen ships to their eight, and we hope will overtake them; however, it is plain they had not joined the Spanish fleet. The chief of our naval affairs, Lord Anson, is dying at Bath. Indeed, many of our former actors seem to be leaving the stage: Lord Granville is much broken, and Mr. Fox in a very bad state of health; but Lord Egremont is recovered.

Poor Lady Pembroke has at last acted with spirit. Her Lord being ordered to the German army, wrote that he had a mind to come over first and ask her pardon. To the surprise of her family, and without their instigation, she sent him word that she was surprised he could think of showing himself in England; and, for her part, she never wished to see him, till he should have retrieved his character.

I am very happy, as I told you, in my new neighbour Mr. Pitt; he calls his small house Palazzo Pitti;* which does not look as if he had forgotten you, and sounds pleasantly in my ears. Adieu!

* Name of the Great Duke's palace at Florence.

LETTER XXVII.

Arlington Street, May 26, 1762.

WHENEVER I am a little remiss in writing to you, I am sure to make you amends by a revolution. Anybody would wait five weeks for a letter, if it was to tell them that the Government was turned topsy-turvy. Not that it is set upon its head now; it has only lost an old tooth that had *bit* all the world. The Duke of Newcastle resigned this morning! Finding, at last, to his great surprise that he had not as much power under this King as under his great-grandfather and grandfather, he is retired, meditating, I suppose, a plan for being prime minister again under this King's son. Of four-and-twenty bishops that he had made, but one expects this restoration: all the rest, hoping to arrive at Canterbury before that æra, took care not to be at his grace's last levee. People think that a little more than want of power had been necessary to make him take this resolution, and that all kind of disgusts had been given to convince him how unwelcome his company was. This is the second revolution in a year and half — I wish the next struggle be not a little more serious. Lord Bute plays a dangerous game; he is now First Lord of the Treasury, and is to have the Garter to-morrow, with Prince William. The other changes are few, for the Duke of Newcastle's friends *episcopize*, that is,

abandon him, or are ordered to remain as they are. Mr. George Grenville is Secretary of State; and Sir Francis Dashwood Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Elliot,* Treasurer of the Chambers. The Navy-board and one or two commissions of the Treasury will be all the other vacancies.

But there is a bigger event to come; the Stocks believe the peace is made, and lift up their heads. It is certain that a very courteous answer is arrived from France; and the monied philosophers, who do not look on danger as wise measures, conclude that unless Lord Bute was sure of peace, he would not have ventured on dismissing the duke. If you should not hear from me soon, you will be persuaded that we are up in arms. I have some fear that Spain is not very pacific: they have begun the siege of Miranda. I used to expect the King of Prussia at Somerset-house; perhaps now Queen Catherine's† apartment will be inhabited by her great nephews and nieces. I shall have curiosity enough to go and see Infantas, though I have little else left: I have none of that vigour of ambition that has carried on the Duke of Newcastle for five-and-forty years. Three slight fits of the gout have taught me what I believe all the ingratitude of the clergy of Cambridge has not been able to instil into him. I am just recovered of an attack, far from painful, except one day that it was in my head; but even

* Afterwards Sir Gilbert Elliot.

† Catherine of Braganza, after the death of Charles II., lived at Somerset House.

the harbinger of age is sufficient to convince me that retirement is a blessing.

It would look like vanity in me to thank you for attentions, where so much attention is due; and yet I am apt to think you did pay a little homage extraordinary on my account to the Duchess of Grafton. I am pleased you admire her so much, and she tells me how charmed she is with your reception of her. I warned you to expect no great beauty, and yet the more you saw her, did not you like her the more? Her air, and manner, and majesty are quite her own. I must not forget my thanks too for Mr. Morrice—you must have had some satisfaction in talking over the Chute and me with him.

You may imagine that I am anxious to have the peace, and to see Mr. Conway safe in England. I wish it privately and publicly—I pray for an end to the woes of mankind; in one word, I have no public spirit, and don't care a farthing for the interests of the merchants. Soldiers and sailors who are knocked on the head, and peasants plundered or butchered, are to my eyes as valuable as a lazy luxurious set of men, who hire others to acquire riches for them; who would embroil all the earth, that they may heap or squander; and I *dare* to say this, for I am no minister. Beckford * is a patriot, because he will clamour if Guadaloupe or Martinico

* William Beckford of Jamaica, and Fonthill in Dorsetshire, Alderman of London, and friend of Mr. Pitt.

is given up, and the price of sugars falls. I am a bad Englishman, because I think the advantages of commerce are dearly bought for some by the lives of many more. This wise age counts its merchants, and reckons its armies ciphers. But why do I talk of this age?—every age has some ostentatious system to excuse the havoc it commits. Conquest, honour, chivalry, religion, balance of power, commerce, no matter what, mankind must bleed, and take a term for a reason. 'Tis shocking! Good night.

LETTER XXVIII.

Strawberry Hill, June 20th, 1762.

I SHALL certainly execute your commissions cheerfully, punctually, and on the terms you desire: the Annual Registers, I mean the historic part, are incomparable. The Oratorios, as Mr. Morrice rightly advises, I will choose by proxy; for, as he and you know, I have not only very little music in me, but the company I keep are far from Handelians.

Have you not felt a pang in your royal capacity? Seriously, it has been dreadful, but the danger is over. The King had one of the last of these strange and universally epidemic colds, which, however, have seldom been fatal: he had a violent cough, and oppression on his breast, which he concealed, just as I had; but my life was of no consequence, and having no physicians in ordinary, I was cured in four

nights by James's Powders, without bleeding. The King was blooded seven times, and had three blisters. Thank God, he is safe, and we have escaped a confusion beyond what was ever known, but on the accession of the Queen of Scots—nay, we have not even the successor born. Fazakerley,* who has lived long enough to remember nothing but the nonsense of the law, maintained, according to their wise tenets, that as the King never dies, the Duke of York must have been proclaimed King, and then been unproclaimed again on the Queen's delivery. We have not even any standing law for the regency; but I need not paint to you all the difficulties there would have been in our situation.

The new administration begins tempestuously. My father was not more abused after twenty years than Lord Bute is in twenty days. Weekly papers swarm, and like other swarms of insects, sting. The cry you may be sure is on his Scot-hood. Lord Halifax† is made First Lord of the Admiralty, but will keep Ireland for some time, as it will not be necessary to appoint a new Lord-Lieutenant this twelvemonth. He is popular with the merchants, so that at least this promotion does not offend.

Our great expedition were all well at Martinico, and had lost but sixteen men. Lord Albemarle carried thence nine thousand men. We are very sanguine, and reckon the Havannah ours; but we

* Nicholas Fazakerley, Esq., an eminent Tory lawyer.

† George Montagu, third and last Earl of Halifax.

shall not know it at least before the end of next month.

I smiled at your idea of *our war with Spain lying in Portugal, as our war with France does in Germany.* The latter is dormant, and yet I do not think the peace advances. Our allies, the Portuguese, behave wofully. I don't know what spirit Count La Lippe,* who is still here, will transport to them from Westphalia: he is to command the Portuguese, and Lord Tyrawley the English.

This is a diminutive letter, but you excuse duodecimos in summer.

LETTER XXIX.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1762.

I NEVER attempt to tell you the first news of a battle in Germany, which must always reach you before it can arrive here and be sent to Florence. I scarcely ought to call it a battle, though it is a victory for us; but the French (to speak in Cibber's † style) have outrun their usual outrunnings. Their camp was ill-guarded, and Prince Ferdinand surprised it. At first their cavalry made a decent show of advancing, but soon turned and fled. Stainville flung three thousand men into a wood to cover their re-

* Comte de la Lippe had been born in England, his father and mother being here in the reign of George I.

† Cibber, in the Preface to his "Provoked Husband," said, "Mrs. Oldfield had outdone her usual outdoings."

treat; they were all taken, with above one hundred and forty officers; he himself is believed slain. Our loss was trifling; two hundred and fifty men, a Captain Middleton killed; and Colonel Henry Townshend, a brave spirited young fellow of parts, youngest son of Mr. Thomas Townshend.* The French grenadiers raved against their commanders, who, it is to be hoped, will shift off the blame on each other, quarrel, and pass the campaign in altercation. D'Etrees will not make Broglio appear a worse general than Soubize. Lord Granby is much commended. My chief joy arises from knowing Mr. Conway is safe.

Poor Lady Ailesbury is just arrived, and this is the first taste of the peace she promised herself. Unless the French now despair of Germany, where their fairest prospect lay, I should think this action likely to continue the war; and, I don't doubt but Prince Ferdinand hoped it would. He had much ground to regain here, and has now revived the passions of the people, who will not be eager for peace on the morrow of a victory, nor be very reasonable after repeated successes. Lord Bute's situation is unpleasant: misfortunes would remind us of Mr. Pitt's glory; advantages will stiffen us against accepting even such a peace as he rejected; and, I think, two Havannahs lost will not weigh with the Spaniards against their rapid progress in Portugal: the recovery of that diadem will soothe their pride more than any province taken from them will mollify it. The Portuguese behave

* Second son of Charles Lord Viscount Townshend.

shamefully; Lord Tyrawley is coming home disgusted with the nomination of Count La Lippe; and in truth I cannot see the wisdom or honour of that measure. If we protect Portugal, is not it more creditable to give them an English commander? And that general was almost a Portuguese, almost naturalized amongst them, trusted, and beloved there. What do they know of this German? Or can the English soldiery prefer him to their countryman? For though La Lippe was born here, he is a German prince.

I trust very soon to be able to send you a brick, like Harlequin, as a sample of the Havannah we shall have taken. In return, you must make Saunders beat the French and Spanish squadrons.

Poor Hamburgh has tasted of the royal injustice of this age; they have compounded with the King of Denmark for a million. But his is trifling usurpation; commend me to the King of Spain, for violating more ties than were ever burst by one stroke of a sceptre. We have not had a masquerade here these eight or nine years, because there was an earthquake at Lisbon; while that earthquake which fell about the ears of his own sister and her children, could not stop the King of Spain from marching to drive her and them out of the ruins! Montezuma's ghost cannot complain now!

I have ordered all your books, and your brother James has undertaken for the oratorios. There is a ship going, so I would not wait for more consulta-

tion in the choice of them. Handel's best pieces are settled among his sect, and your brother knows more of his followers than I do. I was impatient to have your commission executed, and I know no better way than this.

I am in distress about my gallery and cabinet: the latter was on the point of being completed, and is really striking beyond description. Last Saturday night my workmen took their leave, made their bow, and left me up to the knees in shavings. In short, the journeymen carpenters, like the cabinet-makers, have entered into an association, not to work unless their wages are raised; and how can one complain? The poor fellows, whose all the labour is, see their masters advance their prices every day, and think it reasonable to touch their share. You would be frightened at the dearness of everything; I build out of economy, for unless I do now, in two years I shall not be able to afford it. I expect that a pint of milk will not be sold under a diamond, and then nobody can keep a cow but my Lord Clive. Indeed your country's fever is almost at the height every way. Adieu!

LETTER XXX.

Strawberry Hill, July 31st, 1762.

I BEGIN this letter to-night, though I don't know when it will set out, for I have a mind it should

be a little more complete than I can make it at present. We are at the eve of big events, or in the obscurity of them; a Prince of Wales, a peace, the Havannah, a revolution in Russia, all to come to light this week!

We know nothing certain, but that we have lost Newfoundland, and that the new opposition have got a real topic, for hitherto they have only been skirmishing with names; however, as all oppositions must improve on the foregoing, the present gives us names at length, which at least is new. Parallels, you know, are the food of all party writings: we have Queen Isabel and Mortimer, Queen Margaret and the Duke of Suffolk, every week. You will allow that abuse does not set out tamely, when it even begins with the King's mother. Last week they were so brutal as to call the Queen *a beggarly duke's daughter;* it is shocking, for she has offended nobody, and is far from being suspected of power; but it was to load the Duke of Suffolk, for making the match. But what say you to a real *Queen Isabel?* We hear from Holland, but the account is very imperfect, that the Czarina has dethroned her husband. That he should be dethroned does not surprise me. He struck extraordinary strokes so fast, that I suppose his head had not much ballast. Her reign, probably, will not be of much longer duration; but I do not believe, that, like her husband, she will fall in love with the King of Prussia. The Czar, in his aunt's time, was reckoned weak; his wife, very sensible

and very handsome. Russia puts one in mind of the Seleucidæ and the Constantinopolitan History, the Cleopatras and Irenes; if vast crimes are not in fashion, you see it is only because despotism is generally exploded. Give human nature scope, it can still be sublimely abominable. My prophetic spirit says, that the young Emperor John will come upon the scene again; in the meantime my Lord Buckingham,* who is going ambassador to Petersburgh, may try the remainder of his charms upon the heart of an Empress.

Of all the important events we are expecting, the peace is nearest my heart. We had refused Russians; and this catastrophe, if it is true, will silence the clamour there would have been on that chapter. It delivers the King of Denmark, too, from a storm; for the hero of Prussia, you know, he never was in my litany. In short, we have heard for this week that our peace with France was in a manner made, and that the Dukes of Bedford and Nivernois were ready to be exchanged at Dover. If France has dabbled in this revolution, adieu the olive-branch! Nay, we are told that your Italian King† is rather disposed to put on his old cuirass again, and thinking the Austrians have their hands full, has an eye upon a little more of the Milanese. Nothing will be cleared up, till there is another courier from Muscovy. Their poor ambassador,‡

* John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

† Charles Emanuel, second King of Sardinia.

‡ Count Woronzow, father of the present Countess of Pembroke.—Ed.

who is just arrived, has had no letters. He is not only nephew to the Chancellor, but brother to the Czar's mistress. What a region, where Siberia is next door to the drawing-room!

Mr. Conway has had a little success, which shows, at least, what he is fit for. He was ordered to besiege the Castle of Waldeck, for which Prince Ferdinand was in a hurry; it was impregnable without cannon; he had none, and his powder was spent. He made them believe he was preparing to storm it, and they instantly surrendered. You may be sure this makes me happy, and yet I am impatient to have the peace nip his laurels.

Your friend Lord Melcombe is dead of a dropsy in his stomach, just when the views of his life were nearest being realised. Lady Mary Wortley, too, is departing. She brought over a cancer in her breast, which she concealed till about six weeks ago. It burst, and there are no hopes of her. She behaves with great fortitude, and says she has lived long enough.

Two days ago I saw your nephew Horace; it always gives me pleasure, though a melancholy one; it was increased now, as he is grown much more like to his father. He thinks he shall go to you in about a year; I am eager for it, as I know the tender satisfaction it will give you.

August 4th.

I must send away my letter to-night, or it

will not be in town time enough for the foreign post to-morrow. The Russian revolution is confirmed; the papers have even produced a declaration of the new Czarina, in which she deposes her husband with the utmost *sangfroid.* I should easily believe it genuine; it is in the style of the age; there is an honest impudence in modern majesty that is delightful. Monarchs scorn plausibility; however, there is one comfort—they level their crimes chiefly against one another. This Muscovite history, as I hear from very good authority, happened thus: The Czar, who was originally supposed impotent, and who, notwithstanding his mistress, seems to have had the modesty of thinking himself so, intended to return his two children upon his wife's hands, and had declared his rival John, his successor. The late Czarina had had the curiosity to see young John, though unknown to him: this had given Peter uneasiness; yet one of his first proceedings was to take the same step. The anecdotes of that court, however, say, that John has had so many drugs given to him as to shatter his understanding extremely. Probably, as our Charles II. said of a foolish popular parson, "John's nonsense suited Peter's nonsense." Peter, intoxicated with brandy and the King of Prussia, had thoughts of divorcing his Empress. She was at Peterhoff, two miles from Petersburgh; the Czar at another villa. An officer, arrived post with a led horse, told the Czarina there was a design against her life; that she had no time to lose; she must fly, or present

herself to the army in the city. Pray, Sir Horace, what do ladies in a panic do? To be sure, run into the danger, not from it. Just so acted the Czarina. She trotted away to the capital, threw herself upon the gallantry of the Preobazinsky (or Prætorian) guards, who in Russia are the most polite and compassionate cavaliers in the world, and begged they would—not protect her—but give her the crown. One troop, who have been a little Prussianised, hesitated; the rest thought her request as reasonable as possible, and immediately proclaimed her. The rest of the people, who abhor innovations, and who, consequently, could not pardon the Czar for giving them their liberty, concurred unanimously. Not a word was said in favour of master Fitz-Catherine, who certainly has no right to the diadem, till his mother's no-right devolves to him by her death. The Czar, informed of the change of scene, fled to Cronstad, and embarked. All the royal galleys were sent after him, and he was overtaken. An act of Abdication was presented to him. He signed it, and then made three requests,—for his own life, and for those of his mistress and of a Prussian adjutant who had accompanied him in his flight. Whether the first and last boons were granted, story is hitherto silent; but the next morning, Mademoiselle Woronzow flung herself on her knees before the Czarina, and begged to resign the order of St. Catharine, which she said the Czar had bestowed on her two months ago, and of which she

owned herself unworthy,—so, probably, knows the Czarina, who returned the cross and dismissed her. Bestuchef is recalled; somebody, I forgot who, and Schualow,* the late Empress's minion, are the chief ministers.

A civil message has been sent to Mr. Keith†—to the King of Prussia, that he, having thirty thousand Russians in his army, which her Majesty wants, she should be glad to have them return; however, as she knows his Majesty's occasions, she permits them to obey his orders till he can spare them. He replied, that by their assistance he had extricated himself from his greatest difficulty, and would send them back immediately. Here ends my first tome. One wants to know the fate of the Czar, of his predecessor and successor John; of Munich, Biron, and all those heroes of former dramas, who had been recalled from Siberia. One does not want to know what the Empress-Queen feels. She, who devoutly hates every monarch who cannot or will not have children, must be transported. But what seeds are here for more revolutions! If John and Peter never come to light again, the blood-royal of Russia will be extinct, at least be extremely equivocal; and the title of a princess of Anhalt Zerbst to the crown cannot fascinate the eyes of every good Muscovite. As they are compendious in

* Count Schualow, favourite of the Empress Elizabeth; but this did not prove true—he was not employed by Catherine II.

† The English minister.

their proceedings, I should think the malcontents would not waste a summer in writing *Monitors* and *North-Russians.**

The King of Prussia has certainly driven back Daun, and got between him and Schweidnitz. Prince Ferdinand, too, has obtained another advantage. The accounts came yesterday; no English were engaged; the affair lay between Hessians and Saxons, and Stainville is dislodged from his post. The advantage is reckoned considerable. The King of France is impatient to stop the effusion of blood. Choiseul is eager for peace, and the more so, as all his schemes are baffled. That we wish it all Europe knows, but that is not the best secret for obtaining it. Many people think it agreed. I dread this northern tempest.

What a volume is here! and, perhaps, not a syllable of it new to you! You will, at least, excuse the intention. I wish you and I had any common acquaintance left, that we might chat of something else than kings and queens! Adieu!

P.S. The Russian minister here, I am told, has received credentials from the new government.

* In allusion to North Britons, the famous weekly papers written by Wilkes against Lord Bute.

Cosia Humphreys Pinx.t

CHARLES EDWARD STUART,
THE PRETENDER.

London, Richard Bentley, 1845.

LETTER XXXI.

Arlington Street, Aug. 12, 1762.

A PRINCE OF WALES was born this morning; the prospect of your old neighbour* at Rome does not improve; the House of Hanover will have numbers in its own family sufficient to defend their crown—unless they marry a Princess of Anhalt Zerbst.† What a shocking tragedy that has proved already! There is a manifesto arrived to-day that makes one shudder! This northern Athaliah, who has the modesty not to name her murdered *husband* in that light, calls him *her neighbour;* and, as if all the world were savages, like Russians, pretends that he died suddenly of a distemper that never was expeditious; mocks Heaven with pretensions to charity and piety; and heaps the additional inhumanity on the man she has dethroned and assassinated, of imputing his death to a judgment from Providence. In short, it is the language of usurpation and blood, counselled and apologised for by clergymen! It is Brunehault and an archbishop!

I have seen Mr. Keith's first despatch; in general, my account was tolerably correct; but he does not mention Ivan.‡ The conspiracy advanced by one of the gang being seized, though for another crime; they thought themselves discovered. Orloff, one of

* The Pretender.

† The Czarina Catherine II. was Princess of Anhalt Zerbst.

‡ Ivan, or John, the former dethroned young Czar.

them, hurried to the Czarina, and told her she had no time to lose. She was ready for anything; nay, marched herself at the head of fourteen thousand men and a train of artillery against her husband, but not being the only Alecto in Muscovy, she had been aided by a Princess Daschkaw,* a nymph under twenty, and sister to the Czar's mistress. It was not the latter, as I told you, but the Chancellor's wife, who offered up the order of St. Catherine. I do not know how my Lord Buckingham† feels, but unless to conjure up a tempest against this fury of the north, nothing could bribe me to set my foot in her dominions. Had she been priestess of the Scythian Diana, she would have sacrificed her brother by choice. It seems she does not degenerate; her mother was ambitious and passionate for intrigues; she went to Paris and dabbled in politics with all her might.

The world had been civilizing itself till one began to doubt whether ancient histories were not ancient legends. Voltaire had unpoisoned half the victims to the Church and to ambition. Oh! there never was such a man as Borgia; the league seemed a romance. For the honour of poor historians, the assassinations of the Kings of France and Portugal, majesties still living in spite of Damien and the Jesuits, and the dethronement and murder of the Czar, have restored some cre-

* The Princess Daschkaw.

† The English Minister at Petersburgh.—Ed.

dibility to the annals of former ages. Tacitus recovers his character by the edition of Petersburgh.

We expect the definitive courier from Paris every day. Now it is said that they ask time to send to Spain. What? to ask leave to desert them! The Spaniards, not so expeditious in usurpation as the Muscovites, have made no progress in Portugal. Their absurd manifestos appeared too soon. The Czarina and Princess Daschkaw stay till the stroke is struck. Really, my dear sir, your Italy is growing unfashionably innocent,—if you don't take care, the Archbishop of Novogorod will deserve, by his crimes, to be at the head of the *Christian* Church. I fear my friend, good Benedict,* infected you all with his virtues.

You see how this Russian revolution has seized every cell in my head—a Prince of Wales is passed over in a line, the peace in another line. I have not even told you that the treasure of the *Hermione*, reckoned eight hundred thousand pounds, passed the end of my street this morning in one-and-twenty waggons. Of the Havannah I could tell you nothing if I would; people grow impatient at not hearing from thence. Adieu!

You see I am a punctual correspondent when empresses commit murders.

* Pope Benedict XIV.

93774

LETTER XXXII.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, Aug. 29, 1762.

We cannot afford to stay any longer for the Havannah, and must make peace without it. The Duke of Bedford, on Wednesday next, is to be named in form Embassador Extraordinary, as the Duc de Nivernois will be the same day at Paris; on the 7th of next month they are to meet at Dover, cross over and figure-in. Our duke carries good dispositions, but as there is a grain of wrong-headed warmth in his temper, I hope it will not leaven the whole pacific cake. Still I fear that obstinate diadem in Spain! who will not be bullied as when he was plain Don Carlos King of Naples, and which perhaps he has not forgot. Lord Tyrawley is returned, and as they were not pleased to see him and English troops in Portugal, when they feared it would draw down the war upon them, he now will not allow there is any war there, calls it a combination to get our money, and says he will eat every man that is killed, if the Portuguese will engage to roast him. Absurd as this proposition is, it is the only tolerable excuse I have heard for the King of Spain. *En attendant,* the signing of preliminaries, we have a victory of the King of Prussia over Laudohn, and a new squabble with the Dutch. They were sending a convoy of naval stores to Cales—to sell underhand; our good allies do not injure us for nothing; Commodore More sent some men-of-war to visit them; their guardian would not be examined,

which he intimated by a cannon; a fight ensued, he has lost his nose and his first-lieutenant, and is brought into Portsmouth. This is our story as arrived to-day. The Dutch minister Borel is very temperate about it, though the lost nose belonged to his nephew.

I rejoice that you agree with me in abhorring that good woman the Czarina. Semiramis and her models never thought of palliating murders by manifestos. One would think that Peter the Great had not yet taught the Russians to read! or she could not have the confidence to write such horrid and such gross falsehoods. They are as ill-drawn as if penned in Spain or Portugal. But what do you think of her recollecting herself, crying for her husband, and wanting to attend his funeral? This, and her backward and forward dealing with the King of Prussia, show what confusion subsists in her councils. I do not grieve to hear that as much reigns in her empire. I am impatient to learn that she is in a covered waggon on the road to Siberia.

I condole with you for the misfortune of the Gallery, and the loss of the Laocoon; yet, if a fine statue was to be demolished, it was one that could most easily be spared, as there is a duplicate at Rome, and, as I remember, not only a finer, but a more authentic. But how came the Florentines to see their gallery burn with so much indifference? It was collected by the Medici. If formed by the Lorrainers I should not wonder.

Lady Mary Wortley is dead, as I prepared you to

expect. Except some trifling legacies, she has given everything to Lady Bute, so we shall never know the sum—perhaps that was intended. It is given out for inconsiderable, besides some rich baubles. Another of our old acquaintance at Florence is greatly advanced; Lady Charlotte Finch * is made governess to the Prince; a choice so universally approved that I do not think she will be abused even in the North Briton.

Mrs. Foote's † friend, Lord Westmoreland, is just dead, from a stroke of the palsy. His countess‡ is gone to your sister at Linton. His Chancellorship of Oxford will be an object of contention. Lord Litchfield § will have the interest of the court, which now has some influence there; yet, perhaps, those ‖ who would have voted for him formerly, may not now be his heartiest friends.

Oh, when I was talking of the royal child, I should have told you of a delightful card which was sent by Mrs. Salvador and Mrs. Mendez, two rich Jewesses, *to know how the Queen did.* Lady Northumberland, who was in waiting, told the servant that that was not the manner — that they should have come in person to inquire. "That 's good," replied the fellow; "why, my mistress lies in herself: if she had not, I suppose she would have expected the Queen to send to *her*."

* Second daughter of Thomas Farmor, Earl of Pomfret, and widow of William Finch, Vice-chamberlain, next brother to the Earl of Winchelsea, who was succeeded in the title by her only son.

† Mary, sister of Sir Horace Mann.

‡ Mary Cavendish, Countess of Westmoreland.

§ George Henry Lee, Earl of Lichfield. ‖ The Jacobites.

I will make your compliments to Palazzo Pitti,* when I see it; but he has scarce been here; he is not well, and drinking waters at Sunning-Hill.

Thank you for Cocchi's Spectator,† I like it better than you shall own to him. With his father's freedom of thinking, he has a great deal of humour; but don't let him pursue it. Wit will be but slender comfort in the prisons of the Inquisition, or in a fortress; more uncomfortable, if his opening the eyes of others leads them into the same situation. If curing old errors would prevent the world from falling into new ones, *à la bonne heure;* but one nonsense is as good as another; better, if the change is to be made by blood. A Gustavus Vasa may strike a stroke for liberty, but few men are born to overturn a tyranny with their pen. When established liberty is in danger, then write for it; one may prevent people perhaps from shutting their eyes; 'tis more difficult to unclose them if shut. Nor can it be done when the world is in cold blood; you may snatch a fortunate fermenting minute, but you cannot prepare it. If Cocchi must write, let him come hither; here he may make reeds, say what he will;‡ but let his own barber remind him that in some countries it is not safe even to trust reeds with one's thoughts. Adieu!

P.S. When I was mentioning acquaintance you have

* Mr. T. Pitt.

† Son of Dr. Cocchi, a Florentine physician and author; the son wrote some Spectators on the model of Addison's.

‡ Alluding to Midas's barber.

lost, I forgot to name Lady Fane;* you see nervous disorders are not very mortal; I think she must have been above seventy.

LETTER XXXIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 26, 1762.

WELL, my dear sir, we write and write, but we do not take the Havannah or make the peace; I wish the latter may not depend on the former! Lord Albemarle's last letters have not been made public; we do not doubt but there is great sickness among our troops, nor do the Spaniards seem so terrified at the name of an Englishman as the French are. The former proceed in conquering Portugal before our faces; yet we have given them a little check, and I hope a little spirit to the Portuguese. The Duchess of Bedford is certainly going to Paris, but we do not expect the definitive treaty before the Parliament meets. The clamour does not increase, though I do not tell you it abates. One knows not what to believe about the chiefs. Pitt is said to declare firmly against opposition; others make a salvo for him, unless *in case of a bad peace.* But neither they nor he know what he will do till he is in the middle of his first speech. In the meantime Lord Temple is all flax, tow, pitch, and combustibles. What I do be-

* Charlotte, sister of James first Earl Stanhope, and mother of Charles, the last Viscount Fane, friend of Sir Horace Mann, and his predecessor at Florence.

lieve is, that Pitt has refused all junction with the Duke of Newcastle, who has certainly contributed most to raise the flame, who is for ever at court, and yet ruining himself with more alacrity than ever in entertainments to keep up a party; yet I dare to say he will neither have courage to head an opposition, nor art enough to get to the top again, but will be just troublesome enough to obtain some insignificant post in the Cabinet Council. Somebody said t'other day, "Yet sure the Duke of Newcastle does not want parts;"—"No," replied Lord Talbot, "for he has done without them for forty years." His Grace, Lord Temple, and Lord Bute, met last Wednesday at the installation of the last. The first, when he performed the ceremony, embraced Lord Bute; Lord Temple sat next to him at dinner, but they did not exchange a syllable, and yet I do not esteem habitual virulence more than habitual dissimulation. The pomp was great; the King, Queen, and all the family, but Princess Amelia, (who excused herself from seeing her father's trophies buried) were there: Prince William* was installed too, and it was the King's first appearance to take his stall. The Queen was charmed with Windsor, and they stay there till Tuesday. Pains had been taken to breed a riot, but nothing happened. The Duke de Nivernois was ill, and could not see the ceremony. He is very battered, delicate, and anxious about his health; very plain and little in his person,

* William Henry, third son of Frederick Prince of Wales, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.

but with the air of a gentleman, so I hear. I have not seen him, nor have any curiosity; he translated Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues of the Dead, which has not given me much opinion of him.

I did not doubt but such humanity as yours would agree with me about the Czarina—but I grow a little cooled upon that subject; I have not named her with abhorrence above seven times this week.

Well, I have seen my Duchess*—you have not returned her as you received her. I was quite struck at seeing her so much altered. She wears no rouge, and being leaner, her features, which never were delicate, seem larger. Then, she is not dressed French, but Italian, that is, over-French. In one point, in which she cannot be improved, she seemed so; being thinner, she looked taller. She spoke of you to my perfect content; and as if I did not know it, told me of all your good-breeding, good-nature, and attentions. She had said to a friend of mine that she had something for me from you, but that I should not have it till she saw me. That was but for half an hour, and not at her own house, so she and I both forgot it; was it my letters? I hope not, for she is gone to her father's† in Northumberland, and being doomed never to appear where she is formed to shine, was not at the Installation; nay, will not be in town till December. If she who was so proper for it was not at Windsor, pray do not imagine I was. I saw that show above thirty years ago, and do not, like

* The Duchess of Grafton. † Lord Ravensworth.

the Duke of Newcastle, tease every reign with my presence.

Lord Melcombe, except some trifling legacies, has left every thing in his power to a near relation, Mr. Windham; but Eastberry, and the estate are Lord Temple's, who having always threatened to pull down that pile of ugliness when it should be his, is charmed since he has seen it through the eyes of possession. I told you of Lady Mary Wortley's death and will, but I did not then know that, with her usual maternal tenderness, and usual generosity, she has left her son one guinea.

Arlington Street, Monday night, 27th.

This codicil to my letter will not rejoice you. I find here great doubts of the peace: in the city they disbelieve it, and prove their disbelief substantially: the Stocks fall fast. What a scene will follow, if this negotiation breaks off too! What acrimony, if we think ourselves again deluded by France! And does war want new edge? Wretched mortals! more wretched Kings and ministers, who look on lives as on gunpowder, and care not how many barrels they waste of either! Negotiations indeed will fluctuate before they settle. I wish this may be only one of their qualms. Prince Ferdinand too, will not be sparing of the human gunpowder committed to his charge: he will have a match ready in his hand to the last moment to blow up the treaty;—such a blessing is a foreign general, who has a different interest

and cannot be called to account! Sure these monarchs and heroes would shudder, if they saw a bill drawn upon them thus:—

Queen of Hungary, debtor to the human species	Millions.
King of Prussia, ditto . .	do.
King of France, by his stewards . .	do.
King of Spain . . .	Many thousands, do.
Prince Ferdinand, a private gentleman .	Some thousands.
Czarina	Only her own Husband.
Total .	Half Europe.

LETTER XXXIV.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1762.

I AM now only the peace in your debt, for here is the Havannah. Here it is, following despair and accompanied by glory, riches, and twelve ships-of-the-line; not all in person, for four are destroyed. The booty—that is an undignified term—I should say, the plunder, or the spoils, which is a more classic word for such heroes as we are, amounts to at least a million and a-half. Lord Albemarle's share will be about 140,000*l.* I wish I knew how much that makes in *talents*, or *great sesterces*. What to me is better than all, we have lost but sixteen hundred men; *but*, alas! Most of the sick recovered! What an affecting object my Lady Albemarle * would make in a triumph, surrounded

* Lady Anne Lenox, youngest daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. George, third Earl of Albemarle; Augustus Keppel, afterwards admiral; and General William Keppel, her three eldest sons, all commanded at the taking of the Havannah.

by her three victorious sons; for she had three at stake! My friend Lady Hervey,* too, is greatly happy; her son Augustus distinguished himself particularly, brought home the news, and on his way took a rich French ship going to Newfoundland with military stores. I do not surely mean to detract from him, who set all this spirit on float, but you see we can conquer, though Mr. Pitt is at his plough.

The express arrived while the Duc de Nivernois was at dinner with Lord Bute. The world says, that the joy of the company shewed itself with too little politeness—I hope not; I would not exult to a single man, and a minister of peace; it should be in the face of Europe, if I assumed that dominion which the French used to arrogate; nor do I believe it happened; all the company are not so charmed with the event. They are not quite convinced that it will facilitate the pacification, nor am I clear it will. The city of London will not lower their hopes, and views, and expectations, on this acquisition. Well, if we can steer wisely between insolence from success and impatience for peace, we may secure our safety and tranquillity for many years. But they are *not* yet arrived, nor hear I anything that tells me the peace will certainly be made. France *wants* peace; I question if she *wishes* it. How his Catholic

* Mary Lepelle, widow of John Lord Hervey, and mother of George William, Augustus, and Frederic, all successively earls of Bristol.

royalty will take this, one cannot guess. My good friend, we are not at table with Monsieur de Nivernois, so we may smile at this consequence of the family-compact. Twelve ships-of-the-line and the Havannah!—it becomes people who cannot keep their own, to divide the world between them!

Your nephew Foote has made a charming figure; the King and Queen went from Windsor to see Eton; he is captain of the Oppidants, and made a speech to them with great applause. It was in English, which was right; why should we talk Latin to our Kings rather than Russ or Iroquois? Is this a season for being ashamed of our country? Dr. Barnard, the master, is the Pitt of masters, and has raised the school to the most flourishing state it ever knew.

Lady Mary Wortley has left twenty-one large volumes in prose and verse, in manuscript; nineteen are fallen to Lady Bute, and will not see the light in haste. The other two Lady Mary in her passage gave to somebody in Holland, and at her death expressed great anxiety to have them published. Her family are in terrors lest they should be, and have tried to get them: hitherto the man is inflexible. Though I do not doubt but they are an olio of lies and scandal, I should like to see them. She had parts, and had seen much. Truth is often at bottom of such compositions, and places itself here and there without the intention of the mother. I dare say in general, these works

are like Madame del Pozzo's* *Memoires.* Lady Mary had more wit, and something more delicacy; their manners and morals were a good deal more alike.

There is a lad, a waiter at St. James's coffee-house, of thirteen years old, who says he does not wonder we beat the French, for he himself could thrash Monsieur de Nivernois. This duke is so thin and small, that when minister at Berlin, at a time that France was not in favour there, the King of Prussia said, if his eyes were a little older, he should want a glass to see the embassador. I do not admire this bon-mot. Voltaire is continuing his universal history; he shewed the Duke of Grafton a chapter, to which the title is, *Les Anglois vainqueurs dans les Quatres Parties du Monde.* There have been minutes in the course of our correspondence when you and I did not expect to see this chapter. It is bigger by a quarter than our predecessors the Romans had any pretensions to, and larger than I hope our descendants will see written of them, for conquest, unless by necessity, as ours has been, is an odious glory; witness my hand H. WALPOLE.

P.S. I recollect that my last letter was a little melancholy; this to be sure, has a grain or two

* Madame del Pozzo, an Italian lady, who for a short time had been mistress of the Regent of France, was celebrated for her wit, which was extremely coarse and indelicate, and was infamous for her debaucheries and abusive language. She wrote *Memoires* of her life, in which she had spoken so scandalously of Elizabeth Farnese Queen Dowager of Spain, that the latter employed persons to seize her and force them from her. Mr. Walpole knew her at Florence.

of national vanity; why, I must own I am a miserable philosopher; the weather of the hour does affect me. I cannot here, at a distance from the world and unconcerned in it, help feeling a little satisfaction when my country is successful; yet, tasting its honours and elated with them, I heartily, seriously wish they had their *quietus*. What is the fame of men compared to their happiness? Who gives a nation peace gives tranquillity to all. How many must be wretched, before one can be renowned! A hero bets the lives and fortunes of thousands, whom he has no right to game with: but, alas! Cæsars have little regard to their fish and counters!

Arlington Street, Oct. 4th.

I find I have told you an enormous lie,* but luckily I have time to retract it. Lady Mary Wortley has left nothing like the number of volumes I have said. At the installation I hear Charles Townshend said they were four—last Thursday he told me twenty-one. I seldom do believe or repeat what he says—for the future I will think of these twenty-one volumes.

There has been a disagreeable bloody affair in Germany. Soubize sent Lord Granby word that he

* It was true that Lady Mary Wortley did leave seventeen volumes of her works and memoires. She gave her letters from Constantinople to an English clergyman in Holland, who published them; and, the day before she died, she gave him those seventeen volumes, with injunctions to publish them too; but, in two days, the man had a crown-living from Lord Bute, and Lady Bute had the seventeen volumes.

hoped soon to embrace him—in two days they cannonaded us. It was entirely a cannonading affair, but it lasted fourteen hours, and cost them between two and three thousand men. We have lost between seven and eight hundred, with fourteen officers of the Guards killed and wounded. Prince Ferdinand, who either suspected the *Danaos*, or had a mind his army should, gave it out in orders that the whole army should be upon their guard. If our amity begins thus, how will it end?

LETTER XXXV.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1762.

A NEW revolution has happened, which perhaps has not struck you as such, from what little has appeared in the papers. Mr. Grenville,* Secretary of State, and Lord Halifax, First Lord of the Admiralty, have changed places. "Well!" say you foreigners, "and do you call that a revolution? Sure, you English are not accustomed to great events, violent catastrophes, when you look on two ministers crossing over and figuring-in, as a revolution? Why, in Russia, a wife murders her husband, seizes the crown—" Stay, my good sir; we do not strangle the Ten Commandments every time there is to be an alteration in the state; but, have a little patience, and you will find these removes not quite so simple

* George Grenville, next brother of Richard Earl Temple.

as you imagine. Mr. Grenville, besides holding the Seals, was something else, was not he? Have you never heard of "Manager in the House of Commons?" or, what defines it better, had the *management* of the House of Commons. This, Lord Halifax, being in the Lords, cannot execute — if he could, Lord Bute would perform it himself. "Well," you cry, "and who is to do it?" I will tell you presently —let us despatch Mr. Grenville first. Three explanations are given—the majority, of which number for once am I, say, he had qualms on the peace, could not digest such good terms as have been offered to France. Another set, no friends of Mr. Grenville, suspect some underhand dealings with his brother and Mr. Pitt. This I, who have a very good opinion of Grenville, do not believe. At most, I will allow him to have been afraid of signing the treaty. The third opinion, held by some of Lord Bute's friends, at least, given out by them, though not by himself, who imputes only timidity to Mr. Grenville, whisper, that the latter wanted the *real** power of the House of Commons, and did not notify this ambition, till he thought the nearness of the Parliament would oblige his demands to be accorded. I have many reasons for disbelieving this. In the first place, the service was forced upon him, not sought; in the next, considering what steps have been taken for sole power, he could not expect it.

* Grenville proved a very ambitious man, and grew early though secretly an enemy of Lord Bute, as appeared afterwards.

In the last, the designation of his successor proves this was not fact, as Lord Bute must still have thought Mr. Grenville a less formidable substitute than the person he has been obliged to embrace — in short, Mr. Fox is again Manager of the House of Commons, remaining Paymaster and waiving the Seals; that is, will defend the treaty, not sign it. This wants no comment.

I see your impatience again—what, is the treaty then made? No—shall I tell you more? I mean my private opinion; it will not be made. Not for want of inclination here, nor in the ambassador at Paris—but I do not believe we can get it. Does that horrid and treacherous carnage, *cannonading* they call it, look like much sincerity on the French side? But the Spaniards will not accede. Have not I always told you, I was persuaded that the crown of Portugal reannexed had more charms in the proud eye of Spain than the Havannah in the eye of their interest? Mr. Stanley is indeed going directly after the Duke of Bedford—for what I know not. I do not expect much from it.

This is the state of the day. If you ask what is to follow, I answer, confusion; and the end of the war removed to the Lord knows when. When the administration totters in four months,—when the first breach is made within the walls, not from without, is such a citadel impregnable? But if new armies, unexpected armies, join the enemy! nay, I do not tell you the Duke of Newcastle has joined Mr. Pitt; on the contrary,

the world says the latter has haughtily rejected all overtures. But, pray, did not the patriots and the Jacobites concur in every measure against my father, whatever were their different ends? That an opposition, much more formidable than is yet known, will appear, is very probable; and that Mr. Fox, so far from bringing any strength, except great abilities, to Lord Bute's support, will add fuel to the flame is, I think, past doubt. Unpopularity heaped on unpopularity does not silence clamour. Even the silly Tories will not like to fight under Mr. Fox's banner.

Upon the whole, I look on Lord Bute's history as drawing fast to a conclusion. So far from being ready to meet the Parliament, I shall not be surprised if they are not able to meet it, but throw up the cards before they begin to play them. My hopes of peace are vanished! Few disinterested persons would be content with so moderate a one as I should; yet I can conceive a peace with which I should not be satisfied. Yet if the time comes when you hear me again lamenting a glorious war, do not think me fickle and inconsistent. Had that happy stroke of a pen been struck last year, when we might have had a reasonable peace, we should not now be begging it, nor be uncertain whether we are not to be at last magnificently undone.

I believe I have made a great blunder. I told you the Duchess of Grafton said she had something for me from you, but would not deliver it till she saw me. You, I hooked into this, I do not know how. 'Lady

Mary Coke arrived from Paris at the same time, and brought me a snuff-box, which she would not send, but give me herself. I had been inquiring about both, and interpreted of the duchess what related to Lady Mary. So I have answered your surprise before I receive it.

My nephew, Mr. Keppel,* is made Bishop of Exeter. How reverently ancient this makes me sound! my nephew the bishop! Would not one think I was fourscore? Lady Albemarle; there is a happy mother! Honours military and ecclesiastic raining upon her children! She owns she has felt intoxicated. The moment the King had complimented the Duke of Cumberland on Lord Albemarle's success, the duke stepped across the room to Lady Albemarle, and said, "If it was not in the drawing-room, I would kiss you." He † is full as transported as she is.

Princess Augusta is certainly to marry the young hero of Brunswick.‡ In Portugal it goes wofully. Count la Lippe has been forced to cut the sash from the breast of a Portuguese general officer for cowardice. I suppose, however, that they will have honour enough left to stab him privately for it! Carvalho's§ situation is beyond description; when our generals go to confer with him, they find a guard at every door of

* Frederick, the fourth son of William Anne second Earl of Albemarle, married Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

† George Lord Albemarle, the conqueror of the Havannah, was the chief favourite of William Duke of Cumberland.

‡ Charles, hereditary Prince, and afterwards Duke of Brunswick.

§ The famous Prime Minister of Portugal.

every room in his house; bolts and bars are unlocked before they can arrive at him; he is forced to keep himself as he would secure the head of the Jesuits. I expect very soon to see the Portuguese royal family at Somerset-house. Adieu!

LETTER XXXVI.

Arlington Street, Nov. 9th, 1762.

I NOW pay my last debt to you, for I send you the peace. It arrived at three o'clock yesterday morning, and was signed on the third; includes Spain, saves Portugal, and leaves the hero and heroine * of Germany to scratch out one another's last eye. I do not pretend to minute the particulars to you; you will have heard them from France before you can have received them from me. Nay, I do not know them exactly. Florida for the Havannah is the chief thing mentioned; so Spain pays a little for the family-compact, besides the loss of her ships, and disappointment of the Crown of Portugal. I believe she relinquished her prospect of the latter to save that of Naples; a bombarding fleet was destined thither. The ministry affect to talk highly of their peace, though I think they are not very proud of it. The city condemns it already by wholesale, and will by retail. Mr. Pitt says it is inadequate to our successes, and inglorious

* The King of Prussia and the Empress Queen.

for our allies; the gentlest words I suppose he will utter. For my part, who know nothing of the detail, I can but rejoice that peace is made. The miserable world will have some repose, and Mr. Conway is safe. I own I have lived in terror about him.

Coupled with the consequences of the peace will be two great events that have lately happened to one considerable person, and which have occasioned much surprise. The Duke of Devonshire,* who has been fluctuating between his golden key and disgust, ever since the Duke of Newcastle's fall, came from the Bath last Thursday se'nnight; prepared to resign, if ill received. He went directly to court, and bid the page in waiting tell the King he was there. A flat answer that the King would not see him was returned. He sent in again to know what he must do with his key and staff,—reply: he should receive the King's orders about them. He went directly to Lord Egremont's † and left them there. On the following Wednesday the King in council called for the Council-book, and ordered the Duke's name to be struck out of it:—a proceeding almost novel, having never happened but to Lord Bath ‡ and Lord George Sackville. There are but faint reasons given for so ignominious a treatment, as his not coming to council when summoned, &c., but the political cause assigned is, to intimidate the great lords, and prevent more resigna-

* W. Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire, Lord-Chamberlain.

† Secretary of State. ‡ W. Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

tions, which were expected. Hitherto in that light it has succeeded, for Lord Rockingham* alone has quitted. It is very amusing to me to see the House of Lords humbled. I have long beheld their increasing power with concern, and though not at all wishing to see the higher scale preponderating, I am convinced nothing but the Crown can reduce the exorbitance of the peers, and perhaps it will be able; for I believe half those who are proud of twenty thousand pounds a-year, will bear anything for a thousand more.

I forgot when I named only Lord Rockingham: the duke's brother and brother-in-law, Lord George Cavendish and Lord Besborough† resigned their places immediately. None of them but the Marquis of Rockingham in the Bedchamber are yet filled up.

I am an honester prophet than most of my profession. I record my blunders. I foretold that this ministry would not be able to open the Parliament. See how fair I am; I do not pretend that I only meant on the eleventh—it is put off to the twenty-fifth, and yet I do not brag of the event verifying my prediction. As the peace is come, they must abide it; and probably will be able to carry it through—and yet they will have to fight their way. The Duke of Newcastle certainly—by certainly I only mean to answer for his resolution at this instant—goes into opposition. Lord Hardwicke, it is said, will accompany him—if he does, I shall not think Lord Bute's game so sure; that

* Charles Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham.

† William Ponsonby, second Earl of Besborough.

is, I have no notion of Yorkes in opposition without a moral assurance of success. If the *man* Hardwicke comes out of the weather-house, it will certainly be a stormy season.

I write shortly, for I am in a hurry; but my letter, rolled out, would make a very large one. Your own comments will make it last you some time. In short, more than one die is cast. I am returning to Strawberry for some days, rejoiced that my friends are secure; and for events, let them come as they may. I have nothing to do to be glad or sorry, whatever happens ministerially, and do not know why one may not *see* history with the same indifference that one *reads* it. Adieu!

P.S. I wish you would trouble yourself to inquire at Rome whether the mould of the Livia Mattei, made by Valery for my mother's* statue, exists. My cast is broken through and through, and the plaster too rotten to be repaired or to last. If existing, will you inform yourself to how much a cast in bronze would amount? If it would pass my pocket, I must be glad of another cast.

LETTER XXXVII.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1762.

As the Parliament is met, you will naturally expect to hear much news; but, whatever dispo-

* On her monument in Westminster Abbey.

sition there may be to create novelties, nothing has yet happened of any importance. One perceives that the chiefs of the opposition have not much young blood in their veins. The first day of the session was remarkable for nothing but the absence of the leaders; Mr. Fox had vacated his seat, and Mr. Pitt was laid up with the gout, as he still continues. But, if the generals want fire, the troops do not: Lord Bute was in great danger from the mob, was hissed and pelted, and, if the guards had not been fetched, would probably have fared still worse. The majority is certainly with the court; the nation against it. The Duke of Cumberland, who has entirely broken with Mr. Fox, has had a conference of four hours with Mr. Pitt. Hitherto it has produced nothing.

As wishing well to Mr. Fox, I can but be sorry he has undertaken his new province, to which his health is by no means equal. I should think the probability of his death must alarm the court, who owe their present security entirely to him, and would not meet with much quarter from Mr. Pitt, the Duke of Devonshire, or the greater duke.* The resentment of the last I guess to be the bitterest of all. For the Duke of Newcastle, he only makes one smile as usual, to see him frisking while his grave is digging. Contests for power and struggles of faction have long served only to divert me. I wish I thought the present tempest would end like

* The Duke of Cumberland.

all others I have seen, in gratifying the dirty views of particulars; they would have their pay, and we should be quiet for a season. I don't take that to be entirely the case at present.

The Duke of Marlborough is Lord Chamberlain; Lord Northumberland, Chamberlain to the Queen and Cabinet Counsellor. Other places vacated by resignations are not yet filled up; but it is known that Mr. Morice, whom you have lately seen, is to be Comptroller of the Household. Your old friend, Lord Sandwich, goes ambassador to Spain. Another of your friends is dead, Lord Corke; and another has desired me to say much to you from him—Lord Stormont: he is a particular favourite with me.

Mr. Conway stays to conduct home the troops: as it will be above six weeks before I see him, I should be sorry if I did not envy anybody that is at a distance from these bustles. I am particularly glad that he is so, for it is not every man who has resolution enough to meddle so little in them as I do. Lord Granby is impatiently expected: it is not certain what part he will take, and, with his unbounded popularity, it cannot be indifferent. The most tempting honours have been offered to him; but, however it is, even Lord Hardwicke has resisted temptations—very lucrative temptations! Yet I do not brag of the virtue of the age; for, if there are two Fabricii, there are two hundred Esaus.

There is come forth a new state coach, which has cost 8,000*l.* It is a beautiful object, though crowded with improprieties. Its support are Tritons, not very well adapted to land-carriage; and formed of palm-trees, which are as little aquatic as Tritons are terrestrial. The crowd to see it on the opening of the Parliament was greater than at the coronation, and much more mischief done.

The Duchess of Grafton has given me the drawing of the Casino at Leghorn by Inigo Jones. It is very pretty: was not I to have a church by him too?

The Duchess of Bedford has sent to Lady Bolingbroke * a remarkably fine enamelled watch, to be shown to the Queen. The Queen desired her to put it on, that she might see how it looked—and then said, it looked so well, it ought to remain by Lady Bolingbroke's side, and gave it her. Was not this done in a charming manner?

George Selwyn, of whom you have heard so much, but don't know, is returned from Paris, whither he went with the Duchess of Bedford. He says our passion for everything French is nothing to theirs for everything English. There is a book published, called the Anglomanie. How much worse they understand us, even than we do them, you will see by this story. The old Marechale de Villars gave a vast dinner to the Duchess of Bedford. In the

* Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of Charles Duke of Marlborough, wife of Frederic St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, and one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

middle of the dessert, Madame de Villars called out, "Oh, Lord! they have forgot! yet I bespoke them, and I am sure they are ready; you English love hot rolls — bring the rolls." There arrived a huge dish of hot rolls, and a sauce-boat of melted butter. Adieu!

LETTER XXXVIII.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter for the Duchess of Grafton, and gave it to her last night. She was so pleased with your good-breeding and compliments, that she made me read it. Her duke is appearing in a new light, and by the figure he makes will probably soon be the head of the opposition, if it continues; though the vast majority on the preliminaries will probably damp it extremely. In the Lords there was no division; in the Commons, 319 to 65. Such a triumphancy in the Court will not be easily mastered. To-day has been execution-day; great havoc is made amongst the Duke of Newcastle's friends, who are turned out down to the lowest offices.

This is a want of moderation after victory, which I, who never loved the House of Pelham, cannot commend. He cannot indemnify his friends; and I am not apt to think he would if he could. Some of them, who had the same doubt, took care not to put this last ingratitude in his power, but abandoned him. I missed a scene that would have pleased

me. The Chancellor * abused the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke unmercifully, though the latter moves mighty slowly towards opposition, and counts his purse over at every step. I have so often seen unbounded subservience to those two men in the House of Lords, that it would have pleased me to witness their defeat on the same spot, and—there I have done with it. It is an angry opposition, but very dull; does not produce a lively ballad or epigram. I have even heard but one bon-mot of its manufacture, and that was very delicate and pretty. They were saying that everybody, without exception, was to be turned out that the Duke of Newcastle had brought in; somebody replied, "Save the King."

For twenty years I have been looking at parties, factions, changes, and struggles; do you wonder I am tired, when I have seen them so often acted over, and pretty much by the same *dramatis personæ?* Yet I wish I had no worse reason for not enjoying the repetition. I am not only grown old (though I find that is no reason with the generality, for I think all the chiefs are very Struldbrugs† in politics) but my spirits are gone.

It is always against my will when I talk of my health, and I have disguised its being out of order as long as I could; but since the fit of the gout that I had in the spring, and whose departure I believe I precipitated too fast, I have had a constant pain in

* Lord Northington.

† A race of people (invented by Swift) who never die. See Gulliver's Travels.—Ed.

my breast or stomach. It comes like a fever at six in the morning, proceeds to a pain by the time I rise, and lasts with a great lowness of spirits till after dinner. In most evenings I am quite well. I am teased about my management of myself. I abhor physicians, and have scarce asked a question of one; my regimen is still more condemned; but I act by what I find succeeds best with me. "You will be surprised when I tell you, that though I think my complaint a flying gout, I treat it with water and the coldest things I can find, except hartshorn; fifty drops of the latter, and three pears are my constant supper, and my best nights are when I adhere to this method. I thought for three weeks I had cured myself, but for these last ten days I have been rather worse than before. In short, what I hope you will not dislike, though you will be sorry for the cause, I am thinking seriously of a journey to Italy in March. Much against my inclination, I own, except for the pleasure of seeing you.

Strawberry, which I have almost finished to my mind, and where I mean to pass the greatest part of the remainder of my life, pulls hard. I shall decide in a few days whether I shall set out, or first try Bath or Bristol. The two latter, except for the shortness of the time, are much more against my inclination than going abroad; but I have talked too much of myself; let us come to you. I am heartily glad Mr. Mackenzie is your friend; he is a

man of strict honour, and will be so if he professes it. I do not know what to advise about Naples. You know I always repeat my father's maxim "Quieta non movere." Besides, should you like it? After so many years, would you care to tap a new world, a new set of acquaintance? But I am a bad counsellor: my aversion to embarking in new scenes, not early in one's life, is, I find it, particular; few think themselves so old as I do at five-and-forty; nor would I give myself for a rule to any man else. My bidding adieu to the world already (I do not mean by a formal retreat, of which one always grows tired, and which one makes a silly figure by quitting again) is not a part for everybody; for I never had any ambition, and though much love for fame, I very near despise that as much too now. Youth is the only real season for joy, but cannot, and surely should not be pushed a moment beyond its term — but this is moralising! If Mr. Mackenzie could send you to Naples, he can keep you at Florence. Continue to secure him. Try to be useful to the King in his love of *virtù*. I counselled this from the first minute of his reign.

If you choose to try for Naples, I cannot dissuade it; nor can the solicitation hurt you whether it succeed or not. Whatever you wish I wish heartily. I have long made myself of too little consequence to contribute anything to my friends but wishes. Adieu! my dear sir.

P.S. It is very true, I had the jesse of my mother's statue, but, as I told you, it is so rotten and crumbling that I want another.

LETTER XXXIX.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1763.

I AM a slatternly correspondent when I have nothing to say. When that is the case, I like you should understand it by my silence, rather than give a description of a vacuum.

The peace, which has hitched and hobbled, draws, they say, to a conclusion. The opposition died in the birth. All is quiet, but a little paper-war, which is pungent enough, but no citadel was ever taken by pop-guns.

Shall you be glad or sorry that my post-chaise is not at the door bound for Florence? For me you will rejoice, as I trust you will be a little disappointed on your own account, though I have been so often bound for Italy, that perhaps you did not expect me even now. For this month we have had a most severe frost, which kills everybody else, and cures me. In short, I am so much better since the cold weather set in, that it has almost persuaded me that my complaint was nervous and not gouty; and, consequently, if Greenland suits me, Naples would not: however, I am come to no decision. I await the thaw before I shall know what to think; still

extremely disposed to an Italian voyage, if Strawberry would give its consent.

This winter has produced no ghost, no new madness. I fear Monsieur de Nivernois will think we have been scandalized, and that we are quite a reasonable people; but he, too, must wait for the thaw!

I have nothing to send you more but the enclosed lines on Lord Granville,* which I wrote last year. The picture is allowed to be so like, that you, who could scarcely be acquainted with him, will know it. Adieu! I am sorry tranquillity and the post agree so ill together!

LETTER XL.

Arlington Street, March 4, 1763.

It is an age since I wrote to you, but I told you that the conclusion of the war would leave our correspondence a little dry. The peace is now general, and the King of Prussia, who has one life more than Rominagrobis the monarch of the cats had, lights upon all his legs. He has escaped an hundred battles, and what was more threatening, three angry Empresses,† of whom one,‡ at least, is not tender of sovereign lives. If he does not write his own history, I shall not rejoice much for

* These lines on John Earl Granville got into print, and, therefore, are not repeated here.

† Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa of Germany.

‡ The Czarina Catherine.

him; yet now he will have managements; he will not be quite so frank, as in the middle of his career and anger. Besides, his objects will have shifted so often, that his Memoires, like the Duchess of Marlborough's, will vary continually from his first impressions. There is no change in the scene at home. The opposition has proved the silliest that ever was, and has scarcely even pretensions to the title. There have been more hostilities at the playhouses, than between anything that calls itself party. Both theatres have been demolished on the inside.* The cause was, the managers refusing to take half prices after the second act; and with good reason; considering how everything is advanced in dearness, it is hard on them to be stinted to primitive tolls. The managers have submitted; but the King's Bench, where some of the rioters are to be tried, is not likely to be so acquiescent.

The Duchess of Hamilton, who was thought in a deep consumption like her sister Coventry, has produced a son, and, according to the marvellous fortune attending those two beauties, will probably be mother of the two dukes,† whose rival houses so long divided Scotland. Lord Bath's history winds up in a more melancholy manner. After preserving his only son Lord Pulteney, through the course of the war, he has just lost him by a putrid fever at

* These riots commenced at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 26th of January in this year, in consequence of the prices of admission having been raised by Mr. Garrick.—Ed.

† Hamilton and Argyll.

Madrid, as he was returning from Portugal. That enormous wealth, heaped up with so little credit, is left without an heir!

I saw yesterday a magnificent service of Chelsea china, which the King and Queen are sending to the Duke of Mecklenburgh. There are dishes and plates without number, an epergne, candlesticks, salt-sellers, sauce-boats, tea and coffee equipages; in short, it is complete; and costs twelve hundred pounds! I cannot boast of our taste; the forms are neither new, beautiful, nor various. Yet Sprimont, the manufacturer, is a Frenchman. It seems their taste will not bear transplanting. But I have done; my letter has tumbled from the King of Prussia to a set of china; *encore passe*, if I had begun with the King of Poland, *ce Roy de Fayence*,* as the other called him. Adieu!

LETTER XLI.

Strawberry Hill, April 10, 1763.

At a time when the political world is in strange and unexpected disorder, you would wonder that I should be here, and be so for some days; but I am come on a very melancholy occasion. Lord Waldegrave† is just dead of the small-pox, and I

* From the manufacture of porcelain at Dresden.

† James, second Earl of Waldegrave, Knight of the Garter, Governor of George III. when Prince of Wales, Teller of the Exchequer and Warden of the Stannaries, married Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, Mr. Walpole's eldest brother.

have brought my poor unhappy niece* hither till he is buried. He was taken ill on the Wednesday, the distemper showed itself on the Friday, a very bad sort, and carried him off that day se'nnight. His brother and sister were inoculated, but it was early in the practice of that great preservative, which was then devoutly opposed; he was the eldest son, and weakly. He never had any fear of it, nor ever avoided it. We scarce feel this heavy loss more than it is felt universally. He was one of those few men whose good-nature silenced even ill-nature. His strict honour and consummate sense made him reverenced as much as beloved. He died as he lived, the physicians declaring that if anything saved him, it would be his tranquillity: I soon saw by their ignorance and contradictions that *they* would not. Yet I believe James's powder would have preserved him. He took it by my persuasion, before I knew what his disorder was. But James was soon chased away, to make room for regular assassins. In the course of the illness nobody would venture to take on them so important a hazard as giving the powder again; yet in his agonies it was given, and even then had efficacy enough to vomit him; but too late! My niece has nothing left but a moderate jointure of a thousand pounds a-year, three little girls, a pregnancy, her beauty, and the testimonial of the best of men, who expressed no concern but for her,

* Lady Waldegrave.

and who has given her as much as he could, and ratified her character by making her sole executrix. Her tenderness, which could not be founded on any charms in his person, shows itself in floods of tears, in veneration for his memory, and by acting with just such reason and propriety as he would wish her to exert; yet it is a terrible scene! She loses in him a father, who formed her mind, and a lover whose profusion knew no bounds. From his places his fortune was very great—that is gone! From his rank and consideration with all parties, she was at the summit of worldly glory—that is gone too! Four short years were all their happiness. Since the death of Lady Coventry, she is allowed the handsomest woman in England; as she is so young, she may find as great a match and a younger lover —but she never can find another Lord Waldegrave!

Yesterday, when her brother-in-law, the Bishop of Exeter, came hither to acquaint her with the will, and we were endeavouring to stop the torrent of her tears, by observing how satisfactory it must be to her to find what confidence her lord had placed in her sense and conduct, she said, charmingly, "Oh! I wish he had ever done one thing I could find fault with!" The trial is great and dismal. She is not above three months gone with child, and is to pass seven more in melancholy anxiety, to have a labour without a father, perhaps another girl, or a son, whose chance of life will be a constant anxiety to her.

The same day that put an end to Lord Waldegrave's life gave a period too to the administration of Lord Bute, his supplanter, whom he did not love, and yet whom he could hardly hate, for aversion was not in his nature; nor did ever any man who had undertaken such a post as governor to a prince with the utmost reluctance, and who could not have been totally void of the ambition which must have attended such a charge when once accepted, feel less resentment at the disappointment; but I will say no more on Lord Waldegrave, for I forget that you never knew him, and have kept you for above two pages in suspense. Ill health, antecedent determination of retirement, and national antipathy to him, are pleaded as the motives to Lord Bute's sudden resignation, which was not known, nay, not suspected, till two days before it happened. Leave out the two first causes, which are undoubtedly false, and call the third by its true name, panic, and you have the whole secret of this extraordinary revolution. It is plain, that if Mr. Pitt had headed the opposition sooner, or that the opposition had had any brains without him, this event would have happened earlier. A single fortnight of clamour and debate on the Cyder Tax, copied from the noise on the Excise in my father's time, and adopted into petitions from the city, frightened this mighty favourite out of all his power and plans, and has reduced Mr. Fox to take almost the same steps, though he, too, has an intended project of retirement to

plead; but he keeps his place, takes a peerage, and goes to France. Lord Bute keeps nothing but the King's favour, and that, too, he is not to use. He will be wise to adhere to this measure, now he has taken the other, lest necessity should prescribe instead of option.

I suppose you by this time conclude, that when Lord Bute quitted the King, he sent the keys of St. James's and Buckingham-house to Mr. Pitt. Stay a little—we are to have another episode of a summer administration first, for you find we do not wear the same suits in both seasons. Mr. Grenville is to be First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend at the head of the Admiralty, and Lord Shelburne of the Board of Trade. Sir Francis Dashwood, in recompense for the woful incapacity he has shown, goes into the House of Lords, and is to succeed in the great Wardrobe to Lord Gower, who again takes the Privy Seal, as the Duke of Bedford is to be President of the Council. Lord Hertford is named for Paris, and Lord Stormont for Vienna; the Duke of Marlborough gets what he wished, the Master of the Horse; I suppose to leave the Chamberlain's Office vacant for the last incumbent.* The Duke of Rutland to be contented with Lord Granby's being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, where he will finish† his life and fortune.

* The Duke of Devonshire.

† Lord Granby drank very hard, and was profusely generous.

In this state I left history. All this arrangement may be already overturned. No man, I suppose, is so unwise as to expect any duration to it. It can only mean, time to deal with the opposition, or to divide them; and, considering what numbers and what great names are to be satisfied, it is a chaos into which one cannot foresee. I have seldom been a lucky prophet, and therefore shall not exercise my talent. The poor man who is gone could have been of the utmost consequence at this moment to accomplish some establishment; he had been offered, and had refused the greatest things—no bad ingredient in reconciling others. In that or any other qualification I know few equal to him. Adieu!

LETTER XLII.

Strawberry Hill, April 30, 1763.

THE papers have told you all the formal changes; the real one consists solely in Lord Bute being out of office, for having recovered his fright, he is still as much minister as ever, and consequently does not find his unpopularity decrease. On the contrary, I think his situation more dangerous than ever; he has done enough to terrify his friends, and encourage his enemies, and has acquired no new strength; rather has lost strength, by the disappearance of Mr. Fox from the scene. His deputies, too, will not long care to stand all the risk for him, when they perceive, as they must already, that they have neither

credit nor confidence. Indeed the new administration is a general joke, and will scarce want a violent death to put an end to it. Lord Bute is very blameable for embarking the King so deep in measures that may have so serious a termination. The longer the court can stand its ground, the more firmly will the opposition be united, and the more inflamed. I have ever thought this would be a turbulent reign, and nothing has happened to make me alter my opinion.

Mr. Fox's exit has been very unpleasant. He would not venture to accept the Treasury, which Lord Bute would have bequeathed to him; and could not obtain an earldom, for which he thought he had stipulated; but some of the negotiators asserting that he had engaged to resign the paymaster's place, which he vehemently denies, he has been forced to take up with a barony, and has broken with his associates—I do not say, friends, for with the chief* of *them* he had quarrelled when he embarked in the new system. He meets with little pity, and yet has found as much ingratitude as he had had power of doing service.

I am glad you are going to have a great duke; it will amuse you, and a new court will make Florence lively, the only beauty it wants. You divert me with my friend the Duke of Modena's conscientious match: if the Duchess† had outlived him, she would

* The Dukes of Cumberland and Devonshire.

† She was daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans.

not have been so scrupulous. But, for Hymen's sake, who is that Madame Simonetti? I trust, not that old painted, gaming, debauched Countess* from Milan, whom I saw at the fair of Reggio!

I surprise myself with being able to write two pages of pure English; I do nothing but deal in broken French. The two nations are crossing over and figuring-in. We have had a Count d'Usson† and his wife these six weeks; and last Saturday arrived a Madame de Boufflers,‡ *sçavante, galante,* a great friend of the Prince of Conti, and a passionate admirer *de nous autres Anglois.* I am forced to live much with *tout ça,* as they are perpetually at my Lady Hervey's; and as my Lord Hertford goes embassador to Paris, where I shall certainly make him a visit next year—don't you think I shall be computing how far it is to Florence? There is coming, too, a Marquis de Fleury, who is to be consigned to me, as a political relation, *vû l'amitié entre le Cardinal son oncle et feu monsieur mon père.* However, as my cousin Fleury is not above six-and-twenty, I had much rather be excused from such a commission as showing the tombs and the lions, and the King and Queen, and my Lord Bute and the waxwork, to a boy. All this breaks in upon my plan of withdrawing by little and little from the world, for I hate

* It was that Madame Simonetti.

† He was afterwards Envoy to Sweden, where he died in 1781–2. He married a Dutch woman.

‡ Mademoiselle Saujon, Marquise de Boufflers, mistress of the Prince de Conti, whom she hoped to marry.

to tire it, with an old lean face, and which promises to be an old lean face for thirty years longer, for I am as well again as ever. The Duc de Nivernois called here the other day in his way from Hampton Court; but, as the most sensible French never have eyes to see anything, unless they see it every day and see it in fashion, I cannot say he flattered me much, or was much struck with Strawberry. When I carried him into the Cabinet, which I have told you is formed upon the idea of a Catholic chapel, he pulled off his hat, but perceiving his error, he said, "*Ce n'est pas une chapelle pourtant,*" and seemed a little displeased.*

My poor niece does not forget her lord, though by this time I suppose the world has. She has taken a house here, at Twickenham, to be near me. Madame de Boufflers has heard so much of her beauty, that she told me she should be glad to peep through a grate anywhere to get a glimpse of her,—but at present it would not answer. I never saw so great an alteration in so short a period; but she is too young not to recover her beauty,

* The following is Walpole's account of this room:—"It is a square, with a semi-circular recess in the middle of each side, painted stone-colour, with gilt ornaments, and with windows and niches; the latter taken from those on the sides of the north door of the great church at St. Albans. The roof, which is taken from the chapter-house at York, is terminated by a star of yellow glass that throws a golden gloom all over the room, and, with the painted windows, gives it the solemn air of a rich chapel. The windows contain a head of Christ and two Apostles, one in the middle of each, set round with four histories, all old, but finely recoloured by Price, and surrounded with most beautiful mosaics of the purest taste."—Ed.

only dimmed by grief that must be temporary. Adieu! my dear Sir.

Monday, May 2nd, Arlington Street.

The plot thickens: Mr. Wilkes is sent to the Tower for the last North Briton;* a paper whose fame must have reached you. It said Lord Bute had made the King utter a gross falsehood in his last speech. This hero is as bad a fellow as ever hero was, abominable in private life, dull in Parliament, but, they say, very entertaining in a room, and certainly no bad writer, besides having had the honour of contributing a great deal to Lord Bute's fall. Wilkes fought Lord Talbot† in the autumn, whom he had abused; and lately in Calais, when the Prince de Croy, the Governor, asked him how far the liberty of the press extended in England, replied, I cannot tell, but I am trying to know. I don't believe this will be the only paragraph I shall send you on this affair.

LETTER XLIII.

Arlington Street, May 10th, 1763.

You will be impatient to hear the event of last Friday. Mr. Wilkes was delivered by the

* This was the celebrated No. 45 of that journal.—Ed.

† In this duel with Lord Talbot Wilkes escaped unhurt; but he was not so fortunate in an encounter which took place afterwards with another person, as will be seen in a subsequent letter of the present series.—Ed.

Court of Common Pleas, unanimously: not, said they, on a defect of affidavit in the warrant; not on defect of specification of libellous matter in the warrant; (two objections that had been made by his counsel to the legality of the commitment;) but on a breach of privilege, the libel in question not being a breach of the peace, but only tending to it.

The triumph of the Opposition, you may be sure, is great. Though he is still liable to be prosecuted in the King's-bench, a step gained against the Court gives confidence and encouragement. It has given so much to Mr. Wilkes and the warmest of his friends, that I think their indiscretion and indecency will revolt the gravest of their well-wishers. Wilkes keeps no bounds; wrote immediately to the Secretaries of State that his house had been robbed, and that he supposed they had his goods—nay, he went to a justice of peace to demand a warrant for searching their houses, which, you may imagine, he did not obtain. The King ordered Lord Temple, Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, to remove him from the militia of that county. The earl acquainted him with that dismission, in terms of condolence; for which his lordship has since been displaced himself. In short, the scene grows every day more serious—violence on one side, and incapacity on the other.

I quit politics, to tell you the most melancholy catastrophe, that one almost ever heard or read of. The house of Lady Molesworth, in Upper Brook

Street, was suddenly burnt to the ground last Friday, between four and five in the morning. Herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and three servants perished, with all the circumstances of horror imaginable! The house, which was small, happened to be crowded, by the arrival of her brother, Captain Usher, from Jamaica, who lay there but that night for the first time, and by a visit from Dr. Molesworth (her brother-in-law) and his wife. The doctor waked, hearing what he thought hail. He rose, opened the window and saw nothing. The noise increased, he opened the door, and found the whole staircase in flames and smoke. Seeing no retreat, he would have persuaded his wife to rush with him into the smoke, and perish at once, as the quickest death. She had not resolution enough. He then flung out a mattress for her to jump on (it was two pair of stairs backwards): while he was doing this he saw from the garret above one of the young ladies leap into the back court. Mrs. Molesworth then jumped out of the window, and was scarce hurt; he clambered out too, and hung by a hook: a man from the back of another house saw him, and called to him that he would bring a ladder; he did, but it was too short. However, he begged the doctor, if possible, to hang there still, which, though his strength, for he is a very old man, almost failed him, he did and was saved; but he is since grown so disordered with the terror and calamity, that they doubt if he will live. Lady Molesworth,

who lay two pair of stairs forwards, and who, to make room, had taken her eldest daughter, of seventeen, to lie with her, was seen by persons in the street at the window: the daughter jumped into the street, fell on the iron spikes, and thence into the area. Lady Molesworth was at the other window in her shift, and lifted up her hands, either to open the sash, or in agonies for her daughter, but suddenly disappeared. Some think the floor at that instant fell with her; I rather conclude that she swooned when her daughter leaped, and never recovered.

The young lady has had her leg cut off, and has not been in her senses since. The youngest daughter, about nine or ten, had the quickness to get out at window on the top of the house, but from spikes and chimneys could get no farther. She went back to her room where her governess was, who jumped first, and was dashed to pieces. The child then jumped, and was little hurt, though burnt, and almost stifled by the bed-clothes which Dr. Molesworth flung out, for this was her that he saw. They told her that her governess was safe; she replied, "Don't pretend to make me believe that, for I saw her dead on the pavement, and her brains scattered about."

Another of the sisters jumped too, and escaped with a fractured thigh. A footman, who lay below, and could have saved himself easily, ran up to try to save some of the family, but being involved in

flames and much burnt, was forced to try the window, fell on the spikes like Miss Molesworth, but they think will live. Lord Molesworth, the only son, a boy at Westminster, was at home that day, and was to have lain there, but not having done his task, was obliged to go back to school, and was thus fortunately preserved.

The general compassion on this dreadful tragedy is much heightened by the very amiable character of Lady Molesworth. She had been a very great beauty, and was still a most pleasing woman, not above forty. Lord Molesworth, then very aged, married her, and had several children by her; her character and virtue beyond all suspicion untainted, and irreproachable. Her care of her children was most meritorious, and her general behaviour to the greatest degree engaging. Dr. Molesworth had been much her enemy, yet, while her husband lived, she had persuaded him to give the doctor an annuity, and, since his death, has treated him with the utmost friendship.

It is not yet known how this terrible accident happened. Many suspect two blacks belonging to Captain Usher, but I believe merely from not knowing how to account for it, nor where it began.

We have just got three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley's letters; of which she had given copies at Venice. They are entertaining, though perhaps the least of all her works, for these were written during her first travels, and have no personal history. All relat-

ing to that is in the hands of Lady Bute, and I suppose will never see the light. These letters, though pretty well guarded, have certain marks of originality —not bating freedoms, both of opinion, and with regard to truth, for which you know she had little partiality. Adieu!

LETTER XLIV.

Strawberry Hill, June 5th, 1763.

I AM much concerned at the melancholy accounts you give me of both Lord and Lady Northampton.* They are young, handsome, and happy, and life was very valuable to them. She has been consumptive some time; but he seemed healthy and strong.

The misery in the family of Molesworth is not yet closed. The eldest young lady, who has had her leg cut off, does not yet know of the loss of her mother and sisters, but believes them much hurt, and not able even to write to her; by degrees they intend to tell her that her mother grows worse and then dies. Till this week she did not know she had lost a limb herself, they keeping the mangled part in a frame. One of her sisters, she of eleven, who is still lame with her bruises, was lately brought to her. They had not prepared the child, thinking she knew nothing of what had happened to Miss Molesworth. The moment the girl came in, she said, "Oh! poor Harriet! they tell

* Charles Compton, Earl of Northampton, married Lady Anne Somerset, eldest daughter of Noel Duke of Beaufort.

me your leg is cut off!" Still this did not undeceive her. She replied, "No, it is not." The method they have since taken to acquaint her with it was very artful: they told her her leg must be taken off, and then softened the shock by letting her know the truth. She wept much, but soon comforted herself, saying, "Thank God, it is not my arm, for now I can still amuse myself." It would surprise one that at her age so many indications should not lead her to the full extent of her calamity; but they keep her in a manner intoxicated with laudanum. She is in the widow Lady Grosvenor's house, and the humanity, tenderness, and attention of Lord Grosvenor to her is not to be described. The youngest girl overheard the servants in the next room talking of her mother's death, and would not eat anything for two days.

Lord Bath's extravagant avarice and unfeelingness on his son's death rather increases. Lord Pulteney left a kind of will, saying he had nothing to give, but made it his request to his father to give his post-chaise and one hundred pounds to his cousin Colman;* the same sum and his pictures to another cousin, and recommended the Lakes, his other cousins, to him. Lord Bath sent Colman and Lockman word they might get their hundred pounds as they could, and for the chaise and pictures they might buy them if they pleased, for they would be sold for his son's debts; and he ex-

* George Colman, son of Lady Bath's sister, author of several dramatic works, and afterwards manager of the little theatre in the Haymarket.

pressed great anger at the last article, saying, that he did not know what business it was of his son to recommend heirs to him.

I have told you of our French: we have got another curious one, La Condamine, *qui se donne pour philosophe.* He walks about the streets, with his trumpet and a map, his spectacles on, and hat under his arm.

But, to give you some idea of his philosophy, he was on the scaffold to see Damien executed. His deafness was very inconvenient to his curiosity; he pestered the confessor with questions to know what Damien said: "Monsieur, il jure horriblement." La Condamine replied, "Ma foi, il n'a pas tort;" not approving it, but as sensible of what he suffered. Can one bear such want of feeling? * Oh! but as a philosopher he studied the nature of man in torments;—pray, for what? One who can so far divest himself of humanity as to be, uncalled, a spectator of agony, is not likely to employ much of his time in alleviating it. We have lately had an instance that would set his philosophy to work. A young highwayman was offered his life after condemnation, if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic might be tried. "What!" replied he, "and go limping to the devil at last? no, I'll be d——d first"—and was hanged!

Mr. Crawford has given me the second plan of Inigo

* As La Condamine was on the scaffold, one of the executioners said to another, "Est-il des notres?" "Non," replied he, "Monsieur n'est qu'amateur."—Yet, La Condamine was a very humane and good man.

Jones's church at Leghorn, for which I thank you. I am happy that you are easy about your brother James: I had told you he would write; have not you received that letter?

No public news. Parliamentary and political campaigns end when the military used to begin, and, thank God, we have now not them!

Did I, or did I not, tell you how much I am diverted with his serenity of Modena's match with that old, battered, painted, debauched Simonetta? An antiquated bagnio is an odd place for conscience to steal a wedding in! Two and twenty years ago she was as much repaired as Lady Mary Wortley, or as her own new spouse. Why, if they were not past approaching them, their faces must run together like a palette of colours, and they would be disputing to which such an eyebrow or such a cheek belonged. The first time I saw her, at the fair of Reggio, in 1741, I was to dine with her; and going at three o'clock, found her in a loose linen gown, with no other woman, playing at faro with eleven men in white waistcoats and nightcaps. Such a scene was very new to me at that age! I did not expect that twenty years afterwards she would become mistress of the duchy, or be a ladder to help the duke to heaven

June 7th.

Last night we had a magnificent entertainment at Richmond House, a masquerade and fireworks. A masquerade was a new sight to the young people,

who had dressed themselves charmingly, without having the fear of an earthquake before their eyes, though Prince William and Prince Henry* were not suffered to be there. The Duchesses of Richmond† and Grafton, the first as a Persian Sultana, the latter as Cleopatra, — and such a Cleopatra! were glorious figures, in very different styles. Mrs. Fitzroy‡ in a Turkish dress, Lady George Lenox§ and Lady Bolingbroke‖ as Grecian girls, Lady Mary Coke¶ as Imoinda, and Lady Pembroke** as a pilgrim, were the principal beauties of the night. The whole garden was illuminated, and the apartments. An encampment of barges decked with streamers in the middle of the Thames, kept the people from danger, and formed a stage for the fireworks, which were placed, too, along the rails of the garden. The ground rooms lighted, with suppers spread, the houses covered and filled with people, the bridge, the garden full of masks, Whitehall crowded with spectators to see the dresses pass, and the multitude of heads on the river who came to light by the

* Afterwards Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland.

† Lady Mary Bruce. ‡ Eldest daughter of Sir Peter Warren.

§ Lady Louisa Kerr, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Lothian, and wife of Lord George Lenox, second son of Charles second Duke of Richmond.

‖ Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of Charles Duke of Marlborough, first married to Frederic St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, and afterwards to Topham Beauclerc.

¶ Fourth daughter of John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, and widow of Thomas Lord Coke, only son of Thomas Earl of Leicester.

** Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

splendour of the fire-wheels, composed the gayest and richest scene imaginable, not to mention the diamonds and sumptuousness of the habits. The Dukes of York and Cumberland, and the Margrave of Anspach, were there, and about six hundred masks. Adieu!

LETTER XLV.

Arlington Street, June 30, 1763.

MONSIEUR DE LA CONDAMINE will certainly have his letter; but, my dear sir, it is equally sure that I shall not deliver it myself. I have given it to my Lord Hertford for him, while I act being in the country. To tell you the truth, La Condamine is absurdity itself. He has had a quarrel with his landlady, whose lodgers being disturbed by La Condamine's servant being obliged to bawl to him, as he is deaf, wanted to get rid of him. He would not budge: she dressed two chairmen for bailiffs to force him out. The next day he published an address to the people of England, in the newspaper, informing them that they are the most savage nation in or out of Europe. This is pretty near truth; and yet I would never have abused the Iroquois to their faces in one of their own gazettes. I honour La Condamine's zeal for inoculation, which is combated by his countrymen. Even here, nonsense attacks it; that is of course, for

the practice is sense; but I wish humane men, or men of reflection, would be content to feel and to think, without advertising themselves by a particular denomination. But they will call themselves philosophers, and the instant they have created themselves a character, they think they must distinguish themselves by it, and run into all kind of absurdities. I wish they would consider that the most desirable kind of understanding is the only kind that never aims at any particularity; I mean common sense. This is not Monsieur de la Condamine's kind; and Count Lorenzi must excuse me if I avoid the acquaintance. I think I said something of him in a former letter.

Lord Strathmore is arrived, and has brought the parcel. . He has been twice at Palazzo Pitti.* I prefer the master of the latter. The Lord is too *doucereux* and Céladonian.†

You say I am patron of the French; I fear they do not think so. Very, very few of them have struck me. Then the trouble of conversing in a language not one's own, and the difficulty of expressing one's ideas as one would, disheartens me. Madame de Boufflers has pleased me most, and conceives us the best; though I doubt whether she will return so partial to us as she came. She told me one day, "*Dans ce pays-ci c'est un effort perpétuel pour se divertir;*" and she did not seem to think we suc-

* The house of Mr. Thomas Pitt, at Twickenham.

† Too much of a swain, a Céladon.

ceed. However, next Spring I must go to Paris, which at present, like the description of the grave, is the way of all flesh. Foley, the banker at Paris, told Lord Strathmore,* that thirty thousand pounds have been remitted hence every month since the peace, for the English that flock thither.

Your account of Lord Northampton† is moving. He will, I fear, be little better for Tronchin, who, I am assured, from very good judges at Paris, is little better than a charlatan.

I have nothing to tell you, and I am glad of it; we have a long repose from politics; and it is comfortable when folks can be brought to think or talk of something else, which they seldom will in winter. My gallery occupies me entirely, but grows rather too magnificent for my humility; however, having at no time created myself a philosopher, I am at liberty to please myself, without minding a contradiction or two. Adieu!

* John, ninth Earl. The noblemen of this title are also thanes of Glamis,—a distinction which Shakspeare, referring to a former race, has immortalized in his "Macbeth."—Ed.

† Charles, seventh Earl, grandson of George, fourth Earl, through his youngest son, the Hon. George Compton. He married in 1759, Anne, daughter of Charles, Duke of Beaufort, by whom he left an only daughter, Elizabeth, who married, in 1782, Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, uncle of the present Duke of Devonshire. The Earl died a few months after the above was written.—Ed.

LETTER XLVI.

Arlington Street, Aug. 11, 1763.

I AM never so fruitful in summer, you know, as in winter. This year I am particularly barren. Your letter of July 23rd has given me a little fillip, or I don't know when I should have written, for I have not a single circumstance to tell you, but that you will soon see a greater prince than him of Lichtenstein. The Duke of York is going to take a Mediterranean tour with Augustus Hervey,* and, when at Leghorn, will certainly see Florence. You will find him civil, condescending, and good-natured to a great degree; and *loro eccellenze*, the *Dame Fiorentine* will like him still better, for he is very *galant* and very generous.

I am very sorry for Lord Northampton, and yet I could not help smiling at his physician's expression, that he seemed to go *al patibolo in gala.* La Condamine, I believe, is departed; I have heard nothing of him this month or six weeks. The French do not arrive in such shoals as we do at Paris; there are no fewer than five English duchesses there, Ancaster, Richmond, Bridgewater, Hamilton, and Douglas: the two last, indeed, upon an extraordinary law-suit, which is vastly too long for a letter, and curious enough for the *Causes Célèbres.* It is a contest about the Douglas estate, to which the Hamil-

* Captain of a man-of-war, and afterwards Earl of Bristol.

tons think a pretender has been set up, and whom they say they shall, or have detected. This suit is not more extraordinary than the taste of the French, who prefer the Duchess of Ancaster to either the Hamilton or the Richmond. The last, Lady Ailesbury's daughter, is in all the bloom of youth and beauty, but awkward and unfashioned; the second is sadly changed by ill health from that lovely figure which disputed with her sister Coventry; and yet one is surprised that what was so charming, or what could be so charming, should not be preferred to the first, the Duchess of Ancaster,* who is not young, was at best a pretty figure, is now repaired by very evident art, and is a heap of *minauderies* and affectations which have not even the stamp of a woman of quality; but taste seems as much extinguished in France as spirit or parts. Adieu!

LETTER XLVII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 1, 1763.

My letters are like the works of Vertot; I write nothing but *les Révolutions d'Angleterre.* Indeed, the present history is like some former I have sent you, — a revolution that has not taken place, and, resembling Lord Granville's,† begun and ended in three days. I could have despatched it last Tuesday with regard to the termination of it; but, though I heard

* Daughter of Mr. Panton of Newmarket.

† In 1746.

it was begun, even on the Saturday while it was beginning, my curiosity did not carry me to town till Tuesday, when I found it all addled. Still, I knew too little to detail it to you; and, even now, I can tell you little more than the outlines and general report—but have patience; this is one of the events which in this country will produce paper-war enough, and between attacks and defences one comes pretty near to the truth of the whole.

Last Sunday was se'nnight Lord Egremont* died suddenly, though everybody knew he would die suddenly; he used no exercise, and could not be kept from eating, without which prodigious bleedings did not suffice. A day or two before he died, he said, "Well, I have but three turtle-dinners to come, and if I survive them I shall be immortal." He was writing, as my lady breakfasted, complained of a violent pain in his head, asked twice if he did not look very particularly, grew speechless, and expired that evening. He has left eighteen thousand pounds a-year, and, they say, an hundred and seventy thousand pounds in money. I hope you have as much philosophy as I have, or you will lose patience at these circumstances, when you are eager to hear the revolution. That week, you may be sure, was passed by the public in asking who was to be Secretary of State? It seemed to lie between your old friend, Lord Sandwich, and Lord Egmont. Lord Shelburne, a young aspirer, who intends the world shall

* Sir Charles Wyndham, first Earl of Egremont.

hear more of him, *et qui postule le ministère*, was in the mean time one of the candidates to succeed Lord Egremont. Somebody said, "It ought to be given to him as you marry boys under age, and then send them to travel till they are ripe." While this vacancy was the public's only object, behold Mr. Pitt, in his chair, with two servants before it, goes openly, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, through the Park to Buckingham House. You rub your eyes; so did the mob, and thought they did not see clear. Mr. Pitt, of all men alive, except Lord Temple and Mr. Wilkes, the most proscribed there, Mr. Pitt to Buckingham House! *Oui, véritablement!* What! to ask to be Secretary of State? By no means: sent for; desired to accept the administration. Well, but do you know who stared more than the mob or you; the ministers did; for it seems this was the act and deed of Lord Bute, who, though he had given the present administration letters of attorney to act for him, has thought better of it, and retained the sole power himself; the consequence of which was, as it was before, that he grew horridly frightened, and advised this step, which has done him more hurt than all he had done before.

Mr. Pitt stayed with the King three hours; is said not to have demanded more than might well be expected that he would demand; and had all granted. The next day, Sunday, the Opposition were much pleased, looking on their desires as obtained; the ministers, as much displeased, thinking themselves

betrayed by Lord Bute. On Monday, Mr. Pitt, who the day before had seen the Duke of Newcastle and the Lord Mayor Beckford,—the one or the other of whom is supposed to have advised what follows,—went again to the King, with a large increase of demands. What those were are variously stated, nor do I pretend to tell you how far the particulars are exact. The general purport is, though I dare say not to the extent given out, that he insisted on a general dismission of all who had voted for the peace; and that he notified his intention of attacking the peace itself: that he particularly proscribed Lord Holland, Lord Halifax, Lord Sandwich,* Lord Barrington, and Lord Shelburne; named himself and Charles Townshend for Secretaries of State, Lord Temple for the Treasury, Pratt for Chancellor; proposed some place, not of business, for the Duke of Newcastle, forgot Mr. Legge, and desired the Duke of Cumberland for the head of the army. They tell you, that the King asked him, "Mr. Pitt, if it is right for you to stand by your friends, why is it not as right for me to stand by mine?" and that the treaty broke off, on his Majesty's refusing to give up his friends. Broken off the negotiation certainly is. Why broken, I shall, as I told you before, wait a little before I settle my belief. The ministers were sent for again; Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, according to the modern well-bred usage, were at the levée yesterday,

* John, fourth Earl of Sandwich. He assisted at the celebrated congress at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Subsequently to this he filled the offices of Secretary of State, and First Lord of the Admiralty. His lordship died in 1792.—Ed.

had each their drawing-room question; and there ended this interlude.

It is said Lord Sandwich kisses hands to-morrow for Secretary of State. If a President of the Council is named too, I shall think they mean to stand it; if not, I shall conclude a door is still left open for treating.

There was a little episode, previous to this more dignified drama, which was on the point of employing the attention of the public, if it had not been overlaid by the revolution in question. The famous Mr. Wilkes was challenged at Paris, by one Forbes, an outlawed Scot in the French service, who could not digest *the North Britons*. Wilkes would have joked it off, but it would not do. He then insisted on seconds; Forbes said, duels were too dangerous in France for such extensive proceedings. Wilkes adhered to his demand. Forbes pulled him by the nose, or, as Lord Mark Kerr,* in his well-bred formality, said to a gentleman, "Sir, you are to suppose I have thrown this glass of wine in your face." Wilkes cried out murder! The lieutenant de police was sent for, and obliged Forbes to promise that he would proceed no farther. Notwithstanding the present discussion, you may imagine the Scotch will not let this anecdote be still-born. It is cruel on Lord Talbot, whom Wilkes ventured to fight.

Other comical passages have happened to us at Paris. Their King, you know, is wondrous shy to strangers, awkward at a question, or too familiar. For instance,

* Brother of the Marquis of Lothian, a very brave but remarkably formal man.

when the Duke of Richmond was presented to him, he said, "Monsieur le Duc de Cumberland boude le Roi, n'est-ce pas?" The duke was confounded. The King persisted, "Il le fait, n'est-il pas vrai?" The duke answered very properly, "Ses ministres quelquefois, Sire, jamais sa Majesté." This did not stop him: "Et vous, milord, quand aurez-vous le cordon bleu?" George Selwyn, who stood behind the duke, said softly, "Answer that if you can, my lord." To Lord Holland, the King said, "Vous avez fait bien du bruit dans votre pays, n'est-ce pas?" His answer was pretty too: "Sire, je fais tout mon possible pour le faire cesser." Lord Holland was better diverted with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon; she got him and Lady Holland tickets for one of the best boxes to see the fireworks on the peace, and carried them in her coach. When they arrived, he had forgot the tickets; she flew into a rage, and, *sans marchander*, abused him so grossly that Lady Holland coloured, and would not speak to her. Not content with this, when her footman opened the door of the coach, the duchess, before all the mob, said aloud, "C'est une des meilleures têtes de l'Angleterre, et voici la bêtise qu'il a fait!" and repeated it. He laughed, and the next day she recollected herself, and made an excuse.

Mrs. Poyntz* is *au comble de la gloire* at Versailles; she has cured Madame Victoire of the stone, by Mrs.

* Anna Maria Mordaunt, wife of Stephen Poyntz, governor of William Duke of Cumberland. She had been a great beauty: the poem of "The Fair Circassian" was written on her. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline.

Stephens's medicine. When Mrs. Poyntz took leave of them for Spa, they shut the door, and the whole royal family kissed her; for the King is so fond of his children that, they say, it was visible every day in his countenance whether his daughter was better or worse.

We sent you Sir William Stanhope,* and my lady, a fond couple; you have returned them to us very different. When they came to Blackheath, he got out of the chaise to go to his brother Lord Chesterfield's, made her a low bow, and said, "Madame, I hope I shall never see your face again." She replied, "Sir, I will take all the care I can that you never shall." He lays no gallantry to her charge.

We are sending you another couple, the famous Garrick, and his once famous wife.† He will make you laugh as a mimic, and as he knows we are great friends, will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an *actor*.

My poor niece‡ has declared herself not breeding: you will be charmed with the delicacy of her manner in breaking it to General Waldegrave. She gave him her lord's seal with the coronet. You will be more charmed with her. On Sunday the bishop of Exeter§ and I were talking of this new convulsion in politics—she burst out in a flood of tears, reflecting on the great rank which her lord, if living, would naturally attain on this occasion.

* A man of wit, and brother of the famous Lord Chesterfield. His third wife was sister of Sir Francis Delaval.

† La Violetta, a German dancer.

‡ Lady Waldegrave.

§ Dr. Keppel, her brother-in-law.

I think I have nothing more to tell you, but a bon-mot of my Lady Townshend.* She has taken a strange little villa at Paddington, near Tyburn. People were wondering at her choosing such a situation, and asked her, in joke, what sort of neighbourhood she had: "Oh," said she, "one that can never tire me, for they are hanged every week." Good night. This would be a furious long letter, if it was not short by containing a whole revolution.

LETTER XLVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1763.

THE administration is resettled: the Opposition does not come in; and the old ministers have resumed their functions. The Duke of Bedford, who had formerly advised to invite Mr. Pitt to court, finding himself omitted in Mr. Pitt's list, is cordially united, nay, incorporated with the administration; he has kissed hands for President of the Council. Lord Sandwich is the new Secretary of State, Lord Egmont the new head of the Admiralty, and Lord Hilsborough the new First Lord of Trade, for Lord Shelburne, whom I mentioned to you in my last, has resigned in the midst of these bustles. Many reasons are given, but the only one that people choose to take is, that, thinking Mr. Pitt must be minister, and finding himself tolerably obnoxious to him, he is seeking to make his peace at any rate.

* Ethelreda Harrison.

This concussion has produced one remarkable event, the total removal of Lord Bute, which Mr. Grenville and Lord Halifax made the absolute *sine quâ non* of their re-acceptance. The favourite earl has given it under his hand that he will go abroad. Thus ends his foolish drama—not its consequences, for the flames he has lighted up will not be extinguished soon.

I could tell you a great deal of what is reported of the dialogue in the closet, but not a circumstance which is not denied on one side or the other, for though there were but two interlocutors, there is a total disagreement in the relation. Parties will not meet in better humour next session for this abortive negotiation: the paper-war is rekindled with violence, but produces no wit; nay, scarce produces the bulk of a pamphlet, for the fashionable warfare at present is carried on by anonymous* letters in the daily newspapers, which die as suddenly as other lies of the day. This skirmishing is sharp and lively, but not very entertaining.

I have not a syllable of other news to send you. You must take this rather as a codicil to my last letter, than as pretending to be a letter itself. The Parliament, I suppose, will not meet till after Christmas, and till then little material is likely to happen; unless some notable death should intervene, which, considering the tottering condition of some principal perform-

* It is certain that from this time, when anonymous writers could get their letters printed in the daily newspapers, pamphlets grew exceedingly rare.

ers, is not unlikely. An old statesman who has November to pass through in his way to preferment, may chance never to arrive at it. Adieu!

LETTER XLIX.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 17, 1763.

I DON'T know how long it is since I wrote to you, —I fear a great while; but I think my fidelity to you as a correspondent is so proved, that you may be sure not an incident worthy of a paragraph has happened when you do not hear from me. The very newspapers have subsisted only on the price of stocks, horse-races, the arrival of the good ship Charming Nancy, and such anecdotes, with the assistance of the heroic controversy between Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Forbes, of which one is heartily sick. But the campaign draws near, and will be hot enough. Methinks I wish we had some fresh generals; I am rather tired of the old ones, all of whom I have seen so often both on the offensive and defensive, that I am incredibly incurious about their manœuvres.

The press for soldiers is so warm that Augustus Hervey could not be spared to attend the Duke of York, who has sailed some time. I shall be very impatient to hear of the Duke's arrival at Florence; tell me the whole history. You will be very anxious, but you will acquit yourself perfectly well. Lord Hertford set out on his embassy last Thurs-

day, and by this time I suppose Monsieur de Guerchy is in London. Most of our Parisian English are come back. The newspapers have given the rage of going to Paris a good name; they call it the *French disease.* I shall be a little ashamed of having it so late; but I shall next spring. Having Lord Hertford there will be so agreeable a way of seeing Paris, that one cannot resist, especially as I took such pains to see so little of it when I was there before. I don't expect to like it much better now, though having a particular friend minister goes a great way in reconciling one to a country not one's own; I don't believe I should have been quite so fond of Florence if I had lived with nothing but Florentines. This time I am determined to ascertain what I have always doubted of, whether there is any such thing as a lively Frenchman; the few I knew, and all those I have seen here, have had no more vivacity than a German. You see I do not go prejudiced.

Have you got Mr. Garrick yet?* If you have, you may keep him; there is come forth within these ten days a young actor, who has turned the heads of the whole town. The first night of his appearance the audience, not content with clapping, stood up and shouted. His name is Powell; he was clerk to Sir Robert Ladbroke, and so clever in business that his

* In this year Garrick resolved to relax from his cares and fatigues in a tour to the Continent. Accompanied by his wife, from whom he was inseparable, he visited several parts of Italy and France, and met with flattering notice from many persons of distinction. He returned after an absence of a year and a half.—Ed.

master would have taken him in as a partner, but he had an impulse for the stage, was a *Heaven-born hero*, as Mr. Pitt called my Lord Clive. His figure is fine and voice most sonorous, as they say, for I wait for the rebound of his fame, and till I can get in, for at present all the boxes are taken for a month. As the reputation of this prodigy could not have reached France, where they have the *English disease*, they were content with showering honours on Mr. Garrick; appointed a box for him, revived their best plays, and recalled their veteran actors. Their Helvetius, whose book has drawn such persecution on him, and the persecution such fame, is coming to settle here, and brings two Miss Helvetiuses, with fifty thousand pounds apiece, to bestow on two immaculate members of our most august and incorruptible senate, if he can find two in this virtuous age who will condescend to accept his money. Well, we may be dupes to French follies, but they are ten times greater fools to be the dupes of our virtue. Good night.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18.

I BROUGHT this to town to-day for the Secretary's office, and found yours of October 1st. Marshal Botta's advice of ceding your palace to the Duke of York may be very proper, but his Royal Highness, who is all good-breeding and good-humour, will certainly not suffer it. Yet, I am not averse to your making the offer, if it is still to make. Do you know, my national pride is wonderfully gratified by the Pope's humility and res-

pect for whom we please to have Duke of York.* An hundred and fifty years ago an English Protestant dared not own himself for such at Rome; now they invite the very son of a family that has turned out their Stuarts, under the nose of those very Stuarts, nay, when the Stuart Duke of York is even a cardinal. I trust it is not only the Papal chair that has sunk, but the crown of England that has risen. Think of the mighty Elizabeth excommunicated by Sixtus V. and the brother of George III. invited to Rome by Clement XIII.! If the honours I have told you Mr. Garrick has received in France do not obtain him a chair in a Florentine *conversazione*, I think you must threaten them with the thunder of the Vatican, which you see we have at command; but to be serious, I would not have you get into a squabble about him; he is not worth that.

We hear the King of Poland is dead; is that to be the source of a new war? You will see by the gazette, that without such an event we had a nest egg for another war. There have been half-a-dozen battles in miniature with the Indians in America. It looked so odd to see a list of killed and wounded just treading on the heels of the peace.

* Edward Augustus, tenth Duke of York, second son of Frederick Prince of Wales, and brother to George III. He died, unmarried, at Monaco in Italy.—Ed.

LETTER L.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17th, 1763.

THE campaign is opened, hostilities begun, and blood shed. Now you think, my dear sir, that all this is metaphor, and mere eloquence. You are mistaken: our diets, like that approaching in Poland, use other weapons than the tongue; ay, in good truth, and they who use the tongue too, and who perhaps you are under the common error of thinking would not fight, have signalized their prowess. But stay, I will tell you my story more methodically; perhaps you shall not know for these two pages what member of the British Senate, of that august divan whose wisdom influences the councils of all Europe, as its incorrupt virtue recalls to mind the purest ages of Rome, was shot in a duel yesterday in Hyde-park. The Parliament met on Tuesday. We—for you know I have the honour of being a senator, sat till two in the morning; and had it not been that there is always more oratory, more good sense, more knowledge, and more sound reasoning in the House of Commons, than in the rest of the universe put together, the House of Lords only excepted, I should have thought it as tedious, dull, and unentertaining a debate as ever I heard in my days. The business was a complaint made by one King George of a certain paper called the North Briton, No. 45, which the said King asserted was written by a much more famous man called

Mr. Wilkes.—Well! and so you imagine that Mr. Wilkes and King George went from the House of Commons and fought out their quarrel in Hyde-park? And which do you guess was killed? Again you are mistaken. Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the affair did not concern *him*. The House of Commons, who would be wisdom itself, if they could but all agree on which side of a question wisdom lies, and who are sometimes forced to divide in order to find this out, did divide twice on this affair. The first time, one hundred and eleven, of which I had the misfortune to be one, had more curiosity to hear Mr. Wilkes's story than King George's; but three hundred being of the contrary opinion, it was plain they were in the right, especially as they had no *private* motives to guide them. Again, the individual one hundred-and-eleven could not see that the North Briton tended to foment treasonable insurrections, though we had it argumentatively demonstrated to us for seven hours together: but the moment we heard two hundred and seventy-five gentlemen counted, it grew as plain to us as a pike-staff, for a syllogism carries less conviction than a superior number, though that number does not use the least force upon earth, but only walk peaceably out of the house and into it again. The next day we were to be in the same *numerical* way convinced that we ought to be but one hundred and ten, for that we

ought to expel Mr. Wilkes out of the house; and the majority were to prove to us (for we are slow of comprehension, and imbibe instruction very deliberately) that in order to have all London acquainted with the person and features of Mr. Wilkes, it would be necessary to set him on a high place called the pillory, where every body might see him at leisure. Some were even almost ready to think that, being a very ugly man, he would look better without his ears; and poor Sir William Stanhope, who endeavoured all day by the help of a trumpet to listen to these wise debates and found it to no purpose, said, "If they want a pair of ears they may take mine, for I am sure they are of no use to me." The regularity, however, of these systematic proceedings has been a little interrupted. One Mr. Martin,* who has much the same quarrel with Mr. Wilkes as King George, and who chose to suspend his resentment like his Majesty, till with proper dignity he could notify his wrath to Parliament, did express his indignation with rather less temper than the King had done, calling Mr. Wilkes to his face *cowardly scoundrel*, which you, who represent monarchs, know, is not royal language. Mr. Wilkes, who, it seems, whatever may have been thought, had rather die compendiously than piecemeal, inquired of Mr. Martin by letter next morning, if he, Mr. Wilkes, was meant by him, Mr. Martin, under

* Samuel Martin, a West-Indian, Secretary to the Treasury, when Lord Bute was First Lord, and Treasurer to the Princess dowager of Wales.

the periphrasis *cowardly scoundrel.* Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative, and accompanied his answer with a challenge. They immediately went into Hyde-park; and, at the second fire, Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in his body. Don't be frightened, the wound was not mortal—at least it was not yesterday. Being corporally delirious to-day, as he has been mentally some time, I cannot tell what to say to it. However, the breed will not be lost, if he should die. You have still countrymen enough left: we need not despair of amusement.

Now, would not you think that this man had made noise enough, and that he had no occasion to burn a temple to perpetuate his name? Alas, alas! there is nothing like having two strings to one's bow. The very day in which the scene I have mentioned passed in the House of Commons, Lord Sandwich produced to the Lords a poem, called an *Essay on Woman,* written by the same Mr. Wilkes, though others say, only enlarged by him from a sketch drawn by a late son* of a late archbishop. It is a parody on Pope's Essay on Man; and, like that, pretending to notes by Dr. Warburton, the present holy and orthodox Bishop of Gloucester. The piece, indeed, was only printed, and only fourteen copies, but never published. Mr. Wilkes complains that he never read it but to two persons, who both approved it highly, Lord Sandwich and Lord Despencer.† The style, to be sure, is at least not

* Thomas Potter, son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury.

† Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Despencer.

unlike that of the last. The wicked even affirm, that very lately, at a club with Mr. Wilkes, held at the top of the playhouse in Drury Lane, Lord Sandwich talked so profanely that he drove two harlequins out of company. You will allow, however, that the production of this poem so critically was masterly: the secret too was well kept; nor, till a vote was passed against it, did even Lord Temple suspect who was the author. If Mr. Martin has not killed him, nor should we, you see here are faggots enough in store for him still. The Bishop of Gloucester, who shudders at abuse and infidelity, has been measuring out ground in Smithfield for his execution; and in his speech begged the devil's pardon for comparing him to Wilkes.

Well, now! after all, do you with your plain Florentine understanding comprehend one word of what I have been saying? Do you think me or your countrymen quite distracted? Go, turn to your Livy, to your history of Athens, to your life of Sacheverel. Find upon record what mankind has been, and then you will believe what it is. We are poor pigmy, short-lived animals, but we are comical,—I don't think the curtain fallen and the drama closed. Three hundred is an omnipotent number, and may do whatever it will; and yet I think there are some single men, whom three hundred cannot convince. Well, but then they may cut their ears off; I don't see what could hinder it. Adieu!

LETTER LI.

Arlington Street, Dec. 12th, 1763.

My last journal was dated the 18th of last month. Since that period we have been solely employed upon Mr. Wilkes, or events flowing from him; for he is an inexhaustible source. I shall move regularly, and tell you his history in order.

In the first place, he is not dead of his wound, though not yet out of danger, for they think another piece of his coat is to come away, as two have already.

On the 23rd we, the Commons, had a debate that lasted late, whether we should proceed to the question on privilege, as Wilkes could not attend. There was a great defection among the royal troops, and the minority amounted to 166: but the next day, on the question itself, it sunk to 133, when we resigned our privilege into the hands of any messengers that should be sent for it. Mr. Pitt was brought thither in flannels, and spoke for two hours, but was forced to retire four hours before we came to the question.

These debates were followed by a curious account of the famous blasphemous and indecent poem, the Essay on Woman, published by one Kidgell, a Methodist parson, who had been employed to hunt it out. The man has most deservedly drawn on himself a torrent of indignation and odium, which I suppose he will forget in a deanery.*

The next proceeding was in the Lords, who sat till

* Kidgell was forced to leave England for debt, and died abroad.

ten at night on the question of agreeing to our resolutions. The Duke of Cumberland, who voted at the head of the minority, was as unsuccessful as he has been in other engagements, and was beaten by 114 to 35.

So much for within doors. But without, where the minority is the majority, the event was very different. "The North Briton" was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside on the third of this month. A prodigious riot ensued; the sheriffs were mobbed, the constables beaten, and the paper with much difficulty set on fire by a link, and then rescued. The ministry, some in a panic and some in a rage, fetched the sheriffs before both houses; but, after examinations and conferences for four days, the whole result was, that all the world had appeared to be on the same side, that is, not well disposed to the administration. This dissatisfaction has been increased by a violent attack made by the Duke of Bedford on the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, for not discountenancing and suppressing the riot; and though he was abandoned by the rest of the ministry, who paid court to the city at his grace's expense, they were so exasperated, that a motion being made to thank the sheriffs for their behaviour, and to prosecute one of the rioters, who is in prison, it was rejected on a division by the casting vote of the lord mayor.

The ministry have received a still greater mortification: the Under Secretary, Mr. Wood, has been cast in the Common-Pleas in damages of a thousand

pounds to Mr. Wilkes; the printers too have recovered four hundred; and, what is still more material, the Solicitor-General could not make out his proof of Wilkes being author of the "North Briton."

The last scene has been an attempt to assassinate Wilkes. A sea-lieutenant, called Alexander Dun, got into his house on Thursday night last for that purpose; but he is not only mad, but so mad that he had declared his intention in a coffee-house some nights before; and said that twelve more Scotchmen, for he is one, were engaged in the same design.

I have told you all this briefly, but you may imagine what noise so many events have made in the hands of some hundred thousand commentators.

The famous Lord Shelburne, and the no less famous Colonel Barré—I don't know whether their fame has reached you—are turned out for joining the Opposition.

The approaching holidays will suspend farther hostilities for some time, or prepare more. We have scarce any other kind of news than politics. The interlude of Princess Augusta's wedding will be of very short duration.

You have seen some mention in the papers of Monsieur D'Eon, who, from secretary to Monsieur de Nivernois, became Plenipotentiary; an honour that turned his brain. His madness first broke out upon one Vergy, an adventurer, whose soul he threatened to put into a certain vessel and make him drink it. His rage was carried so far one night at Lord Halifax's,

that he was put under arrest. Being told that his behaviour was a breach of the peace, he thought it meant the *peace* he had signed, and grew ten times more mad. This idea he has thrust into a wild book that he has published, the title-page of which would divert you ; he states all his own names, titles, and offices : Noble Claude, Genevieve, Louis, Auguste, Cæsar, Alexandre, Hercule, and I don't know what, Docteur en Droit : the *chute* from Cæsar to Master Doctor is admirable. The conclusion of the story is, that the poor creature has all the papers of the negotiation in his hands, and threescore thousand livres belonging to the Comte de Guerchy, and will deliver neither one nor the other. He is recalled from home, and forbidden the court here, but enjoys the papers, and lives on the money, and they don't know how to recover either. Monsieur de Guerchy has behaved with the utmost tenderness and humanity to him. This minister is an agreeable man, and pleases much.

I have received your long letter of November 12th, with your expectations of the Duke of York, the Woronzows, and the Garricks, most of whom are I suppose arrived by this time. The Chelsea china, as you guessed, was a present from the Duchess of Grafton : I told her how pleased you were with it, and that you flattered yourself it was her present. She thought you knew it, for she says she had written to you two letters.

Adieu ! You must live upon this letter for some time. Our *villeggiatura* begins when yours ends. The

town will be quite empty in a week, till the 18th or 20th of January, unless folks come to stare at the Prince of Brunswick; but I don't know when he is to be here. Nay, you will not want English news, while you have English Princes, Russian Chancellors, and English players.

LETTER LII.

Strawberry Hill, January 8th, 1764.

My dear sir, it does not rain histories, as it did the first week of the session. I am very faithful to you, and never omit a material event. The Parliament has been adjourned these three weeks, and party been to keep its Christmas in the country. To-morrow se'nnight we meet again, and some of our passions will revive, though a good quantity probably will subside, as Mr. Wilkes, the hero of the times, has preferred France to martyrdom. This excuses me from what, by the way, I would have excused myself somehow or other, the entering with you into a discussion of the controversy on his subject. I have no objection to the opinion you have formed, while you are at such a distance; I am no maker of converts, and you and I shall never love one another the less for thinking differently. I will have the famous No. 45 written out for you, for it is not to be had now but in the collection printed together. The Essay on Woman I do not wonder you concluded had been re-

printed, but it has not; nor have I ever seen it, though it lies in the House of Lords. The public attention was instantly diverted from the piece itself to indignation at the manner in which it was obtained. Then there was a dirty parson, one Kidgell, who, not content with being the procurer, published such an indecent account of it, as at once satisfied the curiosity of the town, and provoked them to abhorrence of the wretched tool himself. He has been pelted in every newspaper, while the work itself was forgotten. Whether the ministers will be so weak as to revive this clamour now Wilkes is gone, I don't know,—judgment is not their bright side!

Don't think I disapprove your magnificence for your Russian guests; and yet, my dear sir, the generosity of your temper is fond of catching at a command to be expensive. I can excuse it too, as I conclude the Muscovite Chancellor hates his mistress, the murderess: one can't help being civil to anybody who wishes her dead. We are on the eve of a royal wedding, but not a very sumptuous one. The Hereditary Prince is expected every hour, and if arrived, is, they say, to be married on the 12th. You see I talk of it with little certainty. I shall satisfy my curiosity by seeing him at the Opera; a glimpse of a hero will content me. He is to take away his bride almost as soon as possible after the nuptials.

There is a wedding in embryo that touches you much nearer than the Princess Augusta's. Your nephew Horace is to marry a sister of the Earl of Gains-

borough. I believe it is quite fixed, though not to be perfected till he is of age. She has little beauty, I hear, and less fortune, but the boy likes her, and the alliance is very creditable. He is a most amiable, gentle, good-natured lad; I grieve that this business will prevent your seeing him, but I recollect that you were not fond of having him at Florence.

Thursday night, late, but not the wedding-night.

We have heard, but since six this evening, that the Hereditary Prince has landed; the wedding, I fancy, will scarcely be sooner than Monday. Next week will be the reign of gold and silver stuffs, for besides the marriage, there is the Queen's birthday; but Mr. Wilkes will spoil half the solemnity, if he does not return to be sacrificed. Bishop Warburton has whetted ready a classic knife, which he would swear came from Diana's own altar in the Chersonesus, whose religion he believes as much as that he professes, except that the archbishopric of Tauris is at present *in partibus infidelium;* and the Turks have sequestered the revenues. Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

Arlington Street, January 18, 1764.

SHALL I tell you of all our crowds, and balls, and embroideries? Don't I grow too old to describe drawing-rooms? Surely I do, when I find myself too old to go into them. I forswore puppet-shows at the last

coronation, and have kept my word to myself. However, being bound by a prior vow, to keep up the acquaintance between you and your own country, I will show you, what by the way I have not seen myself, the Prince of Brunswick.* He arrived at Somerset House last Friday evening; at Chelmsford a quaker walked into the room, *did* pull off his hat, and said, "Friend, my religion forbids me to fight, but I honour those that fight well." The Prince, though he does not speak English, understands it enough to be pleased with the compliment. He received another, very flattering. As he went next morning to St. James's, he spied in the crowd one of Elliot's light-horse and kissed his hand to the man. "What!" said the populace, "does he know you?" "Yes," replied the man; "he once led me into a scrape, which nothing but himself could have brought me out of again." You may guess how much this added to the Prince's popularity, which was at high-water-mark before.

When he had visited the King and Queen, he went to the Princess Dowager at Leicester House, and saw his mistress. He is very *galant*, and professes great

* Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, born in 1735. He was the eldest son of the reigning Duke, Charles of Brunswick, and of a sister of Frederick the Great. He distinguished himself at the battle of Hastenbeck (1757) and contributed to the victory of Crefeld (1758). On January 16th, 1764, he married the Princess Augusta, eldest sister to George III., with a portion of 80,000*l.* voted to her by Parliament. In 1780, he succeeded to the Duchy of Brunswick, and, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, he received the chief command of the Austrian and Prussian army. He died at Ottensen, near Altona, November 10, 1806, of a wound he had received at the battle of Jena.—Ed.

satisfaction in his fortune, for he had not even seen her picture. He carries his good-breeding so far as to declare he would have returned unmarried, if she had not pleased him. He has had levees and dinners at Somerset House; to the latter, company was named for him. On Monday evening they were married by the archbishop in the great drawing-room, with little ceremony; supped, and lay at Leicester House. Yesterday morning was a drawing-room at St. James's, and a ball at night; both repeated to-day, for the Queen's birthday. On Thursday they go to the play; on Friday the Queen gives them a ball and dinner at her house; on Saturday they dine with the Princess at Kew, and return for the Opera; and on Wednesday—why, they make their bow and curtsy, and sail.

The Prince has pleased every body; his manner is thought sensible and engaging; his person slim, genteel, and handsome enough; that is, not at all handsome, but martial, and agreeably weather-worn. I should be able to swear to all this on Saturday, when I intend to see him; but, alas! the post departs on Friday, and, however material my testimony may be, he must want it.

By the subsequent post I shall have forgotten him. A new hero, or rather a revived hero, was to have taken his place. To-morrow is the day appointed by the House of Commons for the appearance of Mr. Wilkes. He had ordered a dinner for to-day, and company to be invited; nay, he sent word he should certainly be here — and who do you think was the messenger? only

Mr. Martin, who was at Paris for murdering him. Wilkes made Martin a visit there, sat with him an hour, joked as usual, told him he had really come thither only to see his daughter; that, concluding he should be shut up in prison for six or twelve months, he could not bear the thoughts of not seeing her before that; that this passion was as strong as the *maladie du pays* of the Swiss—very well: we had no doubt but we should see him. Cards were sent to the mob to invite them to meet him—alas! last night came a letter of excuse to the Speaker, pleading the impediment of his wound, and accompanied by certificates of French surgeons. Paris seems very fatal to Wilkes's courage! If he had sent an insulting message to the House of Commons, or even professed having fled from persecution, it might pass,—all that, or either, would have coupled very well with his patriotism. I cannot possibly honour this paltry medium. However, I am very glad he is not come. But he must fight the Parliament of Paris to retrieve his character, or at least be sent to the Bastille, to excuse his not being in Newgate. For our parts, we have no occasion to practise at a target; * we may do what we will with him, now we can do nothing; expel him, send his writings to gaol, and execute his excuses —nay, we may burn his memory; nobody will say a word for it; I expect very brave invectives against him to-morrow.

Friday evening, 20th.

Yesterday was different from what I expected; but

* Mr. Martin practised shooting at a target for some months before he fought Wilkes.—See Churchill's "Duellist."

I never guess right! Who could have expected that a hundred and two men would have defended Wilkes, who would not defend himself, till four in the morning? Yet this was the case of at least fifty, the rest, of which I was one, retired at eleven at night. He was expelled at last, after six divisions. But we have not yet done with him; his Essay on Woman is to be tried next Tuesday in the House of Lords.

The crowds of this week have proved the goodness of our constitutions; that on the Queen's birthday was immoderate; but last night, to see the Prince of Brunswick at the play, exceeded all belief. Your brother James told me this morning, that he went to Covent-Garden at two in the afternoon, to wait till the doors of the playhouse should be opened. He soon found himself buried in such a mob, that he could not even lift his hand to his head, and so remained for five hours, without getting in at last; and though he had stood in the open piazza, he perspired so violently that at his return he was forced to change every thread he had on. The shouts, claps, and huzzas, to the Prince were immoderate: he sat behind his Princess and her brothers; the galleries called him to come forward. In the middle of the play, he went to be elected a member of the Royal Society, and returned to the theatre, when the applause was renewed. This was the stronger, as there were *other folks** present, who had *no* share in the triumph. When he had gone out, he returned, presented himself in the front of the box, and made a most respectful bow

* The King and Queen.

to the audience, who returned it with the loudest acclamations. Do you think he will not go on Wednesday? Adieu!

LETTER LIV.

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1764.

THE seeds of opposition were sown a long time before they produced any fruit, but a violent crop has shot up this week. I don't know, my dear sir, whether you are not too much a foreigner to comprehend what I am going to tell you. Does not it sound strange to your Tuscan ears that a member of Parliament, after being expelled the House and fled from his country, should have his complaint tried against the whole secretary's office for breach of his privilege? Learn to adore *Liberty*, when it defends the rights of a man after he has forfeited them!—and don't despise the constitutions of your countrymen, who have endured such fatigue for a week as will give your Italian nerves the headache but to hear of.

On Monday we sat till past midnight hearing evidence on the seizure of Wilkes's papers. The next day we proceeded, closed the evidence at one in the morning, and then went—not to bed—but into a debate. The Opposition moved, To vote the seizure of papers by warrants not specifying names, to be illegal. The ministers insisted, that we should first clear the accused, as having acted according to the forms of office. A quarter after four we divided, when, to the

utter confusion of the Court, they proved but 207 ; we 197. Here your Florentine arithmetic may again be at fault, and not tell you that a majority of *but ten* is a defeat; for you must reckon into the minority, popularity, the hopes of the interested, and their fears, and twenty circumstances that contribute to drown a sinking administration. To give them their due, they dispute the ground inch by inch. We again fell to debating, divided again, 208, and 184 ; and, in short, sat till a quarter after seven in the morning. On Friday we went on the great question itself, which held us from three o'clock in the afternoon till half an hour after five the next morning. We are again beaten; but how beaten? by 232 against 218 ; a minority increasing as it is defeated.

Do not you wonder that I am alive ? that I am writing to you ? Was ever such a week ? never. Was there ever so late a day as Tuesday ? never. Go and look over the Fasti in your Capitol, you will find nothing like this. If we have out-conquered the Romans, we have out-talked them too—I mean in length of time ; I cannot say our eloquence has been equal to our perseverance. There was some spirit towards morning on Tuesday ; very little indeed on Friday that was not absolute dulness ; yet Mr. Pitt commanded, but so oppressed with gout, and so exhausted, that, though he spoke above an hour, at four in the morning it was as languid as if he had been paid for it. In truth, his enemies were not formidable. We had the five best speakers in the house, him, Charles Townshend, Mr.

Conway, Charles Yorke, and Lord George Sackville, who has *deserted* from the Court.

The world you may conclude waits in anxious suspense for the subsequent operations of the campaign. The ministers must try if by *weight of metal* they can maintain their ground. For my part, I am satisfied. I did not believe that there were 197 men who had spirit and virtue enough to resist all temptations, when their liberties were at stake. Since there are so many, it is enough to ward off any danger from such bunglers as the present ministers, the badness of whose characters, assisted by no better parts, is an antidote to their own poison. Their best champion has parts, and shrewdness, but is so impudently profligate, that even absolute power in the Crown, which he is so ready to promote, could not protect him long. This hero of brass, is the Attorney-General Norton, who is qualified to draw up impious manifestoes for a Czarina!

There is nothing in the shape of news except these politics; but they are full employment for the town; and one that will not speedily be concluded. Should even a change of administration happen, I do not see that tranquillity would be restored. Lord Bute has set such humours afloat as may take half a century to reduce into a quiet channel. Even a delay of change may cost some men very dear. The longer the torrent of a nation is opposed, with the more fury it is apt to carry away the dykes.

The foreigners, of whom there are numbers here, for we have not yet lost our fashionableness in Europe,

attend our debates assiduously, though even the language is a secret to them! what then must a question of law be! But they think themselves rewarded by *seeing* Mr. Pitt *speak* at five in the morning.

I was diverted with your account of the Princess of Modena's transit through Florence, and of the regales they gave her. I am impatient for the Duke of York's arrival there; but do you know that the speculations of one of your politicians on that journey was not so wide of the mark as you think? *Mi capisce?* I do not mean the simpleton who thought the flames raised by the North-Briton would reach St. James's.

I do not pretend to guess what will happen, for I have laid an embargo on my own prophesying. If any change arrives, this letter will, at least, have prepared you for it. Adieu!

LETTER LV.

Strawberry Hill, March 18th, 1764.

As I mean, my dear sir, that my letters should amuse or inform you, I ought not, at least in the first intention, to write them here, whither I generally come to tranquillize myself from folly and bustle, or to compose my mind under any misfortune; my situation at this moment. I have just lost my nephew, Lord Malpas;* a worthy amiable man, whom I have loved from

* George Cholmondeley, eldest son of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. Lord Malpas married Hester, only daughter of Sir Francis Edwards.

his childhood. But my grief is light compared to that of poor Lady Malpas. He married her sixteen years ago, with no considerable portion of beauty, and less fortune, though of an exceedingly good family. As his father's profusion called for his restoring the estate, we lamented this match; but it proved a blessing: there never was a more prudent, estimable woman. They lived in the happiest union. Above two months ago he went to his regiment in Ireland, and came away ill. He arrived in town last Monday, grew immediately worse; it turned to an inflammation in his bowels, and carried him off in five days.

This has been a fatal month. Lord Hardwicke,* Lord Townshend,† and Lord Macclesfield,‡ are all dead. The first immensely rich, and, I at least think, no loss. The second has given everything he could to a housemaid, by whom he had three children; but a great deal reverts to my lady,§ who cannot enjoy that, or her widowhood, as she would have done a few years ago. She is paralytic; and it affects all that pleased one in her — her speech and spirits. Lord Macclesfield had married *his* mistress, or at least other people's—but she was a gentlewoman, and has behaved extremely well. His Tellership of the Exchequer comes by reversion to Mr. Grenville's son.‖

* Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, had been Lord Chancellor.

† Charles Viscount Townshend, son of the Secretary of State.

‡ George Parker, second Earl of Macclesfield.

§ Audrey or Ethelreda, only child of Governor Harrison, a lady of celebrated wit.

‖ Eldest son of George Grenville, and afterwards Earl Temple.

Don't you wonder what has become of our politics? Did not you expect to hear that the Opposition were pushing their almost triumphant arms into every quarter? No such thing; yet Hannibal* is not enervating himself at Capua. A gouty bed is his bed of roses. Mr. Yorke has been confined with his father, and by his death; and Lord Townshend's death has secluded Charles Townshend. This confinement of the generals might account to the world for the suspension of arms; but I believe is not the true cause. Both sides are treating with the abdicated favourite;† and the balance he cannot hold, he can incline as he pleases. When the Parliament rises, I shall expect he will decide.

Lord Clive has been suddenly nominated, by the East India Company, to the empire of Bengal, where Dupleix has taught all our merchants to affect to be King-making Earls of Warwick, and where the chief things they have made are blunders and confusion. It is amazing that our usurpations have not taught the Indians union, discipline, and courage. We are governing nations to which it takes a year to send our orders.‡

I am sorry for what you tell me in your letter of the 18th, that Lord B.§ does not please in Russia;

* Mr. William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham.

† Lord Bute.—Ed.

‡ We manage these matters very differently now-a-days. With the agency of steam at sea, and by an overland journey part of the way, we reduce the voyage between England and India to about *six weeks*.—Ed.

§ John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

for his own particular I am very indifferent, but I have great regard for his aunt, Lady Suffolk,* and know how much it will hurt her if she hears it. That he should be pert *mal à propos*, does not surprize me. He would never have been my choice for such an employment, which ought so little to be given by favour, and is so seldom given for any other reason—so seldom given to a Sir Horace Mann. You know it is my opinion, that the reason of sending so many fools about Europe from all parts of Europe, is, that such are elected whose capacities resemble most the heads of those they are to represent. Adieu! It is time to finish when I attack the *Corps Diplomatique* and the *Patronanza*, though writing to a minister.

P.S. We expect every day to hear of the death of Madame Pompadour. †

LETTER LVI.

Strawberry Hill, April 9th, 1764.

THANK you, thank you for your accounts of the Duke of York, and of the reception you have given

* Henrietta Hobart, Countess dowager of Suffolk.

† Mistress of Louis Quinze, King of France. She was the daughter of a farmer, whose wife, becoming the mistress of M. de Tournehem, promoted the marriage of her daughter with her paramour's nephew, M. d'Etoiles. On her introduction at court, she attracted the admiration of Louis XV., who, in 1745, created her Marchioness of Pompadour. She was avaricious and extravagant, but used great part of her wealth in promoting the fine arts. She interfered frequently in the affairs of government, and encouraged some measures which were very disastrous to France. She died within a month after the above was written, namely, on April 14th, 1764.—ED.

him. Why, you have feasted him as if you were sovereign of Tuscany! But pray, has the marshal consigned to you the revenues of the duchy? I tell you, you will be bankrupt; you will lie above ground in a velvet coffin, like the Spanish ambassadors in Westminster Abbey! I did not doubt but the duke's good humour would charm you, and his ease; but I should tremble at your magnificence, unless he were his own elder brother, and could indemnify you. If the rumour of your banquets reaches Naples, you will have that whole city swarming to Florence, and knocking at your gate for that bread which they want at home. Seriously, I feel for the poor Neapolitans, since St. Januarius has not the secret of feeding them with five loaves and a few small fishes.

We are full of a wonderful book, just published here, by the Chevalier D'Eon, who was secretary to the Duc de Nivernois, and who was made Plenipotentiary in his room, on having carried over the preliminaries, as he had before carried two or three treaties from Petersburgh, for which they never paid him. His honours turned his head, the first consequence of which was his extravagance last October at Lord Halifax's, of which you heard. The affection of Monsieur de Nivernois, and the economy of the Duc de Praslin, concurred to try to place him as secretary with Monsieur de Guerchy. This projected tumble enraged him against innocent Monsieur de Guerchy, and the refusal of his arrears against Praslin. Resentment, pride, and frenzy, precipitated him into a literary war with them.

He was recalled, refused, and indeed did not dare to return. Necessity followed, and has made him abominable, for he has not only published the Duc de Praslin's letters, and abused De Guerchy intolerably, but has sacrificed Nivernois' letters too, and the private correspondence between the latter and Praslin, and has without any provocation printed the letters of a private friend of his own, who is under Praslin, and who speaks of his master in a manner that may ruin himself. Praslin, Nivernois, and Guerchy, were intimate friends; the two former talk to one another of the latter in a tone of tender contempt, which the last can never forgive, as Praslin never can the carelessness of Nivernois. Praslin says of Guerchy, "Je crains ses dépêches comme le feu; notre pauvre Guerchy; il ne sait pas du tout écrire — *mais nous* n'avons de meilleur à employer." I am glad of it; and yet, though Guerchy is no clerk, he is far from being contemptible. The Court of France indeed appears to be so; and, for Monsieur de Praslin, it will suffice to give you the measure of his genius, by telling you of one of his plans,—it was to make the French language universal, by publishing a monthly Review! You are to understand, that beside a thousand curious circumstances, D'Eon's book is full of wit and parts; and what makes it more provoking, our ministers know not what to do, nor how to procure any satisfaction to Guerchy.

I am going to realize the very low ideas I have of modern France, by a journey to Paris. By all I see

and hear, they seem to be sunk in every light; even in the trifles of which they boast themselves, they are gone backwards a century. They are as formal as we were in Queen Anne's days, and believe they make discoveries, when they adopt what we have had these twenty years. For instance, they begin to see beauties in the antique—everything must be *à la Grecque*—accordingly, the lace on their waistcoats is copied from a frieze. Monsieur de Guerchy seeing a Doric fret on a fender at Woburn, which was common before I went abroad, said to the Duchess of Bedford, "Comment! Madame, vous avez là du Grec, sans le savoir!"

A melancholy affair has happened to Lord Ilchester: his eldest daughter, Lady Susan, a very pleasing girl, though not handsome, married herself two days ago at Covent-garden church to O'Brien, a handsome young actor.* Lord Ilchester doated on her, and was the most indulgent of fathers. 'Tis a cruel blow.

Our Parliament is going to rise; an event, which, contrary to custom, will, I fancy, produce politics, instead of suspending them. Lord Bute is returned to town; probably not as a simple spectator. Lord Sandwich's contest at Cambridge has taken a strange turn; the numbers for him and Lord Hardwicke were equal, but both sides pretended to a majority of one. The election broke up in confusion, *et le tout est à recommencer*, with additional heat.

* See the Collective Edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, 1840, vol. iv. p. 104.—Ed.

I am writing to you in my lovely gallery, with sufficient indifference to all those squabbles — yet the perspective of public affairs is not so agreeable as to promise anybody a quiet enjoyment of his gallery long! 'Tis fortunate, however, that France has not *de meilleures têtes à employer!*

LETTER LVII.

Strawberry Hill, May 14th, 1764.

I HAVE received three letters from you, my dear sir, on the back of one another, with accounts of the Duke of York's motions, receptions, and entertainments. I give you a thousand thanks for them; they have amused me as much as I suppose they have vexed the phantoms at Rome.* It must be grievous to them to be nosed on their own Catholic dunghill.

I said you would die insolvent; I now tell you you will kill yourself before you are insolvent. You are not made for such fatigues. I approve what you have done as much as his Royal Highness does; but though you *represent* the strongest nation in the world, you must recollect you are one of its weakest members. Your zeal is right, your expense could not be better placed than for your King's brother; but the Lord send you well out of all this! It hurts me too to think that before your festivities are cold you will receive the news of your brother's death. Be blooded, go to

* The Pretender and his sons.

bed, and compose yourself. I wish poor Dr. Cocchi, with his calm philosophy, was at your elbow; the agitation of your mind and body will give you a fever.

Your brother Ned forgot to tell me of Horace's intended journey to Florence: you know how much I have wished it; and though you differed with me, I foresee the transport with which you will embrace him. He is a most amiable lad, and a very *you* in gentleness.

What shall I tell you of England? Nothing that I can approve or that you must disapprove, therefore I shall say little on it, and desire you will say less. I can never doubt your affection; but I am not so selfish as to expect you should hurt yourself merely to show me that you feel for my friends. In short, you and I are so circumstanced at present that it would not be just in me to make you the depositary of my disgusts; nor wise in you to enter into them. I will therefore only write you news as I used to do, without comments; and you will talk to me in return of things of as little moment. To the immediate purport of this exordium, and to what I am going to tell you, I insist that you make me not one word of reply. If you are silent, I shall know your heart; but if you utter a syllable I will only look upon it as a compliment. Mr. Conway* is turned out of the King's Bedchamber, and out of his regiment. You will judge of my love for you, when even my love for him is silent on such a pro-

* Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis Earl of Hertford, and member for Thetford, was turned out of all his employments for opposing the Administration on the question of the legality of general warrants.

ceeding. One would think that he was actuated by the same motives, for his temper, patience, resignation, are beyond example. His calmness and content prove how much his mind is at ease. He would not bear his sufferings with such fortitude if his conduct had not been as pure as virtue itself. Indeed his philosophy goes farther than I like, for it extends to me. He has insisted that I, who am far from such stoicism, should be as mild as he is. It is difficult to govern one's own passions, but much more hard to let any body else govern them. Yet, here I sit, with my arms folded, and am to wait till Virtue is pleased to acknowledge us as her martyrs. She must make haste, or I shall lose my patience; nay, when she does arrive, I believe I shall be so honest as to tell her that she is obliged to Mr. Conway, not to me, for my wearing her livery.

I will enquire for a ship to send you two copies of D'Eon's book, as you desire. It will divert you extremely. He promises another soon, but I conclude he has wasted his materials already, and that his next publication will make him entirely forgotten. He told people in the park the other day, that Madame de Guerchy, who is remarkably plain, was going to Paris to take Madame de Pompadour's place. We do not hear that it is seriously filled up; I mean in the cabinet, for in the Bedchamber it has long been executed by deputies. Adieu!

LETTER LVIII.

Strawberry Hill, June 8th, 1764.

YOUR red riband is certainly postponed. There was but one vacant, which was promised to General Draper, who, when he thought he felt the sword dubbing his shoulder, was told that my Lord Clive could not conquer the Indies a second time without being a Knight of the Bath. This, however, I think will be but a short parenthesis, for I expect that *heaven-born hero** to return from whence he came, instead of bringing hither all the Mogul's pearls and rubies. Yet, before that happens there will probably be other vacancies to content both Draper and you.

You have a new neighbour coming to you, Mr. William Hamilton,† one of the King's equerries, who succeeds Sir James Gray at Naples. Hamilton is a friend of mine, is son of Lady Archibald, and was aide-de-camp to Mr. Conway. He is picture-mad, and will ruin himself in virtù-land. His wife is as musical as he is connoisseur, but she is dying of an asthma.

I have never heard of the present‡ you mention of the box of essences. The secrets of that prison-house

* Expression of Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, in the House of Commons on Lord Clive.

† Younger son of Lord Archibald Hamilton. Lady Archibald was the supposed mistress of Frederick Prince of Wales. Mr. Hamilton, afterwards Sir William Hamilton, married, secondly, the notorious Emma Hart. He was the intimate friend of Admiral Lord Nelson. Sir William died in England at an advanced age in 1803.—ED.

‡ A present from Sir Horace, I believe, to the Queen.

do not easily transpire, and the merit of any offering is generally assumed, I believe, by the officiating priests.

Lord Tavistock is to be married to-morrow to Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lord Albemarle's sister.

I love to tell you an anecdote of any of our old acquaintance, and I have now a delightful one, relating, yet indirectly, to one of them. You know, to be sure, that Madame de Craon's daughter, Madame de Boufflers, has the greatest power with King Stanislaus. Our old friend the Princess de Craon goes seldom to Luneville for this reason, not enduring to see her daughter on that throne which she so long filled with absolute empire. But Madame de Boufflers, who, from his Majesty's age, cannot occupy *all* the places in the palace that her mother filled, indemnifies herself with his Majesty's Chancellor. One day the lively old monarch said, "Regardez, quel joli petit pied, et la belle jambe! Mon Chancellier vous dira le reste." You know this is the form when a King of France says a few words to his Parliament, and then refers them to his chancellor. I expect to hear a great deal soon of the princess, for Mr. Churchill and my sister are going to settle at Nancy for some time. Adieu!

LETTER LIX.

Strawberry Hill, July 27th, 1764.

I KNOW nothing. This is both my text and my discourse, very entertaining matter for a letter. Yet I

must write to keep up our acquaintance, and to acknowledge your last. You tell me you are disappointed of the Duke of York's return to Florence. *Consolativi*, you will save a little money and more health; two hoards in which you do not too much abound, my dear sir; and though they are not much more durable enjoyments than honour, they are somewhat more comfortable. I believe my Lady Temple* would at this moment be heartily glad to swop situations with you. Princess Amelia is at Stow, where Lady Temple, Sir Richard Lyttelton, and the Duchess of Bridgwater are all wheeled into the room in gouty chairs.

They talk now of our Parliament meeting in November, which is so much sooner than I expected, that perhaps it may prevent my journey to Paris. In the mean time I am going to the Duke of Devonshire's and Lord Strafford's, and design to know my own mind by the time I return.

Well now, can one honestly call this a letter? Can one have less to say when one has nothing to say? Don't think I am gulping and suppressing politics; they are dead asleep. Their *réveil* perhaps will make some noise. Oh! I had forgot D'Eon: they would not allow him time for witnesses, and so he would not plead, and so he was found guilty, and so his sentence cannot be pronounced till next term, which is not till November, and so I suppose he will go off by October; and so, if you and the post would excuse me, I would finish my letter. Monsieur de Guerchy is gone for

* Anna Chamber, wife of Richard Grenville, first Earl Temple.

the summer months. We do not quite believe he will return, as his sojourn here has been but unpleasant. He is an agreeable gentleman-like sort of body, no genius; but so much the better. It is well for us they had no abler to send. Yet he is a match for those he has to treat with.

Poland seems to be the only busy spot upon the globe at present. I was very well acquainted with Czartoriski, their king* that is to be, when he was here. He was a sensible young man, and spoke English very tolerably. Mr. Conway was more intimate with him, and still more so with Poniatowski, his cousin and friend. Yet I do not believe *my* cousin† and friend will go and offer his services to them against General Branicki,‡ though so ill-treated at home. Adieu, my dear sir.

LETTER LX.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 13, 1764.

I AM afraid it is some thousands of days since I wrote to you; but woe is me! how could I help it? Summer will be summer, and peace peace. It is not the fashion to be married, or die in the former, nor to kill or be killed in the latter; and pray recollect if those are not the sources of correspondence. You may perhaps put in a caveat against my plea of peace, and

* Czartoriski was not chosen king, but Poniatowski, by the name of Stanislaus II.

† General Conway.

‡ Another competitor for the crown.

quote Turks Island* upon me; why, to be sure the parenthesis is a little hostile, but we are like a good wife, and can wink at what we don't like to see; besides, the French, like a sensible husband, that has made a slip, have promised us a new topknot, so we have kissed and are very good friends.

The Duke of York returned very abruptly. The town talks of remittances stopped; but as I know nothing of the matter, and you are not only a minister but have the honour of his good graces, I do not pretend to tell you what to be sure you know better than I do.

Old Sir John Barnard† is dead, which he had been to the world for some time; and Mr. Legge.‡ The latter, who was heartily in the minority, said cheerfully just before he died, "that he was going to the majority."

Let us talk a little of the north. Count Poniatowski, with whom I was acquainted when he was here, is King of Poland, and calls himself Stanislaus the Second. This is the sole instance, I believe, upon record, of a second of a name being on the throne while the first was living without having contributed to dethrone him. Old Stanislaus lives to see a line of successors, like Macbeth in the cave of the witches. So much for Poland; don't let us go farther north; we shall find there Alecto

* Which had been seized and taken from us.

† Formerly Lord Mayor of London, and one of the chiefs of the opposition to Sir R. Walpole.

‡ Henry Bilson Legge; he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer.

herself. I have almost wept for poor Ivan! * I shall soon begin to believe that Richard III.† murdered as many folks as the Lancastrian historians say he did. I expect that this Fury will poison her son next, lest Semiramis should have the bloody honour of having been more unnatural. As Voltaire has unpoisoned so many persons of former ages, methinks he ought to do as much for the present time, and assure posterity that there never was such a lamb as Catherine II., and that, so far from assassinating her own husband and Czar Ivan, she wept over every chicken that she had for dinner. How crimes, like fashions, flit from clime to clime! Murder reigns under the Pole, while you, who are in the very town where Catherine de' Medici was born, and within a stone's throw of Rome, where Borgia and his holy father ‡ sent cardinals to the other world by hecatombs, are surprised to hear that there is such an instrument as a stiletto. The papal is now a mere gouty chair, and the good old souls don't even waddle out of it to get a bastard.

* The deposed Czar Ivan, attempting to make his escape, had been murdered; but it is very doubtful whether the Czarina could be privy to his death.

† Mr. Walpole afterwards published his *Historic Doubts* on that subject.

‡ Roderic Borgia, a Spaniard, who, in 1492, was elected Pope, when he changed his name for that of Alexander VI. Cæsar Borgia and Lucretia Borgia were his illegitimate children. The memory of all three is held in detestation. After numerous acts of savage cruelty, the Pope, in conjunction with his son, invited Corveto and eight other newly created cardinals to a banquet, intending to poison them, in order to appropriate their revenues. The deadly draught was, however, by some mistake, administered to the contrivers of the plot. Alexander died the following day, Aug. 3, 1503, in great agony; but his son escaped by the timely application of powerful antidotes.—Ed.

Well, good night! I have no more monarchs to chat over; all the rest are the most Catholic or most Christian, or most something or other that is divine; and you know one can never talk long about folks that are only excellent. One can say no more about Stanislaus *the first* than that he is the best of beings. I mean, unless they do not deserve it, and then their flatterers can hold forth upon their virtues by the hour.

LETTER LXI.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21st, 1764.

In your letter of September 22nd, which I received but yesterday, you make excuses, my dear sir, for your silence; but in good truth I fear I am not less culpable on that head. I have for many years pleaded summer and the country; you must add to the account now, that I am not only in the country, but in the minority; and you may be sure folks that are disposed to blame, are not told anything that can be kept from them. London, whither I stroll now and then, is a desert. As the Parliament is not to meet till after Christmas, both armies remain in summer quarters. We, *i. e.* the offensive army, have lost one of our generals, the Duke of Devonshire.* He has left General Conway five thousand pounds, which at least was not got out of the plunder. The Duke of Cumberland was reported dead three weeks ago,

* William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

and the enemy still insist upon his dying; but he has escaped marvellously, by the help of St. Antony's fire, and though they have a good deal of luck, yet not having the Czarina's luck, I think for this time they will be disappointed. You see how frankly I write to hostile quarters, and even by the foe's couriers; but you know, no situation can alter my affection to you, and as usual, I am most indifferent who opens my letters.

I do not wonder you have thought me in France; I have been going and going like an auctioneer's hammer; but I think now that I shall wait the opening of the campaign, and not go till early in the spring. I would not seem a deserter, but have little taste for this warfare. It neither suits my age nor inclinations, which can amuse themselves much better than with politics.

I was pleased with the cardinal's* attention to his father on the subject of Amphitryon Duke of York. It would have been a cruel close of his no-reign to have been witness to that triumph. I speak this from pure compassion, not being at all like patriots of former days, whose principles veered to Albano† the moment they left St. James's; but I could never conceive why liking one court less, made them like any other more. I shall live and die in my old-fashioned Whiggism, be the mode what it will.

* The Cardinal-Duke of York, second son of the Pretender. Edward Duke of York, the king's brother, was then at Rome.

† The Pretender had a villa at Albano.

I am writing to you by Mr. Chute's bedside, who is laid up here with the gout. It is not one of his bad fits, which his perseverance in water does not suffer to come so often as they wish. He desires me to say a thousand kind things to you. As my gout cannot boast of so ancient a descent, I easily keep it in order by the same abstinence. If we had minded good advice from professors of gout, or bad advice from physicians, I do not doubt but he would be now in his grave, and I half a cripple; but we defy wine and all its works. I believe in it no more than in physic. James's powder is my panacea; that is, it always shall be, for, thank God! I am not apt to have occasion for medicines; but I have such faith in this powder, that I believe I should take it if the house were on fire. Have you ever had any of it sent to you? or shall I send you a parcel of papers?

Well, we bid you good night; we have nothing more to tell you; Mr. Chute is going to sleep, and I and my dogs are retiring to the library.

LETTER LXII.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15th, 1764.

CHURCHILL the poet* is dead,—to the great joy of the ministry and the Scotch, and to the grief of very few

* This once famous satirist died of a fever, Nov. 4, 1764, in his thirty-fourth year. "His poetical reputation," says one of his biographers, "seems to have been uniformly declining from the time of his death, and is never likely again to surmount the obstacles of temporary and unpleasing subjects, and careless execution."—ED.

indeed, I believe; for such a friend is not only a dangerous, but a ticklish possession. The next revolution would have introduced the other half of England into his satires, for no party could have promoted him, and woe had betided those who had left him to shift for himself on Parnassus! He had owned that his pen itched to attack Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend; and neither of them are men to have escaped by their steadiness and uniformity. This meteor blazed scarce four years; for his Rosciad was subsequent to the accession of the present King, before which his name was never heard of; and what is as remarkable, he died in nine days after his antagonist, Hogarth.* Were I Charon, I should, without scruple, give the best place in my boat to the latter, who was an original genius. Churchill had great powers; but, besides the facility of outrageous satire, almost all his compositions were wild and extravagant, executed on no plan, and void of the least correction. Many of his characters were obscure even to the present age; and some of the most known were so unknown to *him*, that he has missed all resemblance; of which Lord Sandwich

* Hogarth died in the October of this year. His connexion with the Court, as serjeant-painter to the King, induced him to engage against Wilkes and his friends, in a print entitled "The Times," published in 1762. This, having drawn upon him severe strictures in the North Briton, was followed by his well-known caricature of Wilkes, which occasioned an angry epistle to the painter by Churchill. Hogarth retaliated by a caricature of the satirical divine, representing him as a bear with a ragged staff. Speaking of this quarrel, Horace Walpole said, "Never did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity." Hogarth was buried at Chiswick, under an elegant mausoleum, decorated with a poetical inscription by his friend Garrick.—Ed.

is a striking instance. He died of a drunken debauch at Calais, on a visit to his friend Wilkes, who is going to write notes to his works. But he had lived long enough for himself, at least for his reputation and his want of it, for his works began to decrease considerably in vent. He has left some sermons, for he wrote even sermons; but lest they should do any good, and for fear they should not do some hurt, he had prepared a dedication of them to Bishop Warburton, whose arrogance and venom had found a proper corrector in Churchill. I don't know whether this man's fame had extended to Florence; but you may judge of the noise he made in this part of the world by the following trait, which is a pretty instance of that good breeding on which the French pique themselves. My sister* and Mr. Churchill are in France; a Frenchman asked him if he was Churchill *le fameux poëte?* "Non"—"Ma foi, monsieur, tant pis pour vous!"

Wilkes and Churchill, you know, were father and mother of D'Eon. This madman has begotten another, or rather has transmuted his old enemy De Vergy into an ally. The latter having been ten months in prison for debt, has been redeemed by D'Eon, and in gratitude, or in concert, has printed (and sent about) a French *North-Briton*, in which he pretends to confess that he was brought over by Monsieur de Guerchy to cut

* Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert Walpole Earl of Orford, by his second wife, and married to Charles son of General Charles Churchill.

D'Eon's throat. This legend is so ill put together that, on the face of it, it confutes itself. However, he has tacked an affidavit or oath to it; and I hear within these three days he has deposed the same on oath before Judge Wilmot. I am not positive that the last is fact, or whether it does not grow out of the printed affidavit, which I have read. However, the whole embroil is vexatious enough to poor Guerchy, who is in a country where to have any scandal believed it is not necessary to swear to it. His very being a foreigner would induce half this good town to supply the affidavit, without knowing anything of the matter.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 25th.

I had locked up this letter in town and forgot it, when I went to Park-place. It does not signify; my news were of no consequence, and may as well come a week later as not. D'Eon has been cited to receive his sentence in the King's Bench, but absconded. That court issued a search-warrant for him, and a house was broken open, but he was not there. Thus that interlude is almost concluded. Wilkes is, I hear, going to Italy, so you will probably see one of these Sacheverells.

Sir Thomas Clarke, the Master of the Rolls, is dead; and makes some alteration in politics. Norton,* a man whom the world has heard of, and I suppose you too, succeeds him, and Charles Yorke reaccepts the

* Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons and Baron Grantley.

Attorney General's place. This will decrease our ill-starred minority by some votes; but England cannot pay its friends so well as the ministers of England can pay theirs. Well, it all will expedite my journey to France, whither I have so long designed and wished to go, and for which I am in earnest preparing.

I have been in town to hear Manzuoli.* He is not so great as I expected, nor has such pleasing tones as Elisi, though a very fine singer. The Duke of York came into our box, and said a thousand gracious and kind things to me of you, and how sorry he had been to disappoint you in not returning to Florence. I told him how very happy I should make you by this account of his royal highness's goodness. Prince William is Duke of Gloucester, with twelve thousand pounds a-year, like the Duke of York. The papers persisted in creating him Duke of Lancaster. I will tell you my reflection on this. What authority we should think it, if we *could* meet with a Daily Advertiser printed in the reign of Edward I.! if it told us he had created one of his sons Duke of Twickenham, should not we say, that must be true; a paper printed

* Giovanni Manzuoli, having attained much celebrity in Italy and Spain, arrived here in 1764. Dr. Burney thus describes his *début*: "The expectations which the vast reputation of this performer had excited were so great, that at the opening of the theatre in November, with the *pasticcio* of Ezio, it was with much difficulty I obtained a place, after waiting two hours at the door. Manzuoli's voice was the most powerful and voluminous soprano that had been heard on our stage since the time of Farinelli; and his manner of singing was grand and full of dignity. The lovers of music in London were more unanimous in approving his voice and talents than those of any other singer within my memory." Manzuoli remained in London only one season.—Ed.

in the capital could not assert a fact which every mortal could contradict? Yet, how are our old histories written? By monks at fifty or an hundred miles perhaps from the metropolis, when there was no post, scarce a highway: those reverend fathers must have been excellently well-informed! I scarcely believe even a battle they relate—never their details.

Adieu! my dear sir; it will not be three months before I am nearer to you by some miles, and with no sea betwixt us—but I fear we shall not meet yet; I don't know.

P.S. I ought to tell you how excessively Manzuoli was applauded.

LETTER LXIII.

Arlington Street, December 20, 1764.

I TOLD you in my last that Mr. Yorke was to be Attorney-General, but it has ended in his accepting a patent of precedence over the solicitor. Nothing can surpass the foolish figure he has made, which has exposed him to the derision of both sides—and the sum total is, that this is the first time that a Yorke ever did anything but for money, and yet has been in the wrong.

Yesterday died that man of bustle and noisy name, the Primate of Ireland:* a sacrifice to drunkenness, which, however, was but a libation to ambition, for he was forced to drown his own intellects that he might

* Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.

govern the no-understandings of the Irish—indeed, he succeeded; and from the lowest state of unpopularity had raised himself to full power. You and I remember a primate* who had all the vices of this, and not much inferior parts, but who loved his vices as sages pretend to love virtue, for their own sakes. If Stone did not shine by his gratitude and moderation, at least he had unbounded charity and generosity, and whatever mischief he did, revenge was never the ingredient. I do not think the administration will be disposed to place the metropolitan mitre on an able head again in haste; and I am sure, in that case, they will have little difficulty to furnish themselves to their minds from the English bench, whence I hear the choice is to be made.

You will be concerned to hear, what perhaps will not surprise you more than it did me; the Duke and Duchess of Grafton are parted; on most honourable terms: he alleges nothing but disagreement of tempers, and she readily takes that blame on herself; though in truth, I never saw a case of less mutual complaisance. He gives her her jointure of three thousand pounds a year, and an allowance for their daughter and youngest son; which last, however, is to remain with her but till he is old enough to be taken from the women. The affair has been transacted as a contention of civility and generosity, and yet I think the duke has taken his final resolution.

I know nothing of the Duke of York's squadron going

* Monsieur de Beauvau, eldest son of the Prince de Craon, a Primate of Lorraine.

to the Mediterranean, nor should think that either love or politics would carry him thither again. He has just got an addition of three thousand pounds a-year on Ireland: his palace is delightful, and he has already given a ball there to Princess Amelie, at which I was, and where he again mentioned you fully, and with the greatest goodness.

My journey to Paris is fixed for some time in February, where I hear I may expect to find Madame de Boufflers,* Princess of Conti. Her husband is just dead; and you know the House of Bourbon have an alacrity at marrying their old mistresses.† She was here last year, being extremely infected with the *Anglo-manie*, though I believe pretty well cured by her journey. She is past forty, and does not appear ever to have been handsome, but is one of the most agreeable and sensible women I ever saw; yet I must tell you a trait of her that will not prove my assertion. Lady Holland asked her how she liked Strawberry-Hill? She owned she did not approve of it, and that it was not *digne de la solidité Angloise*. It made me laugh for a quarter of an hour. They allot us a character we have not, and then draw consequences from that idea, which would be absurd, even if the idea were just. One must not build a Gothic house because the nation is *solide*. Perhaps, as everything now in France must be *à la Grecque*, she

* This was not the Marquise de Boufflers, daughter of the Prince de Craon, and favourite of King Stanislaus, mentioned in a former letter, but the Comtesse de Boufflers, mistress of the Prince de Conti.

† Louis XIV. married Madame de Maintenon, and his son was supposed to be married to Mademoiselle Chouin.

would have liked a hovel if it pretended to be built after Epictetus's—but Heaven forbid that I should be taken for a philosopher! Is it not amazing that the most sensible people in France can never help being domineered by sounds and general ideas? Now everybody must be a *géomètre*, now a *philosophe*, and the moment they are either, they are to take up a character and advertise it: as if one could not study geometry for one's amusement or for its utility, but one must be a geometrician at table, or at a visit! So the moment it is settled at Paris that the English are solid, every Englishman must be wise, and, if he has a good understanding, he must not be allowed to play the fool. As I happen to like both sense and nonsense, and the latter better than what generally passes for the former, I shall disclaim, even at Paris, the *profondeur*, for which they admire us; and I shall not cease to admire Madame de Boufflers, though her nonsense is not the result of nonsense, but of sense, and consequently not the genuine nonsense that I honour. When she was here, she read a tragedy in prose to me, of her own composition, taken from the Spectator: the language is beautiful and so are the sentiments.

There is a Madame de Beaumont * who has lately written a very pretty novel, called Lettres du Marquis du Roselle. It is imitated, too, from an English standard, and in my opinion a most woeful one; I mean the works of Richardson, who wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison, which

* Wife of Monsieur Elie de Beaumont, a celebrated lawyer.

are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller,* and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher: but Madame de Beaumont has almost avoided sermons, and almost reconciled sentiments and common sense. Read her novel—you will like it.

LETTER LXIV.

Arlington Street, Jan. 13th, 1765.

ARE not you growing impatient for news, now the Parliament is opened? Here is a new year begun, the twenty-fourth of our correspondence! Orestes and Pylades are not to be named with us; their friendship would have cooled in a quarter of the time. Well, what do you expect? that, having lost all our chiefs, we have laid down our arms, and been fined in the Starchamber, or what would come to much the same thing for the people, that we have sold our remnant of opposition for half-a-dozen pensions? You are mis-

* Richardson was not a bookseller, but a printer.—W. His novels were exceedingly popular at the time of their publication. Sir Walter Scott observes, "It is no disrespect to Richardson to say, that he could not have had many opportunities of seeing the manners of high life; for society is formed upon principles different entirely from a selection of the best and wisest men; and the author's condition, though far from being low, indigent, or disreputable, placed him in an humbler and happier rank. But there is one sort of good-breeding which is natural and unchangeable; and another, which, consisting of an acquaintance with the evanescent manners and fashions of the day, is merely conventional, and is perpetually changing, like the modes of dress observed in the same circles. *The principles of the first are imprinted in every bosom of sense and delicacy.*"—ED.

taken; there are a few drops of Mercian and Cambrian blood still left in our veins. The Address on Thursday went unanimously, in answer to a very tame speech; but not till after a very spirited dialogue between Mr. Conway and Mr. Grenville, in which the former shone greatly, painting in strong colours the scandalous treatment he had received from a *profligate* administration; the epithet was his, but I believe will remain theirs. Lord Granby* declared warmly against dismissions of officers for their conduct in Parliament. This prologue was brief, but smart. We shall probably have nothing particular till Tuesday se'nnight, which is fixed for a renewal of the great question on the Warrants, the subject of which has been revived by a large pamphlet, that is in the highest vogue, called an Inquiry into the Doctrine of Libels. Though bulky, it is already at its third edition; nor can all the court-lawyers, court-scribblers, or court-liars, hitherto frame an answer to it. They nibble at its heels, but cannot fix a tooth in it.

The King's speech acquainted us with a future marriage between his youngest sister† and the Prince

* John, Marquis of Granby.

† The Princess Matilda, born after the death of her father, Frederick Prince of Wales, and married on the 1st of October 1766, to Christian, King of Denmark, who had recently succeeded to the crown. He regarded his consort with suspicion and dislike, though she possessed the most amiable qualities. Her intimacy with the minister Struensee, it will be recollected, formed a ground of criminal accusation against her. The Queen was imprisoned, until the Court of St. James's insisted upon her release. She was then conveyed to the city of Zell, in the Electorate of Hanover, where she died, March 10, 1775.—Ed.

Royal of Denmark. Princess Louisa, who is older, and has a very pretty face, is of uncommonly small stature, and unhealthy.

There is another approaching wedding notified, between Lord Shelburne and Lady Sophia Carteret, the only child of our old friend Lady Sophia Fermor, by Lord Granville. Her face has the beauty of neither, and is like her half-sisters;* but her air and person would strike you from the strong resemblance to her mother. She has above thirty thousand pounds, and he two and twenty thousand a-year. Their children will have the seeds in them of some extraordinary qualities, look whither you will.

There has been a bustle in the cabinet, more remarkable for its symptoms than its effects. That busy ambitious prelate, Stone, is dead, as I told you I think in my last. Mr. Grenville, believing himself possessed of power, because he runs all the risk of it, offered the archiepiscopal mitre about the town, without remembering to ask if it was in his disposal. Two English bishops declined it. Lord Granby then solicited it for his tutor, Ewer of Llandaff, and was supported by the imaginary minister; but the *Lord Lieutenant* (the most acute commentators read, *Lord Bute*) carried off the primacy for Robinson, Bishop of Kildare. The Duke of Bedford, still more a phantom than Grenville, imagined he could obtain the nomination, and demanded it for a Scoto-Hibernian, Bishop Carmichael; but the

* The Countess of Cowper and the Marchioness of Tweeddale younger daughters of Lord Granville by his first wife.

Scotch are too wise for many of them to embark in that channel.

Well, well! all this is paltry, and not in the great style of our country; these are such little cabals as happen in every nation. 'Tis the marvellous, the eccentric, that characterizes Englishmen. Come, you shall have an event in the genuine taste, and before it has been pawed and vulgarized. It is fresh this very day. There is somebody dead somewhere—strong marks of novelty you see—in Somersetshire or Wiltshire, I think, who has left two hundred thousand pounds* to Mr. Pitt, to Mr. William Pitt, to *the* Mr. Pitt, the man who frightened the great Mogul so three years ago, and who had liked to have tossed the Kings of France and Spain in a blanket, if somebody had not cut a hole in it and let them slip through. Somebody the first, was called Pinsent or Vincent—the town and I are not sure of the name yet; but it is certain he never saw the said Mr. Pitt—I hope that was not the best reason for the legacy. The parson of the parish, who made the will, has sent word to Hayes† that it is lodged in the housekeeper's hands, who has command from the defunct not to deliver it but to the legatee, or order. Unluckily, Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout in his hand, and cannot even sign the order; however, Lady Chatham has sent for the will, and it is supposed her order will suffice. You may depend on all this latter part; I had it but

* Sir William Pynsent's legacy to Mr. Pitt was worth about forty thousand pounds. The "two hundred thousand," asserted by popular report, was in the usual style of exaggeration.—Ed.

† Villa of Mr. Pitt, near Bromley, in Kent.

two hours ago from Lady Temple, whose lord has been to Hayes this morning on this affair. The deceased, it seems, had voted against the first Treaty of Utrecht, and had lived to see a second.* I do believe now that this country will be saved at last, for we shall have real patriots, when the Opposition pays better than the Court. Don't you think that Mr. Pitt would give half his legacy that he had never accepted a pension? It is very singular; ten thousand pounds from old Marlborough,† a reversion of a great estate from Jack Spencer, and this fortune out of the clouds! Lord Bath indeed —but I never heard it was for his virtues or services —was in so many testaments, that they used to call him emphatically, *Will* Pulteney—it is more pleasant to be called *Will* Pitt from such tributes to his merit. Adieu till the next big event.

LETTER LXV.

Arlington Street, Feb. 11th, 1765.

You have, no doubt, expected to hear from me for some time; but every week does not produce events, nor every session revolutions. We have had but one remarkable day since my last letter to you. It was on the old, but important question of General Warrants;

* The Treaty of Paris.

† The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough left Mr. Pitt ten thousand pounds, and her grandson, John Spencer, entailed the Sunderland estate upon him after his own son; but that son, afterwards Earl Spencer, cut off that entail as soon as he came of age.

and, if it is remembered, it will be owing more to the weight of the subject than to the discussion. We sat till near six in the morning; but as the debate had been so exhausted last year, and has been so agitated in print ever since, you cannot marvel if it produced little new. The numbers on the division were 224, to 185. I expected that we of the minority should be fewer, considering the deaths, accidents, and desertions that have happened. It is even comfortable to find that there are one hundred and eighty-five men who prefer anything to their interest; and though beaten, we extorted an universal confession that general warrants are illegal; what excuse they who made this confession left to themselves for not going farther, let their posterity tell by their blushes! One man, indeed, there was who had the front not to condemn himself in the same manner, I mean Norton the Attorney General—when he stabs a parent, he does not, like Brutus, cover his face. The hero of the day was the famous Colonel Barré—a man, or I am mistaken, whose fame will not stop here. He spoke with infinite wit and humour, and with that first of merits to me, novelty: his manner is original. He spoke too with extreme bitterness, which is almost new again; so civil have Parliaments been of late. He commended the present Secretaries of State, but foresaw it possible that, if one of them should die, his successor might be the most dissolute and abandoned sad dog in the kingdom. There sat Sandwich under the gallery, while the whole house applied the picture to him! not a word was offered in his

defence. You will ask if he was thunderstruck? yes, say those who were near him. Yet so well did he recover the blow that at three in the morning he commenced an intrigue with a coffee-girl, who attends in the Speaker's chambers.

Mr. Pitt, whom we begin to know only by tradition, was laid up with the gout; so he is still, which postpones any farther questions from the Opposition, as he has deigned to promise his countenance, if he can get to town. You have seen in all the papers the great fortune that has been left to him by Sir William Pynsent, an old whig baronet, who quitted the world on the treaty of Utrecht, and lived to pass this just censure on its counterpart, the Treaty of Paris. 'Tis a noble testimonial; and yet, if vice and virtue fight with the same weapon, gold, I fear the odds will be on the side of the former! Few *sad dogs* will wait for last wills and testaments.

We are likely to have another solemn puppet show, the trial of a peer. Lord Byron has killed a Mr. Chaworth in a duel at a tavern. I, who should like the trial of a Laud or a Strafford, as a wholesome spectacle now and then, am not interested about an obscure lord, whose birth alone procures his being treated like an overgrown criminal. This quarrel was about game; and the very topic should send it to the Quarter Sessions.

Lord Milton has desired me to make his and my lady's acknowledgments to you for your civilities to Mr. Damer. I was desired too, to mention to you the

future arrival of Earl Berkeley; but I do not know him, nor trouble my head about him. You are attention itself to everybody; an Earl would naturally not escape you: that is full enough.

You will ask when I go to Paris? It is the question I ask my friends every day. Probably now not till the Parliament rises, as the session is likely to end by Easter. At present I am confined with a bad cold, which I increased at our late day, and a fever; but as I shall take James's powder to-night, you may be sure that I shall be quite well to-morrow. Adieu!

LETTER LXVI.

Arlington Street, March 26, 1765.

I DON'T remember the day when I was reduced to complain, in winter and Parliament-tide, of having nothing to say. Yet it is this kind of nothing that has occasioned my long silence. There has not been an event, from a debate to a wedding, capable of making a paragraph. Such calms often forerun storms: the worst fits of the gout befall those who are not subject to little fevers.

Our eyes have been lately turned to very serious danger; the King has been extremely ill, with a fever, violent cough, and a humour fallen on his breast. He was blooded four times, recovered enough to take the air, but caught new cold, and was cupped last Friday. However, he has been out in his chaise every day since,

and we trust the danger is over; though I doubt he is not quite well. You will shudder at the idea of such a long minority at such a time, and not wonder if all parties were equally alarmed. The Duke of Cumberland's state is less precarious, his fate more certain, and verging fast to a conclusion; yet he has ordered his equipages for Newmarket, and persists in going thither if he is alive; he seems indifferent both where he dies, and when.

This is absolutely the whole of my public gazette. Nor have I anything private to tell you.

We have got the renowned Schoualoff* here; he does not answer my expectation, whatever he did the late Czarina's—that is, he is large, and not handsome. We expect lord Buckingham every hour, who has been at the Hague some time, where he hovers on the wings of a husband, not of a lover. Perhaps you wonder more at my being still here: I have now fixed the first of June for my journey to Paris, for having advanced so far towards the spring, I cannot resign Lilac-tide and the month of May at Strawberry-hill. I do not propose passing Paris, nor shall break a spear against the Wild Beast† in the Gevaudan, which the French seem as much afraid of as if the soul of Mr. Pitt

* Count Schoualoff, favourite and supposed husband of the Czarina Elizabeth. He was a most worthy man, and though he enjoyed absolute power for twelve years, did not do an injury or make an enemy.

† Prodigious was the noise made about that beast, which was believed to be really some famished or mad wolves. At last, in the following summer, a very large one was killed by a peasant and carried to Versailles, where I saw it in the Queen's antechamber, and the peasant who killed it, as if it had been a public enemy!

had transmigrated into a hyena. The peasants believe it to be a sorcerer, and one of them swears that it said to him as it leaped a river, "N'est-ce pas assez bien sauter pour un homme de quatre-vingt ans?"—Pray set this against our ghost in Cock-lane; then cast up the two accounts, and tell me how much this age is enlightened! How little Sir Isaac Newton thought that in little more than thirty years he should be less talked of than a second dragon of Wantley!

What part does Wilkes take at Rome? Does he condescend, like Lord Bolingbroke, to be first minister to the Pretender? or does he give the Pope the lie, and tell him that the Jesuits deserved to be annihilated? or will he, like Bonneval and Riperda, turn Mussulman at last? Lord Temple is a *caput mortuum* since Churchill died and Wilkes was banished. But this state of inaction cannot last; England must sail into another latitude, before it ceases to produce extraordinary head-pieces. I could comment at large on this text, but I may as well dismiss you, as write revelations instead of a letter. Good night!

LETTER LXVII.

Arlington Street, May 11th, 1765.

MR. STANLEY, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, has done me the honour of desiring a letter of recommendation to you, as he is going to pass the summer in Italy. His character and abilities must be too

well known to you to make my interest in your friendship necessary, even if he should wish for greater share in your acquaintance than your constant attention and good nature direct you to offer to your countrymen in general: yet it is so flattering to me to seem to contribute to your connection, that when I beg you to exceed your common civilities on his account, I am determined to please myself with thinking that you do it on mine.

LETTER LXVIII.

Strawberry Hill, May 14th, 1765.

You must be surprised at my silence: it has been of longer duration than I ever practised with regard to you, my dear sir, except in the most inactive months of summer. It commenced indeed for want of matter—it has continued from incessant occupation. For some time I had nothing to tell you, but the trial of Lord Byron, a solemn scene for a worthless man, but whose former faults had given handle to ill-nature to represent him as guilty of an event, which truly it had been very difficult for him to avoid. He escaped with life; and recovered some portion of honour, if that can comfort him, after the publicity made of his character, and the misfortune of killing an amiable man, but one not blameless in the late instance.

This whole history has, however, been totally swal-

lowed up and forgotten for some weeks in a memorable discussion, in which, though the generality of the world has been much more indifferent to it than I could possibly have expected, the political agents and spectators have been deeply interested; and which, if it should not suddenly produce the consequences that ought naturally to attend it, may give birth to very serious events sooner or later. It has occupied me so much, that for above a month I have totally neglected every other avocation. The detail I could not give under many voluminous pages: I will endeavour to sketch out enough of the great lines to give you some insight into the present strange situation of affairs; and as I mean to send this by a private hand to Paris, though it may retard its journey, I shall speak to you more openly than I have chosen to do for these two or three years, more from attention to your interest than to my own, which I have plainly not considered, and of which you know I have never been very careful.

My Lady Denbigh* told me, at the very beginning of this winter, that when Monsieur Chavigny was minister here from France several years ago, he said to her, "I have observed, that when the warmest sessions have been expected in Parliament, they have proved the most inactive; and then when all was thought to be over, somebody has cried out, 'Voilà un lièvre!' Another has replied, 'Il n'y a point de lièvre;' and at last everybody has run to see if there was a hare or not." This I have known to be a very

* Isabella de Jonghe, a Dutchwoman.

just remark, twice at least in my memory; formerly, on the Marriage Act, and the bill of Regency in 1751; and now it tallies to the occasion, as if drawn from it.

The King's late illness, and the precariousness of his health, naturally pointed to a provision for a regency; but many secret causes seem to impede the necessary steps. The propriety of the Queen being regent was combated by the jealousy such a declaration might give the princess; and the known and almost avowed hatred between Lord Bute and the present ministry, made both sides averse to the measure. *They* hoped to secure their power if the King should die without such a provision; and *he* could not wish to declare a council of regency, which would either confirm his enemies in their station or oblige him to remove them immediately, to which the irresolution of his nature, and the difficulty of supplying their places, did not incline him; for the Scotch he did not dare to bring more forward. The Tories are too contemptible to be raised, and the Opposition seem more hostile to him than to the ministers. The measure was, however, so pressed upon him that he yielded, and the King himself notified his intention to the Cabinet-council, of which the five chieftains were in strict union, that is, the Chancellor,* the Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two secretaries.† Judge of their surprise, in this situation of things, when they learned that the regent was to be reserved, *in petto*, to the King's secret nomination; that *any one* of the royal family might

* Lord Northington. † The Earls of Sandwich and Halifax.

be the person ; and that the King's four brothers and uncle were to be left out of the council, but with a civil intimation that four of the five might be admitted by the four nominations which the King had reserved to himself, as his grandfather had done. Nothing could have been devised less palatable to the princes, to the ministers, or to the people. From the first band, however, there were heard few murmurs except from the Duke of Cumberland, who determined in person to oppose the bill. The people, who have little affection for any one person concerned, waited both for the event and its consequences with much indifference ; and though egged on a little by some of the Opposition, and more by the Administration, have taken little or no part in the affair. But the ministers have not been so neutral. Their first step was, to be disgusted ; their next, to swallow their disgusts, and keep their places. Then they grumbled, and prevailed to have the Queen's name inserted, though merely as one that might be regent. Then came the bill itself in the House of Lords. There Lord Lyttelton moved to address the King to name the person he would recommend for Regent; but the motion was rejected by a great majority, after Lord Temple and eight more lords had divided against the whole bill (after which Lord Temple attended it no more). I should have told you, that after the bill had been read the first time, the King gave up the four secret nominations, and recommended the five princes, reserving only a power of filling up their

places, if any of them should die, by a secret act. On this the Duke of Cumberland went to Newmarket.

On the second reading, a doubt was started whether the Princess Dowager is of the royal family. The Chancellor, who had been of the contrary opinion in council, declared she was; Lord Mansfield, who had in council agreed with the Chancellor, would not tell his opinion in the house, and absented himself. In this uncertainty, the Duke of Richmond proposed to insert the name of the princess in the bill; but the motion was rejected. The very next day, to the astonishment of mankind, Lord Halifax,* by the King's order, as was understood, moved the specific words of the Duke of Richmond, (which, I should have mentioned, restrained the persons capable of being regent to the princess and the descendants of the late King, resident in England,) singly omitting the Princess of Wales—and it passed. The consternation of the princess's and Lord Bute's friends soon informed the world how little they approved, or had been acquainted with, a stroke that stigmatized the King's mother by act of Parliament! The truth I believe is, that the Duke of Bedford and the two secretaries had surprised the

* Lord Halifax, and some said Lord Sandwich too, went suddenly to the Queen's house, and taking the King by surprise, told him that the House of Commons would certainly exclude the Princess Dowager from the bill, which would be such a disgrace, that his Majesty had better propose himself to omit her name. He consented; and Lord Halifax drove as fast as possible to the House of Lords, where very few were yet assembled, and made the motion, whispering, that it was by his Majesty's command, and then immediately moved to adjourn the house, before any of the princess's and Lord Bute's friends were arrived.

King into an acquiescence with this most indecent and outrageous measure, and had not given him time to consider, communicate, or retract it.

From the Lords then came the bill to us. In the meantime Mr. Pitt, who has not once honoured us with his presence this session, and who was announced as a determined opposer of the whole bill, was opportunely seized with a fit of the gout—and probably waits the event of this amazing confusion. Men of common sense concluded, that when so popular a point was gained, the bill would run its course without interruption: but my friends,* who are not exquisite in distinguishing between little objects and great, and who did not see, what every mortal else saw, the disunion between the Court and the Administration, and transported at being delivered from their apprehensions of being checked or traversed by Mr. Pitt, who will not connect with them, went on haggling about, and squabbling for or against every trifle in the bill, and succeeding in none. Those very impediments, like a turnstile which hinders you, but does not stop you, gave time to the Court to rally their spirits and assume their indignation; the consequence of which was, that the Tories actually moved to reinstate the name of the princess. Nor were the Ministers idle; but by every gross art and encouragement plied the Opposition to reject the motion, giving them room to expect their support. The Duke of Cumberland's resentment, the Duke of Newcastle's folly, and

* The Opposition.

the violence of some of the young men, joined in this senseless and provoking insult: but the greater part, from unwillingness to make themselves desperate, from more temper, or from more experience, or from a sensible desire of widening and profiting by so unexpected a breach, refused to concur in this phrenzy; accordingly the motion passed, with slight opposition and no division—yet the next day, on the report, the Duke of Bedford's friends openly, and Grenville more covertly, drew the senseless zealots into a division, which at last proved but 39 to 169: the Duke of Bedford's friends retiring rather than vote *for* the princess.

Still the great difficulty remained, to make the lords eat their words,—but it proved no difficulty at all. Sandwich moved to agree to our amendment, and Bedford and Halifax sat silent, the latter making the most abject and contemptible figure one can conceive.

Well! I have contrived to crowd this transaction, so fruitful of events and revolutions, into one sheet of paper. You will be curious to know the consequences; and so am I; yet I much question whether any material will follow. If they do not, the Opposition may thank themselves. Lord Bute may affect to be satisfied with having set aside a mark, that will remain indelible; and the mean part the ministers have acted, may make him think he can nowhere find tools who will submit to greater indignities. If he doubts the King's life, he may fear to show his resentment. Yet the affront is so glaring, while at least Lord Halifax remains unpunished, that one can scarce

conceive no vengeance being exercised. Still it remains to be seen if Mr. Pitt will not once more be sent for. His terms may be high, and yet surely it is worth while to grant any! But I will reason no farther,—remember this letter is for no eye but your own.

Mr. Stanley, who has negotiated so much at Paris, where he is in the highest vogue, has desired me to give him a letter to you, as he is going to Italy for the summer. I am very well acquainted with him, but have no friendship; yet I should wish you to be particularly attentive to him, and for your own sake. He has very good parts, much knowledge, and good-breeding, but his manner is not agreeable. I only warn you to be upon your guard: don't talk of *me* more than is necessary, nor of politics more than you can help. In these distractions, I do not know which way he particularly leans, and you had better seem willing to be informed by him, than already instructed.

The papers tell me your nephew and Lady Lucy are married, on which I congratulate you; but I know no more of it. Indeed, as I told you in the outset, all my late ideas have been absorbed in politics—not to get deeper into them, but to spy an opportunity of retreating: it is terrible to have to do with many fools, and not with enough! Adieu!

LETTER LXIX.

Arlington Street, May 25, 1765, sent by way of Paris.

My last I think was of the 16th. Since that we have had events of almost every sort. A whole administration dismissed, taken again, suspended, confirmed; an insurrection; and we have been at the eve of a civil war. Many thousand weavers rose, on a bill for their relief being thrown out of the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford. For four days they were suffered to march about the town with colours displayed, petitioning the King, surrounding the House of Lords, mobbing and wounding the Duke of Bedford, and at last besieging his house, which, with his family, was narrowly saved from destruction. At last it grew a regular siege and blockade; but by garrisoning it with horse and foot literally, and calling in several regiments, the tumult is appeased. Lord Bute rashly taking advantage of this unpopularity of his enemies, advised the King to notify to his ministers that he intended to dismiss them,—and by this step, no succedaneum being prepared, reduced his Majesty to the alternative of laying his crown at the foot of Mr. Pitt, or of the Duke of Bedford; and as it proved at last, of both. The Duke of Cumberland was sent for, and was sent to Mr. Pitt, from whom, though offering almost *carte blanche*, he received a peremptory refusal. The next measure was to form a ministry from the Opposition. Willing were they, but timid. Without

Mr. Pitt nobody would engage. The King was forced to desire his old ministers to stay where they were. They, who had rallied their very dejected courage, demanded terms, and hard ones indeed—*promise* of never consulting Lord Bute, dismission of his brother, and the appointment of Lord Granby to be Captain General—so soon did those tools of prerogative talk to their exalted sovereign in the language of the Parliament to Charles I.

The King, rather than resign his sceptre on the first summons, determined to name his uncle Captain General. Thus the commanders at least were ready on each side; but the Ministers, who by the Treaty of Paris showed how little military glory was the object of their ambition, have contented themselves with seizing St. James's without bloodshed. They gave up their general, upon condition Mr. Mackenzie* and Lord Holland† were sacrificed to them, and, tacitly, Lord Northumberland,‡ whose government they bestow on Lord Weymouth without furnishing another place to the earl, as was intended for him. All this is granted. Still there are inexplicable riddles. In the height of negotiation, Lord Temple was reconciled to his brother George, and declares himself a fast friend to the late and present ministry. What part Mr. Pitt will act is not yet known—probably not a hostile one; but here are fine seeds of division and animosity sown!

* Brother of Lord Bute. † Henry Fox Lord Holland.

‡ The Lord Northumberland's son was married to Lord Bute's daughter.

I have thus in six words told you the matter of volumes. You must analyze them yourself, unless you have patience to wait till the consequences are the comment. Don't you recollect very similar passages in the time of Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Granville, and Mr. Fox? But those wounds did not penetrate so deep as these! Here are all the great, and opulent noble families engaged on one side or the other. Here is the King insulted and prisoner, his mother stigmatized, his uncle affronted, his favourite persecuted. It is again a scene of Bohuns, Montforts, and Plantagenets.

While I am writing, I received yours of the 4th, containing the revolutions in the fabric and pictures of the palace Pitti.* My dear sir, make no excuse; we each write what we have to write; and if our letters remain, posterity will read the catastrophes of St. James's and the Palace Pitti with equal indifference, however differently they affect you and me now. For my part, though agitated like Ludlow or my Lord Clarendon on the events of the day, I have more curiosity about Havering in the Bower, the jointure house of ancient royal dowagers, than about Queen Isabella herself. Mr. Wilkes, whom you mention, will be still more interested, when he hears that his friend Lord Temple has shaken hands with his foes Halifax and Sandwich; and I don't believe that any amnesty is stipulated for the exile. Churchhill, Wilkes's poet, used to wish that he was at liberty

* The Palace of the Great Duke at Florence.

to attack Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend,—the moment is come, but Churchill is gone! Charles Townshend has got Lord Holland's place*—and yet the people will again and again believe that nothing is intended but their interest!

When I recollect all I have seen and known, I seem to be as old as Methuselah: indeed I was born in politics,—but I hope not to die in them. With all my experience, these last five weeks have taught me more than any other ten years; accordingly, a retreat is the whole scope of my wishes; but not yet arrived.

Your amiable sister, Mrs. Foote, is settled in town; I saw her last night at the opera with Lady Ailesbury. She is enchanted with Manzuoli—and you know her approbation is a test, who has heard all the great singers, learnt of all, and sings with as much taste as any of them. Adieu!

LETTER LXX.

Arlington Street, June 26, 1765.

You have known your country, my dear sir, in more perilous situations, but you never knew it in a more distracted one in time of peace than it is in at present. Nor had I ever more difficulty to describe its position to you. Times of party have their great outlines, which even such historians as Hollingshed or Smollet can seize. But a season of faction is another guess thing. It de-

* Paymaster of the Forces.

pends on personal characters, intrigues, and minute circumstances, which make little noise, and escape the eyes of the generality. The details are as much too numerous for a letter, as, when the moment is past, they become too trifling and uninteresting for history. I can only endeavour to preserve the thread, but it is impossible to develope all its windings.

After the King had been obliged to take back his old ministers, the hard terms they imposed upon him, added to their late insults, made him treat them with the greatest coldness. He not only smiled on the Opposition, but bestowed every employment that fell on the Duke of Cumberland's or Lord Bute's friends. This situation was not likely to last. Accordingly, this day fortnight, the Duke of Bedford, in the name of himself and his three colleagues,* *prescribed a month* to his Majesty in which he *must* determine whether he would take a new administration, or keeping his old ministers, smile on them and frown on their adversaries—a hard lesson to a prince, whom these very men had complimented with so much prerogative! He made no answer, but on the following Monday sent the Duke of Grafton to invite Mr. Pitt to Court. He went, and in four audiences found such facilities to all his demands, that a change was believed infallible. This day was even marked in the general expectation as the era of a new administration. I, who am not in the list of *aspirants*, had stayed in the country till this very day, wishing for the event, but

* George Grenville, Lord Halifax, and Lord Sandwich.

content to know it when it happened. When I arrived, at four o'clock, to my surprise I heard that Lord Temple, who was to have the Treasury, had been yesterday with the King, and declared he could not take it, giving no other reason than that *he had a delicacy which he could not mention, and which must ever remain a secret.* The extraordinariness of the declaration, after Mr. Pitt had gone so far, amazes everybody, though this is the third negotiation of individually the same sort that has been broken off thus abruptly. The mysterious words are commonly supposed to allude to Lord Temple's reconciliation with his brother; yet why he should not plead *that,* is not easily solved, unless he has connected with the Duke of Bedford too. Mr. Pitt's declarations and conduct seem not to tally with such a league. In this very transaction he has declared himself hostilely against the Duke of Bedford's people; and in an audience of the King this very morning, expressed himself still ready to come in, if Lord Temple would — but it is an intrigue which time alone can explain.

Thus you see all is afloat again. Whether a new administration can or will be formed without Mr. Pitt; whether the King must submit again to his old ministers, what new terms they will exact, or whether he will grant them, is yet uncertain. Should he bend to all they demand, it can but aggravate the wound, not close it. Consequently no such system can be looked upon as permanent. My own opinion is, that after some more convulsions, it will end in an admi-

nistration of Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, and George Grenville, unless one or more of them should die.

You know, my dear sir, I never expect you to answer me on these delicate subjects. I even send this by a safe conveyance to Lord Hertford at Paris, as I did a former one, which I hope you received.

How I envy you who hear nothing but the distant rumour of these unpleasant scenes! How vexatious to me to be engaged in them! When men are involved in politics from ambition, interest, or inclination, they must take the bitter with the sweet; I, who have been forced into them by principle and friendship, lament the tranquillity I have lost, and for which nothing can pay me but the restoration of it. I sigh for the moment of recovering my liberty, and fervently vow to myself never to be in a situation more in which even duty can call upon me to take a part. I could explain and justify this determination in the most ample manner; but the time is not yet come for doing it. Adieu!

LETTER LXXI.

Arlington Street, July 12th, 1765.

If you knew with what difficulty and pain I write to you, you would allow, my dear sir, that I have some zeal for your satisfaction. I have been extremely ill for these last sixteen days with the gout all over me, in head, stomach, and both feet; but as it never

budged from the latter, it soon attracted all the venom from the upper parts. Oh! it is a venomous devil! I have lain upon a couch for two days, but I question whether I shall be so alert to-day, as I have had a great deal of pain in the night, and little sleep. Still, I must write to you, as it is both for your satisfaction and my own, and as this is the first moment that I have enjoyed *the liberty of the post* for these three years. We may say what we will; I may launch out, and even *you* need not be discreet, when our letters pass through *Mr. Conway's office.* He has already himself told you in form that he is your principal, and I repeat how glad of it I am for your sake, as well as for all others. I told him last night that I believed the Duke of York had obtained the promise of a red riband for you, and begged *that* promise at least of the late odious ministers might be fulfilled, and that none of our new aspirants might be thrust in before you. He readily, with most kind expressions towards you, promised me his interest.

Well! at last the four tyrants are gone! undone by their own insolence, and unpitied. Their arrogance to the King, and proscriptions of everybody but their own crew, forced his Majesty to try anything rather than submit to such task-masters. Mr. Pitt, who was ready and willing to have assumed the burthen, was disappointed by the treachery of Lord Temple, who has reconciled and leagued himself with his brother George. In this distress, the Duke of Cumberland has persuaded the Opposition to accept and form

a ministry. Without Mr. Pitt, they were unwilling; but pressed and encouraged by Mr. Pitt, and fearing the Crown should be reduced to worse shifts rather than again bend to the yoke, they have submitted, and everything promises fairer than could be expected. The Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two secretaries are already dismissed, and their places filled by Lord Winchelsea, Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdswell, as First Commissioners of the Admiralty; and Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway. The list of *ins* and *outs* will be much more considerable by degrees, though not rapidly, nor executed with the merciless hand of late years, for the present system is composed of men as much more virtuous in that respect as in every other than their predecessors. Nobody has resigned yet but those immediately connected with the fallen, as Lord Gower, Lord Thomond,* and Lord Weymouth, and who would not have been suffered to stay if they had desired it.

The crown of Ireland is offered to Lord Hertford. All this sets my family in an illustrious light enough: yet it does not dazzle me. My wishes and intentions are just the same as they were. Moderation, privacy, and quiet, sum up all my future views; and having seen my friends landed, my little cock-boat shall waft me to Strawberry, as soon as I am able to get into it. The gout, they tell me, is to ensure me a length of years and health, but as I fear I must now and

* Percy Windham O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, brother of Lord Egremont and of Mrs. George Grenville.

then renew the patent at the original expense, I am not much flattered by so dear an annuity. You may judge of my sensations when I tell you I reckon the greatest miracle ever performed was that of bidding the cripple take up his bed and walk—I could as soon do the former as the latter.

Since I began to write, I hear that this morning have kissed hands, Lord Ashburnham for the Great Wardrobe, in room of Lord Despencer, Lord Bosborough and Lord Grantham Postmasters, in the places of Lord Hyde and Lord Trevor; Lord Villiers* as Vice-chamberlain, instead of old Will Finch, who I believe has a pension; and Lord Scarborough, who succeeds Lord Thomond in the Cofferer's office. You will say that all this is strongly tinctured with peerage—it is true, but the House of Commons will have its dole, though not yet, as folks do not like a re-election depending for six months.

The Duke of Bolton† the other morning—nobody knows why or wherefore, except that there is a good deal of madness in the blood, sat himself down upon the floor in his dressing-room, and shot himself through the head. What is more remarkable is, that it is the same house and same chamber in which Lord Scarborough‡ performed the same exploit. I do not believe that shooting one's self through the head is catching, or that any contagion lies in a wainscot that

* Only son of the Earl of Jersey.

† Charles Poulett, Duke of Bolton.

‡ Richard Lumley, Earl of Scarborough, shot himself in 1741.

makes one pull a suicide-trigger, but very possibly the idea might revert and operate on the brain of a splenetic man. I am glad he had not a blue garter but a red one, as the more plenty the sooner one gets to Florence.

This is a long epistle, in my condition. Pray, unseal and decypher your lips now; the tower has no longer the least air of the Bastille: Halifax, Sandwich, and General Warrants are sent to the devil, though I believe Sandwich will contrive to return like Belphegor, even though he should be obliged to marry his own wife* again, but he can never get rid of the smell of brimstone. Adieu!

LETTER LXXII.

Arlington Street, July 30th, 1765.

I DID not think of writing to you to-day, my dear sir, both as I have very little to tell you, and as I am much fatigued with coming to town to-day from Strawberry Hill, where I have been these ten days, though with bad success, having had a severe return of my disorder, which I have as much superstitious aversion to name as the Romans had to pronounce the word Death. But let us talk of you, not me. Why, wherefore, or whence, the newspapers have taken it into their paper heads to recall you from Florence, I cannot tell. There never was a worse time for supposing so than when you are Mr. Conway's provincial. The instant

* Lord Sandwich was parted from his wife, who was out of her senses.

I arrived and saw him, I named you first of all things. He stared, and had not even heard the report. However, I write, that an authentic contradiction may arrive at the same moment with the falsehood; and as I trust you have partiality enough to read my letter before the chronicle, (and indeed I have a title to such distinction, even as a senior gazette,) the moment the paragraph perks up its ears, you may give it the lie, and I wish you could give it to the person that invented it. Whoever he is, he will not soon be resident at Florence.

The changes go on leisurely, as I told you they would; and you must only believe in those who you see by the Gazette have kissed hands. The rest are like the removal of Sir Horace Mann; reported by the ambitious themselves, coined by the enemy, or invented to amuse a public impatient of daily novelty. The new Opposition is as abusive as it was clamorous, rather rigorous against abuse; and having stabbed the Liberty of the Press in a thousand places, they now write libels upon every rag of its old clothes.

Lord Hertford's arrival brought me to town, though so little fit to be moved. He came for only a few days, to make his option between Ireland and Paris. He takes the former, not very gladly, but to accommodate his brother and his nephew Grafton. This is a great blow to my long-meditated French journey. At present I am not able to undertake it, nor shall be probably for some time; yet go I think I must. Travelling is the best medicine to my shattered frame, and

will be still more sovereign to my mind, that has been harassed and worn out with politics, and for which the successful event is by no means an adequate remedy. I built no castle in that prospect, nor like the soil a jot better than the view. My heart is set on retreat, and the decency of retiring so early charms me. I feel the sort of pleasure that I suppose christian heroes did formerly in abstaining from their virgin brides and embracing the life of hermits. Stay, I am not going to turn anchoret. Perhaps my recess from politics is more like a divorce; it is to get rid of that scold the House of Commons.

Short as this letter is, consider it written by an invalid, and that I have even pain in my wrist while I am writing. I am carried to bed by two servants, and have not attempted to revive my walking these six days. Adieu!

LETTER LXXIII.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1765.

Mr. Conway, who came to dine with me here to-day with the Duke of Richmond, brought me your letter of the 27th of last month. I was a little disappointed to find you had not then received my history of the total change of administration in this country; much more vexed to hear that you have been suffering with the gout like me. I am, all the world will tell you, very ill-founded to preach on that text; but if

I read lectures on chastity, and keep a mistress, yet I am not a Methodist, and may therefore with propriety say, for heaven's sake don't act like a madman. Dip your feet in cold water to prevent the gout! no, I never was quite so distracted. If it would prevent it, *à la bonne heure;* but all it can possibly do is to send it into your head or stomach, and you out of the world. The only thing I know of the gout is, that it is the only distemper in the world which insists upon curing itself. It is a monster and a mystery, and though I have felt so much of it lately, I have not even a guess at its nature left. I have fancied it wind or a conformation of the blood, or the Lord knows what;—in short, from minding not a word of what anybody said about it, I am now grown not to mind even my own opinion. I have tried hot medicines and cold, warmth and air, humouring it, and contradicting it; water, ice, wine, brandy, fruit; and have thought by turns that all of them did me good and did me hurt. I have had half-a-dozen returns, and sometimes been sick with Morello cherries, and sometimes with venison pasty. It is within two days of seven weeks that I have had this fit; it is but two days that I have been without pain, put on shoes, and crawled about the house; and at the end of all this torment, contrary to the doctrine of sages and nurses, I find my spirits and my stomach worse than they were a month ago; I don't mean my appetite, but the pain in my stomach, which by rule ought not to be there, my feet never having been free, and by another equally foolish

rule, that the gout cures everything else; in short, I am very peevish, a mere shadow, and as old as a relic; still I don't dip my feet in cold water.

I immediately gave your letter to read to our Secretary of State. He says that Colonel Draper has the first promise of a red riband, and I remember well that Lord Clive's was torn from him. If I could not gainsay that, I lost all temper when he told me that Mitchel* was upon the ranks for another. I said that would be more cruel to you than any other competitor, Mitchel being in the same walk. In short, I made Mr. Conway vow his interest to you, and what little I have shall indubitably be employed for you. The impious shall come back again if this ministry does not serve you.

The impious will come back again, if assiduity and effrontery can effect it. Sandwich writes North Britons, that is, abusive libels, every day, and those gamblers call these ministers gamesters; but as the latter have not above a heel that is vulnerable, the former will hardly murder them by flinging mud. Yet pray don't think that I reckon their power immortal. *Tant s'en faut.* Norton is dismissed, and Mr. Yorke has been hesitating above a fortnight, but has at last yielded to be Attorney-General again. Lord Hertford goes to Ireland, and the Duke of Richmond to Paris. These, I think, are all the last material changes. The Duke of Newcastle is busy in restoring clerks and tide-waiters, in offering everybody everything, and in pa-

* Resident at Berlin.

tronising the clergy again; not being yet cured by their behaviour,* of loving to make bishops.

I have had a letter from Mr. Churchill who has been at Nancy: could you believe that Princess Craon, who by the way, went to Frankfort and Prague to see the election and coronation of the King of the Romans, is stepped to Vienna to put the Emperor in mind of her nephew, whom she wishes to have promoted in the army! Mr. Chute and I have been computing her age, and find her to be complete ninety, for Prince Craon, in the year 1746, owned that she was then seventy-one. 'Tis surely very wholesome to be a sovereign's mistress![†] My neighbour and friend, Lady Suffolk,[‡] is little short of fourscore, and except her hearing, which she lost early in her reign, has all her senses as perfect as ever; is clean, genteel, upright; and has her eyes, teeth, and memory, in wonderful conservation, especially the last, which, unlike the aged, is as minutely retentive of what happened two years ago, as of the events of her youth.

We believe past all doubt that the Pretender's eldest son is turned Protestant, in earnest so; and in truth I think he could have no other reason now. What is more wonderful, and yet believed, is, that he came over and abjured in St. Martin's Church in London.

* The Duke of Newcastle had made very nearly the whole bench of Bishops; yet, when he resigned the Treasury, there was but one of them that waited on him.

† The Princess of Craon had been mistress to Leopold Duke of Lorraine, father of the Emperor Francis.

‡ Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk, mistress of George II.

Though he risked so much, what clergyman could suspect it was he? I asked if Johnson,* Bishop of Worcester, gave him absolution? He declares he will never marry, and his reason does him honour; that he may not leave England embroiled. What a strange conclusion of the House of Stuart, to end in a Protestant and a Cardinal. I am told that the latter, when the Duke of York was at Rome, said, "To be sure, the real King of England's situation was preferable to his brother's, but that he could not help thinking himself upon a better footing than the Duke of York." I heard a still better bon-mot yesterday *apropos* to the eldest brother. The Dowager Duchess of Aiguillon wore his picture in a bracelet, with the Saviour for the reverse. People could not find a reason for the connection. Madame de Rochfort said, "Why, the same motto will suit both, 'Mon royaume n'est pas de ce monde.'" I pity the old phantom, if they have told him of his son's apostacy.

The Roman Church totters everywhere. The Benedictines at Paris have petitioned the Parliament for leave to lay aside their habit and rules, finding themselves ridiculous. The Cordeliers are ready to imitate them, but there is a little hitch; the Parliament asked shrewdly, what they proposed to do with their revenues, and I don't hear that they find *them* ridiculous; but the Parliament are not men to be stopped after they are invited. Monkery suppressed at its own desire! what miracle next?

* Johnson, Bishop of Worcester, had been a Jacobite.

I did not know your Duke of Parma, so I am only more sorry than I generally am for princes, as you tell me he was one of the best of the breed.

You received, I hope in time, my letter to contradict your recall. You must not believe a syllable you see in our papers. Their lies and blunders exceed of late even their usual ignorance. They have just bestowed a blue riband on Lord Hertford, who has had it so many years in the face of all London. Every red-book, every list of Parliament, could have set them right: yet every paper has copied it. If such a tale appeared in a country gazette, one should not wonder —but to be printed in the capital!

I shall be impatient to hear that your gout is going, like mine; and then I shall be impatient to make you a knight of the Bath. At least you have a good solicitor, though I cannot whip to Vienna against a promotion, as if I were but ninety. Adieu!

LETTER LXXIV.

Arlington Street, Aug. 27th, 1765.

I CAME to town last night, intending to lay your case more correctly before *our Secretary of State*,* but he did not arrive from the country himself till ten at night, and then found himself, by an absence of three days, so besieged with despatches, which he sat reading during the whole supper and afterwards, that I could not slip in a paragraph. However, this morning read-

* General Conway.

ing that Sir Charles Howard was dead, I immediately wrote a note to Mr. Conway to advertise him of another riband vacant, and to put in a caveat (as he is going to dine at Claremont) against the Duke of Newcastle promising it to some head of a college at Cambridge; and to-night I shall fully unfold your pretensions; but as the post will be gone before Mr. Conway comes home, I write this to show you how good a solicitor you have. I am in the more hurry to decorate you, as I am going directly to Paris; yea, I set out on the 9th of next month: after that date, direct to me thither, addressed to Mr. Foley, my banker.

Well! after twenty-three years of designs and irresolutions, I am actually leaving England! You will ask kindly whether almost every foreign thought in those years did not point beyond Paris? Oh! yes,—but, alas! think how ill I have been; not to mention that I am older too by twenty-three years. That space has made Alps and Apennines grow twenty times taller and more wrinkled and horrid! Oh! but you will say, you may come by sea—worse and worse—a sea voyage after the gout in one's head and stomach! I will tell you what; there is a man who has just invented what he calls *a marine belt;* you buckle it on, and walk upon the sea as you would upon a grass-plot. I never was an excellent walker, and my feet at present are piteously tender,—but I think a wave cannot hurt one,—perhaps I may step to you from Marseilles to Leghorn. I am convinced that the art of flying will be next reduced to practice;—oh! I shall cer-

tainly make you a visit on the first pair of wings that are to be sold. However, I had rather have made it before your new Austrian court arrives: I have a mortal aversion to any detachment from Vienna.

There is nothing new here, except that the whole town is in an uncertainty whether my Lord —— is dead or alive, whether he has had a fit or a bullet; and yet he is but yonder in Grosvenor-square. The neighbourhood say my lady called murder out of the window, and that immediately after, a pistol went off; the family now say nothing at all happened, but a fit,—and yet he does not appear. Thomas Graham, the apothecary, used on every occasion when you complained of any disorder, to reply with much solemnity, "Humph! it is very extraordinary, and yet it is very common." This curious phrase never happened to have common sense in it but on the subject of self-murder, *which is very extraordinary and yet very common.*

Adieu! Perhaps I shall write to you again before Monday se'nnight—certainly, if I can have a star to send in my letter. The next after that will be from Paris.

LETTER LXXV.

Paris, Sept. 26th, 1765.

No poor mortal was ever so glad to return to his own country, as I was to quit mine. It is true this is pretty much the sum total of my satisfaction. I am

very well received here, like much some that I knew before I arrived, and some I am acquainted with since; have sights to see, and baubles to buy, two considerable occupations of my life; but I am not young enough to be enchanted with anything new: still less of an age to form friendships, when one has proved how rarely the thing exists at all. But I am unchained from politics, and have no longer anybody's follies to answer for, or care for, but my own.

I did not receive your last till I came hither, and it was then too late, when your new grand duke was on the road, to mention to Mr. Conway what you hint at, an increase of character. In truth, my object for you is always of a more solid nature; I had rather your appointments were increased than your dignity. At present, too, a new solicitation might interfere with the riband, which I think would cast more lustre on you than a step of office. My interest is not great enough to obtain all I should wish for you, if it can obtain anything; and I doubt, the measure of leaving what are called *all my friends*, will not add to my credit. It must have been you, and almost only you, for whom I would have asked anything. The fewer obligations I have, the less right has anybody to tax my attendance. I want to dissolve most of my connections, not to increase them, and to break off with a world, of which I am heartily tired as to anything serious.

Lady Hertford is gone, and the Duke of Richmond not come; consequently I am as *isolé* as I can wish

to be. There are three or four houses whither I go when I will, but you may believe that it is not constant. Their histories are unknown to me, and uninteresting. Their politics most indifferent; their fashionable literature, and more fashionable irreligion, subjects of which I am tired. I neither love to dispute nor discuss. In short, nothing interests me but a few points on which I do not care to think, much less to talk with indifferent persons. I am Methuselah on most things, and a boy on others, and one don't love to tell people that one's passions are too superannuated or too juvenile; that one is past caring for what they like, and still too attached to some sentiments of one's own. When the *monde* returns to Paris, I shall probably be more dissipated, but I am not discontented with my present nonchalance.

Prince Beauvau* is at Bordeaux, and is likely to stay some time. I saw his daughter the other night at Madame de Mirepoix's, who is like what he was, but it is not delicate enough for a girl. Here is a Dr. Gatti, a disciple of Cocchi, who speaks of you with great regard, and desired me to mention him. I was pleased the other night at the Italian comedy to find I had lost so little of my Italian as to understand it better than the French scenes.

Though the fashionable turn is serious, yet it is still fashion that rules. The Count de St. Florentin, Se-

* Son of the Prince de Craon. His only child by his first wife married the Prince de Poix, son of the Comte de Noailles. His second wife was a widow, Madame de Clermont, sister of the Comte de Chabot, by whom he had no children.

cretary of State, has had his hand cut off on the bursting of his gun: they had talked of it two days and were tired. Somebody asked how he did? "Bon!" replied one of the company, "on n'en parle plus." He was not out of danger, but it was an old story.

The dauphin is in a very bad way, and not likely to live. Of English History I know not a syllable. I conclude there is nothing to know. The shooting season is begun, and we have our fashions too. I suppose of politics *on ne parle plus.* I expect some *tapage* from the residence of the Prince and Princess of Brunswick at St. James's. Her Royal Highness is of a lively imagination, and he did not leave England in a style that promised sudden cordiality.

They question me much here, why Mr. Pitt did not accept the administration? Truly it would be difficult for me to explain to them what I do not understand myself! *Monsieur de Temple* is still more inexplicable. I do not give myself much trouble to inform them; and I hear with great tranquillity *que c'étoit un très bon homme que ce Milord Bath.** However, I could not conceive that they knew so very little of a country which has lately been so much in vogue with them. A very sensible woman † knew more of the matter, when she said to me last night, "Vous avez eu un moment bien brillant, mais vous êtes tombé!" Yes, in good truth.

Write to me, addressed to Monsieur Foley, banquier,

* Lord Bath at the end of his life had been at Paris.

† The celebrated Madame Geoffrin.

à Paris, and tell me of your new Court.* I hope you, like me and the vulgar, expect marvels at first from a young sovereign.—I remember, and laugh at, myself.

Adieu! This is a dull letter enough. I know no events, and you will not expect me to write Travels, like Misson, or to fall in love, like Polnitz,† with all the princes and princesses of the earth. My spirits would serve if they found proper food, but I believe they will lie pretty fallow for the rest of my life. When one has a singular turn of mind, and not *liant* with a new world, one grows unintelligible but to the few contemporaries that rest about one. My mind has taken in its quantum of feelings. I shall live upon the old stock; and, I doubt, be very insipid both to myself and others. Adieu!

September 30th.

P.S. Sir James Macdonald is going from hence to Florence, and has desired me to give him a recommendation to you. He is a particular friend of Lord Beauchamp,‡ and a very extraordinary young man for variety of learning. He is rather too wise for his age, and too fond of shewing it, but when he has seen more of the world, he will choose to know less.

Lord Beauchamp passed through here to-day, and stopped for only four hours. He spoke of you in raptures.

* The Archduke Leopold, brother of the Emperor Joseph II., was Great Duke of Tuscany, and married a Princess of Spain.

† Baron Polnitz wrote accounts of several European Courts.

‡ Francis Seymour Conway, eldest son of the Earl of Hertford.

LETTER LXXVI.

Paris, October, 16, 1765.

I AM stocked with your letters, my dear sir, and have nothing to say in answer. Two *pacquets* have been sent back to me from England, dated before a third, that I received here and answered. I am impatient to know that you have got it, for the Chevalier de Lorenzi* has put it into my head, though in truth his own is none of the clearest, that it should have been franked to Genoa, there being a rupture somewhere between postmasters of different territories. I shall take care to be better informed before this departs.

If you have received mine, as I hope, you will have seen that I had left England before I knew of your schemes, and consequently when it was too late to assist them. If the deposit of solicitation for you that I left before I set out has no weight, my word from hence will certainly have none, where they do not like I should be; nor truly can I with much grace ask favours when I will grant none. You have been an exception, because I neither know how to refuse you, or to resist attempting to serve you; but having burst from all political connexions, my wish is, not to be drawn back by any ties. If there is any regard left for me, you will be served, because nothing could be more strongly pressed on my side. I shall be sorry, but shall not wonder, if I am forgotten.

* Brother of Comte Lorenzi, the French Minister at Florence.

Your new court will, I hope, amuse you, and not ruin you. A friend, as it is called, but, as I think, the worst of foes, has stepped in to save me from ruin here. In short, I caught cold ten days after my arrival, have had a relapse, and am laid up with the gout in both feet. It is vexatious enough, besides the pain, which is no flea-bite. It prevents my seeing both things and people, except in my own room, which is seldom the place where I wish to see them. *Basta!* This world was made for Cæsar! that is, the healthy and the bustling. Unpleasant as it is to be ill anywhere but at home, the rooted aversion I have taken to politics and the House of Commons, will brave even the gout, which shall not carry me back. When I do return, which at soonest I think will be in February, I shall still wear the gout's livery, and live retired from all other connexions. What little I learn here, when the scene opens, shall be transmitted to you, but I have made few arrangements of curiosity.

Adieu! my dear sir. The life of a bed-chamber in a *hôtel garni*, and in a foreign country, and when the court is at Fontainbleau, can furnish little matter for a letter. The dauphin is said to mend with the change of air and ass's milk, and the journey which was to have been shortened, is again protracted to the 18th of next month.

LETTER LXXVII.

Paris, Nov. 2nd, 1765.

You cannot be more distressed than I am at your not receiving my letters. This is the third I have written since I came hither. The first of them was dated on the 30th of September. Then the Chevalier de Lorenzi told me there was some dispute between the French and Italian postmasters, and offered to convey one for me to his brother. I gave him one on the 19th of October, and had no doubt but you would receive that. I now scarce know what to do; unless Mr. Foley will engage to find some safer way. It embarrasses me the more, because, while I fear the miscarriage of my letters, I can scarce even give you hints of what I do not care to explain at all by writing. Had you received my others, I think you would have understood me. The sum of what I have said in them, and all I can say in this, is, that, but to serve *you*, nothing could have made me solicit at all, and you are much deceived if you think my interest worth a farthing. I pressed the affair of your riband with all the vehemence I could before I left England; I have renewed my application since I came hither; and even three days ago, on receiving your last letter but one, I wrote in behalf of an increase of character for you. I own it was not pleasant to do, nor do I flatter myself that any regard will be paid to my suit. In short, I have left what were called my friends, have done with them,

have refused to return to their Parliament—can I reasonably ask or expect favours from them?

I had long determined before the change happened, for very good reasons, to withdraw from party and politics the moment I should find an opportunity. Chance and *my friends* gave it me; I seized it; and though I was their slave while they were out of place, I will not be so now they are in, nor will be ordered to come and go just as they want me. Think then, my dear sir, on what interest you build when you call on mine! And do allow me some merit when you are the single exception to the resolution I had taken of asking no more favours of this Administration* than I did of the last. I think I shall write once more on what you tell me of Viviani; more to satisfy you and my own conscience, than from forming any views of success. You must look on me for the future as a man who has totally done with the world, but for my amusement. I know it, my dear sir, I know it; I laugh at it; I divert myself with it; it does not make me cross. I find all men are like all men; and how can one be angry with everybody? I used to quarrel with those that deceived me; I now only grow very civil to them; know what they are worth; don't trust them, nor care about them, but in common things behave

* Mr. Walpole had a good opinion of Lord Rockingham as an honest man, but thought him very unfit for First Minister; and, therefore, as he paid no court to him, had not much hopes of the red riband for Sir Horace Mann, which could not be obtained without Lord Rockingham's consent; but General Conway (with whom and the Duke of Richmond he only preserved any connection) did obtain it.

to them as I used to do. One man is ungrateful because he is a rogue ; another, because he is a man of virtue : very well—the effect is the very same: if he is the first, perhaps he is agreeable; if the second, probably disagreeable. Why seek out two others, when, perhaps, another rogue will not please me so much, and another piece of uprightness will be as unpleasant ?

This is my system, and I go on pretty much as I did. My spirits are as good as ever ; I wish my health were so. Since I came hither I have had a relapse, and another fit of the gout for a month. I now limp abroad again, but my eyes have lost many a sight, and all the fine weather. The only thing that provokes me, is to be told that the gout cures every other distemper. I never had any other distemper ; and I am sure it takes a long time to cure itself—*à la charge de revenir.* When I return to England, which will be in February or March, according as the weather is fine or not, I shall concentre my few remaining joys in Strawberry, and still be happy enough if I recover my limbs. I wish you had a Strawberry, that you might look down on *grandeurs*, and mortifications of *grandeurs* with the same indifference that I do. When men have paid court to kings and ministers for years, Count Lorenzi shows you what their reward is. The world talks of serving them *faithfully*—for what or why ? What do I owe to any human creature more than he owes to me ? What entitles him to my *fidelity ?* Can those foolish words *king* and *subject* make him better than me, or me worse than him ? He pays me,

and I do his business—is there any other relation between him and me? In all probability he is more foolish, ignorant, vain, and selfish than I am: do those qualities entitle him to my esteem or respect, much more to any duty from me? And can the frowns of such a strutting phantom mortify one? If he deprives me of my employment without any reason, he deserves my hatred; if he refuses me what I have just pretensions to, he is insensible to merit, and, consequently, worthless himself. I should be glad to see if that would mortify me! A King is established for my convenience, that is for the convenience of everybody; his power and his riches are his wages. His ministers are placed about him, because this mighty thing is a helpless poor mortal, like other mortals, and cannot do a thousandth part of its own business. His ministers have under-officers for exactly the same reasons. What a respectable fabric! Laugh at them, my dear sir, or pity them, if they try to do as much as they can; but, as that is seldom the case, never be mortified if they disappoint you. The *Nousvoulons** ladies may be vexed if they do not dine with a princess they never saw before. It would be a comfort to me, who think the kingdom of one's own room sufficient dignity for any reasonable man. I wish my philosophy, such as it is, may have any weight with you. I doubt it is the only service I can do for you, but it will be a

* The Great Duchess had made a distinction between the old and new nobility, by a declaration, which beginning *Nous voulons*, the latter were nicknamed *the Nousvoulons Ladies*.

great one if it has effect: it will tranquillize your mind; and I know nothing else worth seeking. Adieu!

LETTER LXXVIII.

Paris, Nov. 13th, 1765.

I RECEIVE your letter by Lord Cowper's courier this instant, and had another yesterday. I have certainly received all you have written to me, and am glad to find you begin to get mine. This is the fourth from Paris. I wish, without farther discussions, that you would conceive how very little interest I have, because I fear you will feel it at last; and the disappointment will be the greater. I have written again in your favour, which is more than I promised; but, when I tell you, that I have not had a single word of answer to all I have said from hence about you, sure you will be convinced, my dear sir, that my credit is poor indeed.

15th.

If your Earl* acted from reason, I should think him in the right not to go to England yet. The indecency of his stay while his father was still alive, and so pressing to see him, can only be palliated by re-

* The third Earl Cowper, who had gone to travel in his father's life, fell in love at Florence with a married lady, and could not be prevailed on by the most earnest entreaties of his dying father to come to England. He continued there for many years after the death of his father and the extinction of his own passion: married an English young gentlewoman there, and in the year 1781 sent his children by her to England without coming himself.

maining, which would look as if it was the strength of his attachment that had detained him, and not disrespect; but it is no business of mine.

You will have heard of the death of the Duke of Cumberland, which has awakened much anxiety in England, and given a glimpse of changes. The King has assured the present ministers that this event shall make no alteration, and you may be sure they are desirous of believing so. The opinions of the Opposition are divided, of whom some think the rivet that held them together is gone; others that it will strengthen them, as some who hated only the Duke will now be ready to accede. I am of neither opinion: a forced connection between a nephew and uncle who had so long hated one another was no real cement: they met in a centre of hatred to the late ministers; while that subsists, the duke's life or death was indifferent. On the other hand, if any are disposed to take on now, I should think they were ready to do so before: political hatred is not so predominant in these times as political interest. It may, upon the whole, give an opening to some broader system, from the very circumstance, and, perhaps, from that alone, that it occasions such an arrangement to be talked of; but I imagine that the groundwork will remain pretty much as it is.

There seems to be a rot among princes; the Emperor Don Philip and the duke are dead: Prince Frederick, our King's youngest brother, is in the last stage of a consumption; and here we every moment

expect the dauphin's death. He received extreme unction two days ago; the *prières des quarante heures* have been mumbled over; for here they still die in ceremony, though few pretend to more than acting that farce; few to so much as that. He himself is to be pitied, and they say expressed his sense of his fate; to die at thirty-six, Dauphin of France, "sans avoir joui, ni fait de bien à personne"—if he would have felt the last, he is a real loss.

15th, at night.

I am just come from the Duke of Richmond's, whose audience had been postponed on the dauphin's danger. He has received a courier this evening, that appoints him to be at Fontainbleau the day after to-morrow, the dauphin being what is called better. We thought him dead, for all post-horses are stopped, and nobody suffered to come from Fontainbleau, as the Court may want to remove at a minute's warning. Paris in the meantime is a solitude, and *triste;* but gay enough for me, who but just begin to go about again. The English, who are here in droves, do not take these royal deaths much to heart; the Duke of Beaufort made a ball two nights ago in the hotel where I lodge, at which we were no fewer than forty-eight. I was forced to go in my own defence, and to stay as late as I could, as I had no chance of getting a wink of sleep but by being worn out: my plan succeeded. In truth, as I stay here only to avoid being in England, it is pretty indifferent to me how I pass my time.

When I have broken from politics, and shown that I have, I shall return to my own *château*, and quiet.

Colonel Barré arrived last night, but had sent a refusal before him to England of the place of Irish Vice-Treasurer. I dined where he did to-day, and thought he was not quite so determined as he had imagined. I never was in a room with him before; his style is vulgar; but that did not surprise me. Wilkes is here too; in the same tone and with less parts. One likes to see men that posterity will wish to have seen: bate that curiosity, and they are commonly not just the men you would wish to see much. Wilkes's day is over; Barré's, I think, to come.

How I wish, my dear sir, that your new court may enliven your life, and not be the cause of any mortification in it! That it may be is the case of courts, that fill up the succession of time, and add nothing to ennoble it. When one thinks over the number of courts that are, and have been, of how many intrigues and vexations they have been the source, and how little they deserve, or have deserved, past, present, or future esteem, can one help lumping them together, and then dropping the thought of them with contempt? I consider the multitudes to whom they are important, as so many old Brantômes, who admired and recorded every proud lord and every lewd lady to whom he had bowed in the guard-room. Laugh at them, and you will be happy.

P.S. I trouble you to forward the inclosed to Hamilton,* and direct it.

My Lady Orford has lost another husband.† Will she try a third? or will a third trust her?

The King, who had promised it, has confirmed the assurance of the Garter to Lord Albemarle,‡ on the duke's death. It is a handsome compliment to his uncle's memory. There will be some struggle for the other two ribands. I don't care about them: I am only interested about the red for you.

LETTER LXXIX.

Paris, Nov. 30th, 1765.

ALLELUJAH! Monsieur l'Envoyé! I was going to direct to you by this title; but if your credentials are not arrived, as I hope they are not, that I may be the first to notify your new dignity to you, I did not know how your new court would take it, and therefore I postpone your surprise, till you have opened my letter—if it loiters on the road like its predecessors, I shall be out of all patience. In short, my last express tells me that the King will name you Envoy in your new credentials. You must judge of the pleasure it gives me to have obtained this for you, my dear sir, by the vexation I expressed on thinking I could not effect it.

* Resident at Naples.

† Sewallis Shirley, second husband of Lady Orford.

‡ George Keppel third Earl of Albemarle, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and favourite of William Duke of Cumberland.

All answer, I suppose, to my solicitations was deferred till I could be told they had succeeded.

You must forget or erase most of what I had said to you lately, for when I can serve my friends I am content. Your letters had been so many, and so earnest, and I so little expected any good from my intercession, that I was warmer than I wish I had been; and the more, as I see I was in part unjust. I doubted everybody but Mr. Conway, and did not think that he alone had power to do what I desired, and could not bear you should think I neglected what I wished so much, pleasing you. I have done it to my great satisfaction, since it is what you had so much at heart,—but remember, I don't retract my sermon. I think exactly as I did, that one is in the wrong to place one's peace of mind on courts and honours: their joys are most momentary, violently overbalanced by disappointments, and empty in possession. I shall not excuse you if you have more of these solicitudes; but I will rejoice with you over this one triumph, of which I will do you the justice to believe I am more glad than you are. You must thank Mr. Conway, by whom I obtained it, as if you owed it all to him. You know I hate to be talked of for these things, and therefore insist that my name be not mentioned to him or anybody but your brother. It will be the last favour I shall ever ask; my constant plan has been to be nobody, and for the rest of my days I shall be more nobody than ever. You must gratify me with this silence. I did not think it would be necessary, or I should have

made it a condition, for I have declared so much that I would meddle with nothing, that it would contradict those declarations, and disoblige some, for whom I have refused to interest myself.

As I grow better, I am more reconciled to this country; yet I shall return home in the spring. Apprehensions of the gout make one as old as the gout itself, and cure one of all prospects. I must resign that pleasing one, so long entertained, of seeing you at Florence. Your new establishment forbids my expecting you in England. Had I consulted my own wishes I should have let you have been cross and come home. Happily I am not so selfish. I have learnt, too, not to build on pleasures; they are not of my age. I must go and grow old, and bear ennui; must try to make comforts a recompense for living in a country where I do not love the people. My great spirits think all this a difficult task; but spirits themselves are useless, when one has not the same people to laugh with one as formerly. I have no joy in new acquaintance, because I can have no confidence in them. Experience and time draw a line between older persons and younger, which is never to be passed with satisfaction; and though the whole bent of my mind was formed for youth, fortunately I know the ridicule of letting it last too long, and had rather act a part unnatural to me, than a foolish one. I don't love acting a part at all—if I grow very tired of it I will return hither, and vary the scene; this country is more favourable to latter age than England, and what a foreigner does is of no

consequence anywhere. Adieu! my dear Envoy! My letters lately seem very grave, but analyze them, you will find them very foolish.

December 1st.

I received your letter of the 14th. Upon my word our correspondence marches sedately! What do they do with our letters? They are not grown more important than they used to be. Good postmasters, secretaries of state, or whoever you are, seal this letter again quickly, and send it on. You shall detain my next as long as you please. If your curiosity is not satisfied with reading the trifles I have written to Sir Horace for four-and-twenty years, I have nothing to say: you do me too much honour, and I hope you will be repaid by four-and-twenty years more (I mean if Sir Horace and I don't meet sooner), I promise you I will continue writing to him—for your satisfaction. Well, my dear sir, you are Envoy, and I hope will be delighted with all these Austrian etiquettes and ceremonies—I should be sick enough of them to send back my credentials unopened. You have enjoyed all the benefits hitherto of a court life, without a court: sure the husk was preferable to the kernel.

LETTER LXXX.

Paris, January 5th, 1766.

THE post, my dear sir, is as vexatious as possible, and denies me favours that even a ministry grants.

I had set my heart on being the first to announce your Envoyship to you. Lord Cowper's servant, I find, used me as ill as if he were a post-master too, slipping through Paris with Mr. Conway's letter, without calling on me, and giving me the chance of your opening mine first. Well! all this is very selfish, and I ought to be content with your having it, and knowing it any how.

For the riband I know not what to say, as I have not heard a syllable about it. Favours generally beget favours, for courts and fortune love faces they are used to. I will not answer in your case. It would be cheapest to me to persuade you not to care; but I see you make a sad pupil for a philosopher. I am at least so much of a philosopher, that I could never solicit a plaything for you with the same earnestness that I begged a reality. Partly you know my reasons for not caring to ask at all. Out of friendship to you, my dear sir, I broke through all my resolutions; but without entering into them farther, ask yourself if it can be easy for me, in any light, to sue for favours, when I have even left my country, my friends, and a triumphant party, to break abruptly from all political connections? As you seemed to value the red riband, I did press for it for you with more warmth than I thought such nonsense deserved. Consider, I was behind the scenes when my father revived that pageant; I knew it was a succedaneum to Bank bills, and I was astonished when my brother * accepted it,

* Sir Edward, second son of Sir Robert Walpole, was made knight

even after it had fallen much below par. If I have any credit remaining in the Bank, it will operate in your favour; that is, if any friend you have made abroad, would renew the application, the memory of my request perhaps would second it. What think you of Tommy Pelham?* He used to profess much to you.

I called the ministry triumphant: they are so beyond their warmest expectation. In the House of Lords, which the Opposition had chosen as the field of certain victory, the Ministers were fourscore to twenty-four. In the Commons the defeat was still more disgraceful. George Grenville, who on the first day opposed the address, was forced to retract, and it passed without a negative. On the fourth and last of that brief session, though he had managed a surprise, and though there was not a minister in the House, their re-elections not being over, he was beaten by 70 to 35; a victory without generals! In short, no disgraced ministers ever fell so low and so totally as the present.

Venal and false as Parliaments are, and no Parliament ever exceeded the present in both respects, it would not account for this total abandonment of the late ministers, if universal odium did not concur. Much good may it do the Parliament, which supported them so roundly but last year! The whole party is shrunk to the Bedford faction, for Lord Temple, who has

of the Bath after his father's death. Robert, the eldest, received the red riband along with his father at the restitution of the order in 1725.

* Thomas, afterwards created Lord Pelham.

joined his brother George, seems to have carried nothing with him but the contempt of the nation. Mr. Pitt, as Milton says of the moon, remains *in clouded majesty* aloof; is said to favour the Ministry, and is certainly hostile to the Opposition. This is the summary of English politics. When the House meets on the 14th, I do not imagine the Ministers will be less strong than before the holidays; for the thinness of both Houses indicates how many were waiting the event; and they, good folks, will hardly resort into a beaten camp. Teazed no doubt the Ministers will be, for Lord Temple cannot refrain from mischief, or Sandwich from tricks; and Grenville, rather than not talk, would harangue, if there were not one man in the house on his side. To silence him would require an Algerine ministry, who would begin with cutting out his tongue.

The King's youngest brother, Prince Frederick, is dead, of a dropsy and consumption: he was a pretty and promising boy. The vacant garters are given to the Prince of Wales, the hereditary prince, and Lord Albemarle. The numbers of the royal family and of foreign princes connected with them who have the garter, will make it an extraordinary curiosity on an English breast. If you obtain the red, pray don't think of exchanging it for the blue. To be serious, let your new credentials arrive and be fixed Envoy. Mitchell, I see, has got one red riband; and Draper I suppose will have the other. On a new vacancy you may get the Duke of York to renew his applica-

tion for you. As he will not probably obtain many favours, they may now and then be willing to hush him with a red riband for a friend, and he will like that you should owe it to him rather than to a private person. When you are firm in your seat of Envoy, what if you wrote to his Royal Highness, that you would not trouble him on the Envoy, but hoped to be indebted to his protection for what he had so graciously engaged to undertake. This I should think would pique him, if he sees the Bath bestowed contrary to his solicitation. Consider this advice, and act as you find it reasonable or not. You are a very boy, but I cannot help humouring you a little. Good night.

P.S. I guessed right; the papers which are just come in, say that Draper* has the red riband.

LETTER LXXXI.

Paris, February 9th, 1766.

I CONGRATULATE the success of your labours† as a minister, though as an Englishman I am very indifferent about the matter. It is below such a nation as England to trouble its head whether an old mumper at Rome calls a wretched fugitive *Rè d'Inghiterra* or *Principe di Galles*. For the poor lad's followers it is

* Sir William Draper, much known by his conquest of Manilla; by his controversy with the author of the Letters of Junius; and by his accusation of General Murray on the second loss of Minorca in 1782.

† This relates to Sir Horace Mann's having, by order of his court, interposed to prevent the Pope from acknowledging the eldest son of the late Chevalier de St. George as King of England.

important, and anything is lucky for them that prevents their going to Tyburn for him. To himself, indeed, it is cruel to be refused an empty title by an old Dervish for whom he lost the reality. Rome is the only spot on earth where he can exist decently, as at least he would take the *pas* of many saints. To call him Prince of Wales, and refuse him the kingship, is an absurdity worthy of an Irish patriarch. *Here* they assign many reasons for the refusal, as the jealousy of those fools the Roman nobility; apprehensions that the English would not go to Rome; as if they had never gone there in the father's time! tenderness to the Catholics in England, who are actually disturbed there by the Bishop of London, which they were not in the old Pretender's time, who was acknowledged; other fears, from the rashness and drunkenness of the young man's character; doubts on his faith, the best reason of all; and suspicions (the worst reason of all) that we have bribed the congregation of cardinals. I should be very indignant at the latter reason; but the rapacity of English members of Parliament reassures me.

There are rumours here of a coolness, even of quarrels, between this court and the new Emperor, who it is said insists that Parma should be held as a fief of the empire, and demands restitution of Lorraine. It would not surprise me: France, as England has done, will find that the court of Vienna obeys no law, observes no tie, but that of pride. As England and France are the two powers that can hurt one another

the most, I wish them for ever connected. If this young German Cæsar begins already, I know where he will end—at impatience to reign over his mother's estates.

We are every day impatient for letters from England, where Mr. Pitt's conduct has occasioned great confusion. He has declared a little for some part of the administration, but strongly against the Duke of Newcastle ; violently against Lord Bute ; peremptorily against the last ministry, every one of whose acts he condemns; and, what is stronger than all, against the Parliament itself, which he says has taxed America without a right to do so, and by that act broke the original compact. His followers are exceedingly few; yet his name makes a sort of party, and you may be sure he has all the Americans with him. Lord Bute acts separately, as a fourth party—*if* he is allowed to do so, what becomes of the faith pledged to the present ministers, when they were invited and intreated to take the lead? *If* he should join the late opposition, and they join him, how that bargain will complete the scandalous characters of both sides!—of their's to stoop to him again; of his who brings back, from self-interest, to his master those who stigmatized the mother by Act of Parliament! How justly he will deserve the title he assumes, of the *King's friend!* and who will not recollect the North Briton, number 45?

Your old friend, Lord Fane,* is dead, and has left

* Charles, Viscount Fane ; he had been minister at Florence before Sir Horace Mann.

three thousand pounds a-year to poor Lady Sandwich,* who cannot enjoy it. She is shut up: the family blood and her misfortunes have turned her head. I do not doubt but Sandwich will find means to profit by her unhappy situation.

We are again up to the ears in snow, yet I am robust and well, am become *très* French, never dine, but sup, sit up all night, and lie abed all day. In short, heartily enjoy the holidays I have given myself from Parliament. However, I think of returning home at the end of March, but have some suspicion that I shall now and then steal a winter here.

If my philosophy about the red riband does not convince you, at least you must not wonder that your want of philosophy does not persuade me; though, if it were in my power to bestow, I should certainly humour you with it. Your victorious campaign against the House of Stuart adds a new title to your pretensions. If a change should happen in England, I do not think that you would obtain it, after being in favour with the present ministers. The present reign cannot but be stormy, while there is a favourite, who is too notorious a coward to venture his person, too ambitious and too treacherous to suffer anybody long who will not be his creatures. Should George Grenville return to power, I should at least be comforted to see equal ambition, equal pride, and equal treachery, bow to an idol he has abandoned, despised, and insulted. Adieu!

* Lady Sandwich was second sister of Lord Fane.

LETTER LXXXII.

Paris, Feb. 29, 1766.

I HAVE received your letters very regularly, and though I have not sent you nearly so many, yet I have not been wanting to our correspondence, when I have had anything particular to say, or knew what to say. The Duke of Richmond has been gone to England this fortnight; he had a great deal of business, besides engagements here; and if he has failed writing, at least I believe he received yours. Mr. Conway, I suppose, has received them too, but not to my knowledge; for I have received but one from him this age. He has had something else to do than to think of Pretenders, and pretenders to pretensions. It has been a question (and a question scarcely decided yet) not only whether he and his friends should remain ministers, but whether we should not draw the sword on our colonies, and provoke them and the manufacturers at home to rebellion. The goodness of Providence, or fortune by its permission, has interposed, and I hope prevented blood; though George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, who so mercifully checked our victories, in compassion to France, grew heroes the moment there was an opportunity of conquering our own brethren. It was actually moved by them and their banditti to send troops to America. The stout Earl of Bute, who is never afraid when not personally in danger, joined his troops to his ancient friends, late foes, and now new allies. Yet this second

race of Spaniards, so fond of gold and thirsting after American blood, were routed by 274; their whole force amounting but to 134. The Earl astonished at this defeat, had recourse to that kind of policy which Machiavel recommends in his chapter of *back-stairs.* Cæsar himself disavowed his ministers, and declared he had not been for the repeal, and that his servants had used his name without his permission. A paper was produced to his eyes which proved this denial an equivocation. The Ministers, instead of tossing their places into the middle of the closet, as I should have done, had the courage and virtue to stand firm, and save both Europe and America from destruction.

At that instant, who do you think presented himself as Lord Bute's guardian angel? only one of his bitterest enemies: a milk-white angel, white even to his eyes and eye-lashes, very purblind, and whose tongue runs like a fiddle-stick. You have seen this divinity, and have prayed to it for a riband. Well this god of love became the god of politics, and contrived meetings between Bute, Grenville, and Bedford; but, what happens to highwaymen *after* a robbery, happened to them *before,* they quarrelled about the division of the plunder, before they had made the capture—and thus, when the last letters came away, the repeal was likely to pass in both houses, and tyranny once more despairs.

This is the quintessence of the present situation in England. To how many North Britons, No. 45, will that wretched Scot furnish matter? But let us talk of your *Cardinal-Duke of York:* so his folly has left

his brother in a worse situation than he took him up? *York* seems a title fated to sit on silly heads—or don't let us talk of him; he is not worth it.

I am as sorry for the death of Lady Hilsborough,* as I suppose Mr. Skreene is glad of his consort's departure. She was a common creature, bestowed on the public by Lord Sandwich. Lady Hilsborough had sense and merit, and is a great loss to her family. By letters hither, we hear miserable accounts of poor Sir James Macdonald; pray let him know that I have written to him, and how much I am concerned for his situation.

This Court is plunged into another deep mourning for the death of old Stanislaus, who fell into the fire; it caught his night-gown and burnt him terribly before he got assistance. His subjects are in despair, for he was a model of goodness and humanity; uniting or rather creating, generosity from economy. The Poles had not the sense to re-elect him, after his virtues were proved, they who had chosen him before they knew him. I am told such was the old man's affection for his country, and persuasion that he ought to do all the good he could, that he would have gone to Poland if they had offered him the crown. He has left six hundred thousand livres, and a *rente viagere* of forty thousand crowns to the Queen, saved from the sale of his Polish estates, from his pension of two millions, and from his own liberality. His buildings, his employment

* Lady Mary Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and first wife of Wills Hill, first Earl of Hilsborough.

of the poor, his magnificence, and his economy, were constant topics of admiration. Not only the court-tables were regularly and nobly served, but he treated, and defrayed his old enemy's* grand-daughter, the Princess Christina, on her journey hither to see her sister the dauphiness. When mesdames his grand-daughters made him an unexpected visit, he was so disturbed for fear it should derange his finances, which he thought were not in advance, that he shut himself up for an hour with his treasurer, to find resources; was charmed to know he should not run in debt, and entertained them magnificently. His end was calm and gay, like his life, though he suffered terribly, and he said so extraordinary a life could not finish in a common way. To a lady who had set her ruffle on fire, and scorched her arm about the same time, he said, "Madame, nous brulons du même feu." The poor Queen had sent him the very night-gown that occasioned his death: he wrote to her, "C'étoit pour me tenir chaud, mais il m'a tenu trop chaud."

Yesterday we had the funeral oration on the dauphin; and are soon to have one on Stanislaus. It is a noble subject; but if I had leisure, I would compose a grand funeral oration on the number of princes dead within these six months. What fine pictures, contrasts, and comparisons they would furnish! The Duke of Parma and the King of Denmark reigning virtuously with absolute power! The Emperor at the head of Europe, and encompassed with mimic Roman

* Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland.

eagles, tied to the apron-strings of a bigoted and jealous virago. The dauphin cultivating virtues under the shade of so bright a crown, and shining only at the moment that he was snatched from the prospect of empire. The old Pretender wasting away in obscurity and misfortune, after surviving the Duke of Cumberland, who had given the last blow to the hopes of his family; and Stanislaus perishing by an accident,—he who had swam over the billows raised by Peter the Great and Charles XII., and reigning, while his successor and second of his name was reigning on his throne. It is not taking from the funereal part to add, that when so many good princes die, the Czarina is still living!

The public again thinks itself on the eve of a war, by the recall of Stahremberg, the imperial minister. It seems at least to destroy the expectation of a match between the youngest archduchess and the dauphin, which it was thought Stahremberg remained here to bring about. I like your Great Duke for feeling the loss of his minister. It is seldom that a young sovereign misses a governor before he tastes the fruits of his own incapacity.

March 1st.

We have got more letters from England, where the ministers are still triumphant. They had a majority of 108 on the day that it was voted to bring in a bill to repeal the stamp-act. George Grenville's ignorance and blunders were displayed to his face and to the whole world; he was hissed through the Court of

Requests, where Mr. Conway was huzza'd. It went still farther for Mr. Pitt, whom the mob accompanied home with "Io Pitts!" This is new for an opposition to be so unpopular. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXIII.

Paris, March 21st, 1766.

You are not very just to me, my dear sir, in suspecting me of neglecting you. Do you think Paris has turned my head, or could make me, what England never could, forget you? Was not it so when I first arrived here? and did not you find at last that it was the post's fault, not mine? I shall be in London by the middle of April, and then I trust our correspondences will have no more interruptions: but sure you ought to distrust anything sooner than a friendship so unalterable as mine.

We do not yet actually know the last step of the repeal of the stamp-act, but have all reason to conclude that it passed in the most satisfactory manner for the ministry, as, on the second reading in the House of Lords, it was carried by a majority of 34, though no greater majority was expected than of five or six. The blood-thirsty protested, and intended to protest again on the last stage; an evident symptom of their despair; and a most foolish step, as it is marking out their names to the odium of the nation, and delivering

down an attestation of their tyrannic principles to posterity. Lord Lyttelton drew the first, and I hope it will be bound up hereafter with his Persian Letters, to show on what contradictory principles his lordship can oppose.

Grenville is fallen below contempt; Sandwich and his parson Anti-Sejanus* are hooted off the stage. Mr. Pitt's abilities I am told have shone with greater lustre than ever, and with more variety. There is a report here that he has actually accepted the administration. I do not believe that he has yet, though I am sure no French *wishes* coined the report. I could not have believed, if I had not come hither, how much they dread him.

Well! all this paves the way to what I wish, liberty to my country and liberty to me. Tranquillity bounds my ambition. To see Grenville, and such wretches grovelling in the mire, gilds the peaceable scene. How many wretches have I lived to see England escape! Thank God I am not philosopher enough not to be grateful for it! I would not wrestle, like the *savants* here, against any powers beyond those of this world. I may spurn pigmies of my own size; but do not question what I cannot fathom. Gods of stone, or kings of flesh, are my derision; but of all gods that were ever invented, the most ridiculous is that old lumpish god of the Grecian sophists, whom the

* One Scott, a clergyman, employed by Lord Sandwich to write in the newspapers against Mr. Pitt. He signed his papers Anti-Sejanus.

modern literati want to reinstate—the god Matter. It would be like a revolution in England in favour of the late Pretender after he was bedridden.

If you receive any one of my letters, pray assure Sir James Macdonald that I have answered his; but when they miscarry to you, I have less hopes of one reaching him. Direct your next to Arlington Street.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Calais, April 20, 1766.

I AM here waiting for the tide, my dear sir, and cannot employ my leisure better than in reviving our correspondence, which has not languished from any fault in me, but from the difficulties and dilatoriness of the French couriers, from my want of English news, and from my unwillingness to talk on our affairs in the heart of Paris. All those obstacles cease now, and you will find no change or coolness in my friendship.

Mr. Conway has been twice dangerously ill, both times from neglect. He had a scorbutic eruption, caught cold, neglected it, it turned to a high fever, he was thrice bled, and recovered. His first sally was to his Sabine farm, whither the Opposition wanted so much to send him. A deep snow fell, but he would walk out to see his improvements. The eruption, which had returned on his breast, struck in suddenly, and he fainted away; but it took a rheumatic turn, and the Duke of Richmond writes me word that he is

recovering. In the mean time affairs have run into confusion. Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding he has been so much announced for coming in, has certainly not yet been treated with, and probably grows impatient, for of late he has suddenly turned his artillery against the Ministry,—for who saves their country for their country's sake? I expect to find things in much disorder; but I am used to that, and grown indifferent to it.

The Hereditary Prince has landed on this side, and will make you a visit before his return. As he has left affairs unsettled, I cannot think Mr. Pitt's junction very likely, which I do not doubt but his highness has much laboured. He will not probably be so much in fashion at Paris as he would have been two years ago. Their admiration is more worn out than the sense of their losses. Our papers say, it has been discovered that France was at the bottom of the insurrections of the White Boys in Ireland. It is the age of revolts, and one has just broken out which she did not expect, and which is likely to tie up her best instrument. You do not hesitate, to be sure, to guess that I mean the insurrection at Madrid. Perhaps Squilace* is even already landed with you. The King of Aranjuez refuses to return to his capital: sometimes he is sick, sometimes it is the season; in bigger moments, he will fix at Seville. In short, whether frightened or betrayed, he has made a wretched figure, and I have

* Prime Minister to Charles the Third, and driven out of the kingdom by the people.

no doubt but the Spanish nobility are heartily glad he has, if they are not more.

When the Spanish diadem totters, what royal head but must ache? I would not answer, but there may be some twitches in the one* that has lately declared itself so omnipotent, and retained so much of his ancient Jesuit confessor's lessons as to distinguish between an oath to God *for* his people and *to* his people. It is such a declaration as must have made deep impressions, though the thunder has hitherto struck everybody dumb. The first moment of difficulty or disaster, the first war, will undoubtedly revive the resentment of a nation, which has chosen to crouch; but pretended to say that it was voluntarily and from affection. For the nobility, they are to a man rejoiced; they hate these discussions, and are glad to be eased of thinking, which is equivalent to the headache in a man of quality.

You will naturally here ask me how I like France upon the whole? So well, that I shall certainly return hither. I have received most uncommon civilities and real marks of friendship, and shall ever preserve great gratitude for them. I wish the two nations to live eternally at peace, and shall be glad to pass my time between them. My principles can never grow monarchic, but I never entered in the least into their politics. In the first place, politics were what

* Louis the Fifteenth: he had lately held a *lit de justice*, in which he had asserted his authority in very strong terms, and forbidden the Parliament to dispute his acts.

I came hither to avoid; and in the next, I think it indecent in a stranger to meddle with those of another country, where he is well received. Tranquillity is all I ask for the rest of my days, and I shall sedulously avoid every occasion of disturbing myself. When I reflect on how prodigious a quantity of events I have been witness to or engaged in, my life seems equal to Methuselah's. I sometimes can hardly believe that I have not lived twice; but indeed there has been no pause to distinguish my two lives. My natural life, between an excellent constitution and the repairer gout, seems likely to add a codicil to Methuselah's.

I shall leave the rest of my paper for London, where I must pass some days before I get to Strawberry Hill, though thither my impatience is all pointed. Good-night.

Wednesday, April 23rd, Arlington Street.

I arrived last night. Mr. Conway is not yet come to town, nor will, but is expected to-morrow. Mr. Pitt has kicked and cuffed to right and left, and all is disorder. I don't guess what the sediment will be!

Lord Clive has just sent us the whole kingdom of Bengal, which the Great Mogul has yielded to this little Great Mogul without a blow. He has made an infant nabob, and settled a regency; and when all expenses are paid, there will be remitted to England yearly a million and half; we may buy another war in Germany and subsidize two or three electors, for we shall scorn to be the better for this money ourselves. East-India stock is risen ten per cent. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXV.

Arlington Street, May 22nd, 1766.

At last, my dear sir, I begin to see daylight: the present ministry, I think now, will stand. Mr. Pitt missed his opportunity, and pushed his haughtiness a little too far, and I believe is grievously disappointed. Nothing was more plain than his eagerness to return to power, but he took it upon too high a style, and miscarried. The court did not wish for a master, nor many of the ministers for a dictator; yet he was courted by the latter to the last. He would not vouchsafe to treat but personally with the King, who would not send for him a third time. He then veered towards his kin, and having laid out all his dignity with the ministers, was condescending enough towards the Grenvilles. Lord Temple met him half way, but George Grenville's wounds were too fresh to close so soon, and he took the counterpart of Pitt; for having repeated the most abject advances to Bute, he indemnified his pride by holding off from Pitt, and so both are left in the lurch, and both have taken to the last quieting draught of disappointed ambition, the country. The Duke of Grafton has sacrificed himself to Pitt's pride, and has resigned the Seals, which are given to the Duke of Richmond, who kisses hands to-morrow. Lord Rochford, I think, will go to Paris.

The promotion of the Duke of Richmond pleases me extremely; it makes an united administration, and a

little prudence and management may make it a permanent one.

Luckily for us, it has been a time when we could afford to play the fool. France has neither heads, generals, nor money, and Spain has got its hands full; and we have got rid of our enemies there, the French and Italian ministers.

As I love big politics, I am waiting with impatience for more news of Prince Heraclius, who, we are told, is on the high road to Constantinople. When he has pulled down the Mufti, pray fetch him to burn old Mother Babylon for a witch. You know I have always sighed for thundering revolutions, but have been forced to be content with changes of Ministers. Oh! but we have discovered a race of giants! Captain Byron has found a nation of Brobdignags on the coast of Patagonia; the inhabitants on foot, taller than he and his men on horseback. I don't indeed know how he and his sailors came to be riding in the South Seas. However, it is a terrible blow to the Irish, for I suppose all our dowagers now will be for marrying Patagonians. Somewhere else, too,—but I am a sad geographer—there is a polished country discovered in those seas. They must be barbarous indeed if they exceed London and Paris! Have you heard of Lally's tragedy; that they gagged him lest he should choke himself with his own tongue, which is not the easiest sort of self-murder in the world, and that the mob clapped their hands for joy during the execution? When a nation has behaved cowardly, they always think to repair it by

cruelty;—so poor Byng was murdered—and now this man, who was a tyrant, but certainly not guilty to his country. I know our people always accused him of breaking his word with us to serve the cause of France.

If it is too soon to conduct Prince Heraclius to Rome, and you have quite annihilated the Pretender, and have nothing else to do, I wish you would think for me of the other volumes of Herculaneum. Mount Vesuvius seems out of humour, and may destroy all the copies.

We have no news of any kind but these dregs of politics. The town empties, and will be deserted after the birth-day. I shall soon settle at Strawberry for the summer, which is not begun yet, from a succession of rains and east winds; and, as I have no disappointed ambition, I don't choose to retreat from one fireside to another. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVI.

Strawberry Hill, June 9th, 1766.

THE session of Parliament has at last ended, and the ministry have a lease of five or six months longer. This is the most one can depend upon, notwithstanding my views were so sanguine in my last; but their heads not being quite so well ballasted as their hearts, it is difficult to say how long they will swim. Your friend, the whitest of our white princes,* was very nearly over-

* The Duke of York.

setting their bark as it was making land. He had obtained a promise from his brother and Lord Rockingham, of a parliamentary settlement on him and his younger brothers, which would have raised their appanages to 20,000*l.* a-year each. It was neglected till the last days of the session; when Mr. Conway, who had not been made acquainted, objected to so considerable a donation being hurried through the remnant of a thin house, especially as it was universally disapproved, the ministers having the good fortune to have most people agree with them on all points against the opposition, of which this royal highness is a chief. The ministers gave in to Mr. Conway's opinion; the duke insisted, but at last the King consented that it should be postponed till next year, after recommending it to the house, with the demand for his sister's fortune, the future Queen of Denmark. If you have your royal visitor again this summer, you must expect to hear Mr. Conway much reproached. I will dispense with your bearing it patiently, if it procures you the red riband. As stability is not the property of ministerial tenures at present, be always upon your guard what you write to me, for your letters may find new faces at the post-office before I have time to prepare you for them.

The Great Commoner * is exceedingly out of humour, and having duped himself, taxes the ministers with perfidy; he would never connect with them in or out, and who, having proscribed half of them, would

* A common phrase for Mr. Pitt.

not vouchsafe to treat with the rest. The people who think everything right that he does, or does not, and who, as often as he changes his mind backwards and forwards, think that right too, take all the pains they can to indulge his pride. He has been at Bath; they stood up all the time he was in the rooms, and while he drank his glass of water; and one man in Somersetshire said to him as he passed through a crowd, I hope *your majesty's* health is better! I am glad,—no, I don't know whether I am not sorry, that he is not at Quito, where they have insisted on crowning one of their fellow-subjects King of Peru. 'Tis a lucky revolution for us, and would have pleased me entirely if they had chosen a Peruvian. However, the poor Peruvians must have some comfort in seeing their tyrants punish themselves.

We have a Russian Garrick here, the head of their theatre, and, like Shakspeare, both actor and author. He has translated Hamlet, and it has been acted at Petersburgh. I could wish the parallel were carried still farther, and that after this play acted before the Empress *Gertrude*, the assassin of her husband, she were to end like Hamlet's mother.

The King and Queen have been here this week to see my castle, and stayed two hours. I was gone to London but a quarter of an hour before. They were exceedingly pleased with it, and the Queen so much that she said she would come again. I do wish, my dear sir, you could once see it! It would for me be the most pleasing interruption that could happen to our correspondence. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVII.

Arlington Street, July 11th, 1766.

I HOPE you have minded me, and are prepared. Nay, if you did but calculate, you must have expected a revolution. Why, it was a year yesterday that the ministers had held their places. Surely you did not think that Secretaries of State and Lords of the Treasury are of more importance, or ought to be more permanent than churchwardens! If you did, you do not know my Lord Bute. As Petulant says of Millamant and her lovers, he makes no more of making ministers than of making card-matches.

The late ministers—I talk of those who were in office three days ago, stuck to their text; that is, would not bow the knee to the idol that keeps behind the veil of the sanctuary. They were content to have shown some civilities to one or two of his family, and asked the King if there was anybody his Majesty wished particularly to have placed? It was now too late: the answer was "No!" On Sunday last, without any communication to the ministers, the Chancellor,* who can smell a storm, and who has probably bargained for beginning it, told the King that he would resign. The ministers saw this was a signal of something, though they did not know what; and having found of late that they could obtain no necessary powers for strengthening themselves, determined to

* Lord Northington.

resign. They should have done so on Wednesday; but the old obstacle, Newcastle, and one or two more, prevailed to defer their resolution till to-day. Mr. Conway alone had determined, when he should quit, to recommend sending for Mr. Pitt. To their great surprise, when they severally went into the closet, the King, *sans façon*, declared that he *had* sent for Mr. Pitt. Mr. Conway replied, that he was very glad of it, and hoped it would answer. To him much graciousness was used; he was told that it was hoped never to see an administration of which he should not be part. This looks as if the plan was arranged, and that he was to remain; for a cool leave, very cool, was taken of all the rest.

You have now the sum total of all I know, except that, half an hour ago, I heard Mr. Pitt was arrived. What his list will be is a profound secret. Probably, it will be picked and culled from all quarters. If the symptom of an arrangement being settled, which I mentioned above, had not appeared, I should say, "Stay, this is not the first time that Mr. Pitt has been sent for, and gone back *re infectâ*." Oh! but though they are not cured of sending for him, he may be cured of going back. Well, but on the other side, his scheme of breaking all parties may not succeed—pray don't think I mean that the constituents of parties are all men of honour, and will not violate their connections. No; but the very self-interest that would tempt them to desert may at last keep them together. Men will find out that the tenure of places is too pre-

carious. It grows not worth while to let themselves be dragged through every kennel for the salary of a single year.

There may be another difficulty. Will Mr. Pitt propose Lord Temple for the Treasury? Will he take it? Will he accept without George Grenville? And will the latter serve under both? Can these three act together? Will Grenville be endured when Mr. Pitt is called, only to avoid being forced to call for Grenville? Oh, I could ask you, or you may ask me, twenty other questions, that I cannot answer, and that a few days will. What will popularity say to the union of Pitt and Bute? Will Mr. Pitt's fortune salve that? Will it please the nation to see him sacrifice a most popular administration to the favourite, who fall, because they withstood the favourite? Truly, I do not yet know; but one thing I do know, that Mr. Pitt must disoblige so many more than he can content, that by this day twelvemonth I may probably send you another revolution.

As to you, my dear sir, I am not apprehensive for you. This is not one of those state-quakes that reach to foreign ministers. Mr. Pitt is not a man of vengeance; nor, were he, could he have any animosity to you. Had the former ministry returned I would not have warranted you; the favour you received from Mr. Conway may have been noted down in their black book, and the red riband would have added another dash. In all cases you had better not say much in answer to this. The new plan may blow up before it

takes place, and what might succeed it, is impossible to guess. I will write to you again as soon as anything is settled, or if the machine falls to pieces in the erection.

You will soon see at Florence the son of Madame de Boufflers, to whom I have been desired to give a letter. As I conclude the new French minister,* who is much connected with his mother, will be at Florence before his arrival, he will not have great occasion for your civilities. However, for once I will beg you rather to exceed in them, for particular reasons. His mother is the mistress, and very desirous of being the wife, of the Prince of Conti. She is a *sçavante, philosophe*, author, *bel esprit*, what you please, and has been twice in England, where she has some great admirers. She was very civil to me at Paris, and at the same time very unpleasant, for being a protectress of Rousseau, she was extremely angry, and made the Prince of Conti so, at the letter I wrote to him in the name of the King of Prussia. It was made up, but I believe not at all forgiven, for it is unpardonable to be too quick-sighted, and to detect anybody's idol. Rousseau has answered all I thought and said of him, by a most weak and passionate answer to my letter, which showed I had touched his true sore; and since, by the most abominable and ungrateful abuse of Mr. Hume, the second idol of Madame de Boufflers, to whom she had consigned the first. This new behaviour of Rousseau will not justify me in her eyes, because it makes

* Monsieur De Barbantane.

me more in the right; therefore I should wish, as the only proper return to a woman, to be of use to her son. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1766.

The Comte de Boufflers, who does me the honour of carrying this letter, is the gentleman for whom I have already told you I interest myself so much. His birth and his rank, added to the uncommon merits and talents of the countess, his mother, will everywhere procure him the proper distinctions. If Madame de Boufflers has done me the honour of asking what she is pleased to call a recommendatory letter of her son to you, you may be sure I had not the vanity of accepting such an honour with any other view than to procure you so agreeable an acquaintance. You are too just to merit of all nations to estimate it by countries; and yet if you can find a way of being more civil than ordinary, I must beg that art may be employed for the amusement and service of Monsieur de Boufflers while he is at Florence. Madame de Boufflers has done so much honour to England and Englishmen, that you will be a very bad representative of both if you do not endeavour to pay some of our debts to her son. Adieu! my dear sir.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Arlington Street, July 18, 1766.

LAST post I put your blood into a little ferment; but now I send you a quieting draft. We were very uneasy for four days, for Lord Temple not only came to town on the King's summons, and by Mr. Pitt's desire, but saw both, and, what was worse, stayed here. There was no fishing out a syllable of what passed. Few of the present administration, or their friends, would have stayed, if Temple had accepted; not a man of them, if he dragged his brother George along with him. As his own acceptance would have hampered Mr. Pitt, his lordship's *amiable* temper made that very probable; for, if he got in himself, he might have wriggled his brother in afterwards; and this was much to be apprehended, for family-interest visibly pointed to that measure. Happily, family-pride and malice predominated. He stickled for George; Mr. Pitt withstood him to his face, and would not budge an inch. Thus mortified, he took a natural turn, and asked Mr. Pitt what he intended to do for Lord Bute's friends? He replied, considerably. Then came on the rupture. Yesterday Lord Temple saw the King; repeated his insolent demands; was rejected with proper spirit, and is gone —I trust, for ever. However, he ruffled Mr. Pitt so much, that yesterday he had a great deal of fever, and was not able to see even the Duke of Grafton, whom he had sent for to town.

Nothing could be so happy as these events. The

nation had scarce a wish, or at least their wishes were divided between Mr. Pitt and the present ministers. The city was even discontent with the prospect of a change; yet they wanted strength, and he brings it. All the unpopular will remain out of place, and if they please, in opposition. Mr. Pitt's name will cover any satisfaction that is given to Lord Bute, and the ministers have the credit of having resisted paying court to him. If anything can give stability, this concurrence of popularity and integrity will.

What the changes will be, I neither know nor much care. If the Duke of Richmond could be satisfied, I should be quite so, and much more so than they who see all their wishes gratified. My whole ambition was to quit politics. I leave them happily and gloriously settled, and an exclusion given to the public's and my private enemies. The King may be happy if he will, and the people are no longer in danger of arbitrary power. The ministers will withstand that, and Mr. Pitt's name will keep Europe in awe. 'Tis a great æra, my dear sir, and a new birthday for England!

You are perfectly secure; for I suppose you will not resign your post in compliment to the Grenvilles. Your *visitor*,* who has contributed a little to this storm, will by no means find his account in it, and may possibly, therefore, still make you another visit.

You shall hear the changes when they are settled, though of little importance now, and I should think not likely to extend far. Adieu!

* Edward, Duke of York.

LETTER XC.

Arlington Street, July 23, 1766.

I RECEIVED yours of the 5th, last night, with the inclosed for Lord Hilsborough, which I will deliver the moment he arrives. I am glad of every new friend you acquire, especially in a sensible man; but I doubt whether just at present he can be of any use to you. He has no connexion with Mr. Pitt, who is at this moment the sole fountain of honour, as my two last letters will have told you.

Your eagerness for the red riband I see still continues, and I am sorry for it, both as I think it a plaything not worth your care, and not likely to be soon gratified. In a season of such frequent convulsions, you must be content, I fear, to keep your seat. Though Mr. Conway will continue in his, the disposition of favours will not lie much in his province; Mr. Pitt too, I should think, would be dressing up military men in plumes, as trophies and remembrances of his own former glory, which may want to be recalled to the people's memory. Every favour you obtain from one set of men, will be a demerit with their antagonists, and the more garlands you wear, the sooner you may be sacrificed. The present shock, I am persuaded, will not reach you, though you will have a master entirely new; Lord Shelburne will be he: a destination not at all known yet, but I suppose it will be so presently, for Mr. Pitt is at this instant

with the King, arranging the outlines of his system. The Duke of Grafton is to be at the head of the Treasury, and Charles Townshend Chancellor of the Exchequer. The latter was sent for, and arrived exulting. Yesterday his crest fell terribly; Mr. Pitt sent him two dictatorial lines, telling him, that he was too considerable not to be in a responsible place, and therefore would be proposed by him on the morrow, to the King for Chancellor of the Exchequer, to which he required a positive answer by nine at night. This was plain. You are not to remain Paymaster, but are to be *promoted* from seven thousand pounds a-year, to seven-and-twenty hundred—to such contemptuous slavery has his enormous folly reduced his enormous parts!

You see the new colour of the times: the style will be exalted, but it will be far from meeting with universal submission. The house of Grenville is not patient: the great families that will be displaced are by no means pleased. The dictator, I think, will not find his new magistracy pass on so smoothly as his former; but one cannot judge entirely, till more of his plan comes forth. I shall be able to tell you more before this letter sets out, two days hence; but the stability with which I flattered myself when I wrote last, is not quite so promising as it was. A great point, still wrapt in mysterious darkness, is, whether Lord Bute is to be taken by the hand or not. It will secure the closet, but shake the popularity; and Lord Temple is not a man to let it pass unnoticed.

Your *White* Friend* I believe will not find him very considerable in the new system.

I am sorry for poor Count Lorenzi; but when his services were treated with such ingratitude, is it probable his family will be used better?

Prince Ferdinand has quarrelled with the King of Prussia, and thrown up all his employments. We have had a notion here, that he would go into the French service: the event of Mr. Pitt might hinder that, if between his two heroes the balance did not incline to the Monarch.

As we shall love now to humble France and Spain, your having bullied their ministers on the Pretender's affair may be much in your favour. On any proper occasion, I will get Mr. Conway to set your merits forth. On every occasion I beg you to be as haughty as may be; you no longer represent the King, but Mr. Pitt; and pray keep up all the dignity of his crown. It will be your own fault, if you don't huff yourself into a red riband. This is my serious advice; as well as my temper. You know I love to have the majesty of the people of England dictate to all Europe. Nothing would have diverted me more than to have been at Paris at this moment. Their panic at Mr. Pitt's name is not to be described. Whenever they were impertinent, I used to drop, as by chance, that he would be Minister in a few days, and it never failed to occasion a dead silence. The Prince of Masserano here is literally in a ridiculous

* Edward, Duke of York.

fright, and I don't doubt but the King his master will treat Madrid with uncommon condescension.

Wednesday night.

You must not wonder that the style of my letters fluctuates. Nothing wears so changeable a face as politics, especially in such unsettled times. Consider too, I write you journals, not history. Madam History collects the result of events and forms a gross detail. She would have enough to do if she specified their daily ages. Well, then, I think we shall have a good and stable settlement at last. Mr. Pitt has opened his budget in private, but I must not send it yet. There will be very few alterations, and no leaven. The present administration will be retained or pacified. Charles Townshend will be suffered to remain where he was. You shall know more soon; you may be easy, for I assure you I am so. Adieu!

Friday. Weather changeable.

The new plan does not move on kindly, but though there may be hitches, it will certainly take place. Mr. Pitt is resolved, and would not want recruits, if the present corps should disband. He takes the Privy Seal himself, and Lord Camden is to have the Great Seal: the Chancellor to be President. Charles Townshend changed his mind again yesterday, went to Mr. Pitt, and desired to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Pitt replied coldly, that the place is full. I believe Mr. Dowdswell, continues Mr. Pitt, has certainly been moderate, far beyond what could have been expected, yet it does not satisfy—those that are

to go out. That old wretch the Duke of Newcastle is moving heaven and earth (but heaven and earth are not easily moved with a numbed finger of seventy) to raise dissatisfaction; and I suppose will end, like Lord Bolingbroke, laying plans at fourscore to govern under the Prince of Wales, who is now almost five.

LETTER XCI.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1st, 1766.

WELL! Europe must have done talking of Mr. Pitt; there is no longer such a man. He is Lord Privy Seal, and Earl of Chatham. I don't know how Europe will like it, but the city and the mob are very angry. The latter, by which I do not mean to exclude the former, prove that it was only a name they were attached to, for as he has not advised a single measure yet, they can have no reason to find fault. Such as know why they are angry, though they will not tell you their true why, dislike his quitting the House of Commons, where he had more opportunity of doing jobs for them.

This dust will soon be laid, though my Lord Temple has a long foot, and will keep kicking it up as long as he can. Everything is settled but a few lower places; and as but few have resigned, and some full as important are acquired, I see nothing at present to prevent the new establishment from lasting.

The Chancellor* is President of the Council, in the

* Earl of Northington.

room of Lord Winchelsea, with a pension of 4000*l.* a year into the bargain. I neither approve the pension nor the person, for he is never sober after dinner, and causes are only heard before the council in the afternoon. Lord Shelburne, as I told you, is Secretary of State. The Duke of Grafton at the head of the Treasury, where Charles Townshend has fixed at last as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Colonel Barré will have the vacant Vice-treasurership of Ireland, and James Grenville has another in the room of Lord George Sackville, who is rather cruelly removed. Lord Howe returns to Treasurer of the Navy, which had not been filled up.

Lord Camden has the Great Seal; Wilmot succeeds him as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Yorke has resigned, finding that all his trimming and double dealing could not make him Chancellor, and unable to digest Pratt's promotion. Mr. Mackenzie will be restored to the Privy Seal of Scotland. Lord Dartmouth has resigned the Board of Trade, having been on the point of becoming third Secretary of State for America, which now will not be disjoined from the Southern Province; and Lord John Cavendish has quitted the Treasury. I believe resignations will stop here: Newcastle's people are weary of following him in and out, and see what everybody else sees but himself, that seventy-three and ambition are ridiculous comrades. Mr. Stanley goes ambassador to Russia; I do not know who to Spain.

So much for this revolution. I don't mean that we shall not have lampoons and libels. My Lord Temple

and the mob are cross; and the former was born to gratify the latter: he has no other talent. George Grenville's endless harangues must wait till the Parliament meets, where he will speak so long that nobody will perceive that he has none to speak on his side.

Well! have not I been punctual and diligent? You must now give me a few holidays. I am going to Strawberry, and shall think no more of politics. I carried your letter to Lord Hilsborough, and met him in his chariot going to court, and could only reach your letter to him. He is talked of for coming in, but I do not know whether there will be any room. Adieu!

LETTER XCII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1766.

I HAVE had nothing great to tell you since my last. Lord Chatham continues to be ill-treated by the mob and the gout, and is going to Bath. The Bedford-squadron offered themselves: there was not room for them; the Admiralty was tendered to Lord Gower, but he would not sell himself by retail; and it was given to Sir Charles Saunders, Lord Egmont having resigned it. Lord Granby is made Commander-in-Chief, to the mortification and emolument of Lord Ligonier, who has accepted an Irish Earl's coronet for his ancient brows and approaching coffin, and got fifteen hundred a-year pension settled on his nephew. In consideration of Lord Granby's preferment, his father

has given up Master of the Horse, to which Lord Hertford succeeds, that Lord Bristol* may go to Ireland. He was going to the south of France, in a dying state, but the sole prospect of a throne, ermine, and beefeaters, has cured him. The nomination of this nymph to rule Huns and Vandals, is the joke of all companies —I dread his being brought to bed, like Pope Joan, as he goes to Parliament.

I don't like your prospect of famine; for your change of ministry, let it pass. Our harvest, though the season has been so fine, turns out ill, the preceding rains having starved it with weeds. At least, as every incident contributes to raise prices, bread is raised, and people are very clamorous against exportation of corn. There is no living in this country under twenty thousand pounds a-year; not that that suffices, but it entitles one to ask a pension for two or three lives.

Of myself I can give you but a melancholy account. For these five or six weeks I have been extremely out of order, with pains in my stomach and limbs, and a lassitude that wore me out. They tell me it is the gout flying about me. If there is any difference, but I hate haggling about obscurities, I should rather think it the rheumatism. However, I am to go to ask the Bath-waters what it is, and where they would please to have it settle. What afflicts me most is, that I am persuaded that this place is too damp for me. I revive after being in London an hour, like a member of

* George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol.

Parliament's wife. It will be a cruel fate, after having laid out so much money here; and building upon it as the nest of my old age, if I am driven from it by bad health! To be forced back into the world, when I am sick of it; to live in London, which I detest, or to send myself to Paris, which I like as little; to find no benefit from a life of temperance, to sit by a fire instead of braving winds and weather; in short, to grow to moralize—oh! 'tis piteous enough! I dread owning I am ill, because everybody talks nonsense to one, and wants to quack one; concealing it, looks like an affectation of philosophy, which I despise. In physicians I believe no more than in divines—in short, I was not made for an invalid; I mean my mind was not, and my body seems made for nothing else. I thought I could harden paper to the consistence of stone—I am disappointed and do not like it; for, though I can laugh at myself, I shall be tired of laughing long at the same thing; in short, I might as well have conquered the world. Sententious poets would have told me, that it signified little, as I had not conquered myself. I have conquered myself, and to very little purpose! Wisdom and foresight are just as foolish as anything else, when you know the bottom of them. Adieu!

P.S. I must beg you, if you can get them, to send me the other volumes of Herculaneum; I have never had but the first, and the catalogue, which last has no prints. This is asking you to send me a present, but I have no scruple with you, though I am so delicate on that head; that I should be sorry some of my first

friends knew, that so far from refusing presents, as I do from them, I had begged one.

LETTER XCIII.

Arlington Street, Sep. 25, 1766.

WHEN I told you in my last that I was ill, I did not think it would prove so very serious as it has done. It turned to an attack on my stomach, bowels, and back, with continued vomitings for four days. You will ask what it was? so I did. The physician, for Lord Hertford and Mr. Conway sent for one whether I would or not, pronounced it the gout; and because he had pronounced so, was determined it should be so, and plied me with fire, gunpowder, and all the artillery of the college, till, like a true general, he had almost reduced the place to a heap of ashes. This made me resolve to die in my own way, that is cooly. I refused to take a drop more of his prescriptions; have mended ever since; and am really now quite well, and quite convinced that it was no more the gout than the small-pox, but a violent disorder in my stomach. This was my first physician, and shall be my last. How dear one pays for health and justice; and how seldom one obtains them even for buying!

I am going to the Bath, with more opinion of the journey and change of air, than of the waters, for even water may be too hot for me. 'Tis a sort of complaisance too; and all these trials, when one is

no longer young, I regard but as taking pains to be well against one dies. I am pretty indifferent when that may be, but not so patient under the appendixes of illness; the advice everybody gives one, their infallible remedies, and, what is worse, being confined, and thereby exposed to every idle body's visit, and every interested body's flattery that expects a legacy. I had a relation the other day with me, whom I very seldom see, and who begged I would excuse, as I was so ill, her not being able to help laughing violently at some very trifling thing I said. I will leave her a certain cure for that laugh; that is, nothing.

Would you believe that such a granary as England has been in as much danger as your mountains? not of famine, but of riots. The demands for corn have occasioned so much to be exported, that our farmers went on raising the price of wheat till the poor could not buy bread; indeed, they will eat none but the best. Insurrections have happened in several counties, and worse were apprehended. Yesterday the King, by the unanimous advice of his Council, took upon him to lay an embargo, which was never done before in time of peace. It will make much clamour, among the interested, both in interest and politics; but in general will be popular. The dearness of everything is enormous and intolerable, for the country is so rich that it makes everybody poor. The luxury of tradesmen passes all belief. They would forfeit their characters with their own profession if they exercised an economy that would be thought but prudent in a man of quality

in any other country. Unless the mob will turn reformers and rise, or my Lord Clive sends over diamonds enough for current coin, I do not see how one shall be able soon to purchase necessaries.

Count Schoualloff, the favourite of the late Czarina —pray mind, not of this tigress—is here. I knew him at Paris, and when he was here before, and love him much, as one of the most humane, amiable beings upon earth. He is wandering about Europe till this tyranny be overpast, and talks of going to Italy. Pray be acquainted with him: your two natures were made for one another. He is very ill paired with Rasomoufski, the late Hetman of the Tartars, who was forced into the conspiracy, as they say, against the murdered Czar. The woman he served has displaced him, but given him a pension of twelve thousand pounds sterling a-year. He is a noble figure, of the Tartar mould; but I do not advise you to cultivate *him*. I have refused to be acquainted with him, though Schoualloff desired to bring him to me. He is not a Brutus to my mind. Adieu!

LETTER XCIV.

Arlington Street, October 26, 1766.

I CAME to town yesterday from the Bath; and at night Lady Hertford told me what an anxious letter you had written to old Mr. Larpent about me: she heard it from his son. I did not doubt, my dear sir, your affection to me, and therefore this indirect way

has not increased my persuasion of it. As there was no probability of its coming to my knowledge, such an accident might be very satisfactory to another; but I am glad to tell you, that it has not added a grain to my conviction of your sincerity. Indeed, I hoped the letter I wrote to you would have reached you as soon as that idle paragraph in the newspapers, and would prevent your being alarmed. For the future, pray observe that it is not necessary to be of importance; an inconsiderable person as I am, may, you see, have a palsy in the newspapers, though they have none out of them. Very ill I was to be sure, and more likely to be quite than half dead. My recovery has gone on fast: the Bath waters were serviceable to me, though they have not removed the pain in my stomach, which comes almost every morning, but goes as soon as it has left its name. After all the wisdom I have heard, and the advice that everybody bestows, I have only learnt that if I will do everything I don't like, and nothing I do, I may live and be very happy—indeed! So life is like virtue, charming for its own sake!—and yet, though I believe few of those who affirm this of virtue, I do believe them about life—they have a fondness for its very dregs; and would patch and darn it till it has not one thread left of the texture for which one wore it at first. What idiots we are! we squander youth, and husband old age; waste our money, and cherish the tattered bag that held it! If there was a day marked on which youth ceases and age commences, I should call that the day of one's death; the first

would be the death of pleasure, the other is only the death of pain ; and is that such a grievance ?

I left Lord Chatham at Bath, in great health and spirits. He does not seem to dread his enemies, nor respect them. I trust he will be as much justified in the first, as he is in the last. I am sure, if the present administration does not hold, I don't know whither we are to go next ! Lord Northumberland and Lord Cardigan are made dukes. The older earls, you may be sure, are much offended ; and I think the Crown has not acted very wisely in opening a new door to solicitations. It has left itself so little to bestow, that it is come now to its last fund.

I expect that it will rather be a busy than a warm winter. The consideration of our Indian affairs will be the principal object. George Grenville will be very tiresome, and as teazing as tiresomeness can make him ; but I should think would not be much supported. His friends the Bedfords rather look from him ; and the dismissed part of the last administration are inclined to lie still.

We have had grievous disturbances in many parts of England about corn ; but they are pretty well over — as for you Tuscans and Romans, you may starve for us. The papers say that you have got the Hereditary Prince ; if you love princes, we can spare you two or three more. Adieu !

P.S. Sir James Grey goes to Madrid. The embassy has been sadly hawked about ; not a peer that would take it.

LETTER XCV.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1766.

You have surpassed yourself, and I really give you a million of thanks. Your attentions to the Marquis de Boufflers have been re-echoed to me from Paris. His mother deserved it so little of me, that I am charmed to have returned it in so civil a style. You could scarce have pleased me more, if it had been my best friend.

The Parliament met the day before yesterday, and Lord Chatham's good genius is still constant to him. His two brothers-in-law are left in the suds. The Duke of Bedford and his court have been trafficking to come in, and though the bargain is not struck, they have deserted Grenville. The duke himself spoke with much temper, and not one of his dependants showed themselves in the House of Commons. Should they even return to opposition, it will but double their disgrace, having so openly advertised themselves on sale. Lord Temple and Grenville were warm, though not personal, and you may be sure, not concise. They could not raise a division in either House. The elder had been as little successful the day before. He went to the Lord Mayor's feast, and dragged along with him that wise moppet, Lord Lyttelton: but they could not raise a shout for themselves, or a hiss for anybody else, but one who wishes no better to Lord Chatham than they do. The Master of the Rolls was mistaken for Lord Mansfield, and insulted. This latter was re-

duced on Tuesday to make a speech *against prerogative*,—yes, yes ; and then was so cowed by Lord Camden, and the very sight of Lord Chatham, that he explained away half he had said. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Rockingham, and the late ministers declare against opposition : Lord Temple goes out of town on Sunday, and though there will be long days, it will only be from George Grenville's long speeches. There will be very few even of those before Christmas. I have seldom sent you a better account.

Shall I send you an Italian story ? Why, yes ; one don't always know what is doing at next door. The Abbé Giustiniani, a noble Genoese, wrote last year a panegyric in verse on the Empress-Queen. She paid him with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and a patent of Theologian. Finding the trade so lucrative, he wrote another on the King of Prussia, who sent him a horn-box, telling him, that he knew his vow of poverty would not let him touch gold ; and that, having no theologians, he had sent him a patent to be captain of horse in those very troops that he had commended so much in his verses ! I am persuaded that the saving of the gold and the brilliants, was not the part which pleased his Majesty the least.

The Duke of Portland is married to Lady Dorothy Cavendish, and Lord Mountstuart to a rich ugly Miss Windsor. No other news, but the publication of the quarrel between Mr. Hume and Rousseau, of which few think here, though a great object at Paris, and of which I hope you have never heard. I make a figure

in it, much against my will, having great contempt for literary squabbles; but they are meat and drink to those fools the literati. Adieu!

LETTER XCVI.

Arlington Street, December 8, 1766.

WE have been in so strange and uncertain a situation lately, that though I am always very punctual in giving you warning of any revolution, I could not till this very post say a word that would have tended to anything but to puzzle and alarm you. I now think the cloud pretty well dispersed, and am rather tranquil about what I feared the most. The internal agitations of factions are less easily described than public events, or even than parliamentary occurrences; however, I will relate to you as briefly as I can, what has or had like to have happened.

About three weeks ago Lord Chatham suddenly removed Lord Edgcumbe from being Treasurer of the Household, to make room for Mr. Shelley,* (no very commendable choice,) and without the knowledge of Mr. Conway, who was hurt both at the neglect of himself and the disgrace of one of his friends. The rest of the late administration, who remained, and still more they who had been set aside, were highly offended. Mr. Conway tried every method of satisfying Lord Edgcumbe, but Lord Chatham was inflexible, especially

* Afterwards Sir John Shelley.

as the party had threatened to resign. While Mr. Conway was labouring a reconciliation, indeed with little prospect of accomplishing it, his friends flew out and left him, without any previous notice, on the opening of the great question on the East Indies. This was very unkind behaviour to him, and was followed by the resignations of the Duke of Portland, Lord Besborough, Lord Scarborough, Lord Monson, Sir Charles Saunders, and one or two more. Not content with this, Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes have never ceased endeavouring to persuade Mr. Conway to resign. Lord Chatham paid him the greatest compliments, and declared how difficult it would be for him to go on without him. The Duke of Grafton was alarmed to the utmost, from his affection for him, and Lord Hertford and I, seeing the factious and treacherous behaviour of his friends, and thinking it full as proper that he should govern them, as they him, have done everything in our power to stop him; and I now at last flatter myself that he will not quit.

Well; still the places were vacant, and it was necessary to get recruits: a negotiation, begun at Bath, was renewed with the Duke of Bedford and his friends; and Lord Gower, the most impatient of that squadron to return to Court, was despatched by Lord Chatham to Woburn, and returned the very next day, with full compliance on the duke's part. Mr. Grenville in the meantime was not idle, but employed others of that faction to traverse it. The duke would listen to no remonstrances, but arrived himself in two days, very

moderate in his intended proposals. To his great surprise he learned that two, if not three, of the vacant posts had been disposed of in that short interval; Sir Edward Hawke being made First Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir Piercy Brett another commissioner. The Grenvillians blew up this disappointment, and instead of modest demands, the duke went to Lord Chatham with a list of friends, large enough to fill half the places under the government. This was as flatly refused; the duke went away in wrath—and is to be brought up again this week to vote against the Court. The consequence of all this is, the junction of Lord Chatham and Lord Bute, and the full support of the Crown being given to the former. This has already appeared with much *éclat*, for on an ill-advised division on Friday last, Grenville and the Bedfords were but forty-eight, the court one hundred and sixty-six—a great victory in such a dubious moment, and which I hope will fix the administration. The minority may be increased possibly to-morrow by twenty more on the East-Indian affair, if the Cavendishes and Yorkes carry to it all their little strength.

The Duke of Ancaster is Master of the Horse, and Lord Delawarr succeeds him in the same post to the Queen; Lord Hilsborough and Lord Despencer are joint Postmasters, Nugent first Lord of Trade, and Stanley Cofferer.

This is enough to give you some idea of the late hurricane. I have just received yours of November 18th, with an account of your disorder, and the ar-

rival of Lady Holland.* I wish your letter had been dated a few days later, that I might be sure you had not suffered by your rash attentions to her. You would like her much if you knew her more, as I hope you will at her return. It will be extraordinary indeed if Lord Holland recovers enough to return with her.

Our burlettas will make the fortunes of the managers. The "Buona Figliuola," which has more charming music than ever I heard in a single piece, is crowded every time; the King and Queen scarce ever miss it. Lovattini† is incomparable, both for voice and action. But the serious opera, which is alternate, suffers for it. Guarducci's‡ voice is universally admired, but he is lifeless, and the rest of the company not to be borne. Adieu! and let me hear you are quite well.

* Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and wife of Henry Fox first Lord Holland.

† Lovattini's voice was a mellifluous and rich tenor. The taste, humour, and general spirit of his acting, added to his vocal ability, secured him great and constant applause.—Ed.

‡ Guarducci was not happy in his figure and countenance, and had no ability as an actor; but his voice was clear and flexible; and by the polished manner of his singing, he not only subdued the prejudice at first excited against him, but surmounted the disadvantage of arriving soon after Manzuoli. In a conversation with Dr. Burney, some years after he left England, Guarducci paid a high compliment to the English, "who," said he, "are such friends to the *composer* that they had rather hear an air in its primitive state, than under the disguise of a performer's *riffioramenti*."—Ed.

LETTER XCVII.

Arlington Street, Jan. 21st, 1767.

You will think it long, my dear sir, since I wrote to you; which makes me write now, though I have had, nor have anything new to tell you. The Parliament has been adjourned for a month, and is but just reassembled. The affair of the East-India Company, which promised trouble, has taken a favourable turn, and they have agreed to treat with the ministry, which will prevent the bargain from being haggled in Parliament, if the parties can come to any agreement. Lord Temple and George Grenville have laboured to their utmost to make the usurpation of three Indian provinces, or rather kingdoms, pass for private property; and private property is always willing to profit of the most favourable construction, and to be wonderfully fond of liberty. 'Tis all the obligation a free country has to the rich. Lord Chatham is laid up with the gout at Bath; but the opposition is so insignificant, that we can afford to wait for him.

We have a most dreadful winter, the coldest I ever remember, for you know I was with you in 1640 and 1641. Last year was bitter, but I flattered myself that the season was worse at Paris than at London. It lasted four months: I hope this, which is scarce a month old, will be of much shorter duration.

I am labouring to get you two black dogs, but find it the most difficult thing in the world, as you require them very small. The very little ones are generally

but one of a litter. Lord Dacre has a bitch now with puppy, and has promised me one. I must be sure of the parents, or they might seem pretty, and turn out large and ugly.

23rd.

We had plenty of comfortable rain yesterday, and the weather is much softened.

LETTER XCVIII.

Arlington Street, Feb. 13, 1767.

YESTERDAY I received yours of the 27th of last January, with an account of your distresses on the etiquette between your plaything court and our travelling boys. In truth, both sides are childish, and yet I am disposed to favour the latter, and so I think should you too. What is so insignificant as a Duke of Tuscany? And does his being a slip of Austrian pride make him a jot more important? Three years ago we were confessedly the masters of Europe; and I trust we shall not wave our pretensions without a struggle. An English member of Parliament is part of the legislature, and what is a Tuscan nobleman part of? Has not that haughty Empress-Queen been our pensioner? In short, I approve of bearding all other courts, and particularly an Austrian one, for their ingratitude. I am sure Lord Chatham's spirit will approve your showing any: we shall bow nowhere while he is minister. He is still at Bath, but everything goes on smoothly. We have two oppositions;

that of the late ministry, and that of its predecessors; both very contemptible, and so they would still be were they united; however, while they keep separated 'tis Grenville's only that is odious.

We have no news, but the deaths of some young people of rank. The house of Norfolk has lost its heir of that line; the next branch is Howard of Greystock, who is half mad; yet thither the title must go. It is believed in our coffee-houses that this last young man was poisoned by the Jesuits, who apprehended his turning Protestant. The young Lady Suffolk is dead too, Lord Trevor's daughter; and Lord Harrington's eldest daughter, Lady Fortrose, who has killed herself by wearing white. She is not the first instance; and yet that madness continues.

Nothing is so much in fashion as the "Buona Figliuola." The second part was tried, but did not succeed half so well, and they have resumed the first part, which is crowded even behind the scenes. The serious operas are seldom played; for though Guarducci is so excellent, the rest of the performers are abominable, and he cannot draw a quarter of an audience alone.

I am thinking of another little journey to Paris,—not for pleasure; a little for health, as the air there, and motion agree with me, and still more to see my charming blind old woman, Madame du Deffand. As I am got so much out of the world here, you will not suspect me of hunting diversions there. I am not ill, but not quite well. They tell me that my disorder is

only nervous; and I believe so, unless, which is more probable, it is that I am growing towards old. One's spirits, even mine, may diminish, without being positively ill. I take it as it comes, and am very indifferent about it. I have seen and remember so much, that my life already appears very long; nay, the first part seems to have been a former life, so entirely are the persons worn out who were on the stage when I came into the world. You must consider, as my father was minister then, that I almost came into the world at three years old. I was ten when I was presented to George I., two nights before he left England for the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself, and Methuselah to young persons, if I happen to mention it before them. If I see another reign, which is but too probable, what shall I seem then? I will tell you an odd circumstance. Nearly ten years ago I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Waldegrave. I have often seen, and once been in a room with Mrs. Godfrey,* mistress of James II. It is true she doted; then came her daughter the old Lady Waldegrave,† her son the ambassador;‡ his daughter, Lady Harriot,§ her daughter, the present Lady Powis;‖ and she has children who may be married in five or six years; and yet I shall not be very old if I see two generations more! but if I do, I shall be superan-

* Arabella Churchill, sister of John, first Duke of Marlborough.

† Henrietta Fitz-James, daughter of King James II.

‡ James, first Earl of Waldegrave.

§ Wife to Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis.

‖ Barbara Antonia, married to her cousin the first Earl of Powis.

nuated, for I think I talk already like an old nurse. Adieu!

LETTER XCIX.

Monday morning, March 2nd, 1767.

You will not be much surprised, nor totally dismayed, I hope, to hear that the ministry have been beaten in the House of Commons. At least you will not be more astonished than they were who gained the victory. They could scarce believe it. They have once this winter divided but sixteen; and now, slap! were two hundred and six. I will tell you the event, the certain consequences, and the causes. The probable consequences are very doubtful.

Last Friday George Grenville, who, during his own administration had declared that he thought he should be able to take off one shilling in four of the land-tax, in the year 1767 was at least as glad to spread that doctrine now as he could have been, if minister still. It is a captivating bait to the country gentlemen, and, the approach of a general election made it important for them to vote for it. They were brought to town: the late ousted ministers forgetting their actions, and declarations against Grenville, in their new hatred to Lord Chatham, joined in the cry. In short, when we came to a division, we were but 188; they 206. There was still a possibility of reversing this vote today, as it had only passed through the committee; but as the court does not doubt its own strength on other questions, it was not thought prudent to rivet the new

alliance together, nor venture a second defeat on the most popular question they can have.

The certain consequences are, the loss of the tax, five hundred thousand pounds, the diminution of credit, and a year lost of lowering the debt; that is, in more essential words, a year of means lost in another war.

The causes of this event were, the absence of Lord Chatham, who has lingered at Bath and Marlborough till so ill, that he could not come to town. No business was done: the other ministers were uneasy or inactive. The Opposition seized the moment, and collected all their strength. Still this would not have signified; but the friends of the court were so inapprehensive of any defeat, that many of them privately and separately consulted their own popularity, and were actually engaged in the division, before they had any notion of being in the minority.

For the probable consequences, you will immediately conclude, as the opposition does or pretends to do, that there must be a change of the administration. It is not common for a beaten ministry to stand its ground; and this is almost the only instance of the Crown losing a tax. Mr. Pelham indeed lost the sugar-tax, but it was in his outset, and when he had not favour, but was betrayed by his competitor Lord Granville; yet Mr. Pelham stood the blow, and so may Lord Chatham, if he pleases. The King is resolved to support him: Lord Bute falls into the hands of his most detested enemy Grenville, if the latter triumphs; and the late ministers cannot carry Grenville on their

backs to St. James's, without contradicting all their actions and professions, and losing all character. Oh! but you will cry, "they are dipped already; they have shaken the credit of their country, to gratify their revenge." It is very true; but before they force St. James's there must be some partition of the spoils agreed on. Lord Rockingham is as ambitious as Grenville himself, and has the same object in view, and is totally unfit for it; and, in truth, that party have never shone by their abilities. Grenville could allow them nothing but what would disgrace them. Another obstacle is, that the city is much displeased with the loss of the tax; and the city looks a little farther, and knows a little better than a parcel of Tory squires, what is necessary to government.

Still I advise you to be prepared. This country is so split into factions, and in so fluctuating a state; we have seen so many sudden revolutions in six years, that we must not yet look on any establishment as very permanent. The court will certainly try anything but absolute force, to keep out Grenville, who has offended and wounded Lord Bute, past hope of reconciliation; and should they meet again by necessity, neither can, in the nature of things, trust the other; for when no obligations could bind Grenville, would his promises, when victorious, bind him? Lord Chatham lay at Reading last night, and will be here today; if he exerts his ancient spirit, and approaches nearer to Lord Bute, I have no doubt of his still being triumphant. He must see that, with all their propen-

sity to servility, the House of Commons must be managed; if left to themselves they will exert their freedom, though it be only to choose a new master.

The time calls for prudence. Answer me very cautiously. If a change should happen, I shall be cautious too, though I think there is no great danger of our being saddled with Grenville yet. There are still resources before it comes to him; nor could he keep his seat without violent convulsions.

In truth, in truth, the prospect is very gloomy! So many errors have been committed of late years, so many have let the game slip out of their hands; there is so much faction, and so little character or abilities in the country, that if our old and steady ally, Fortune, does not befriend us, I don't know where we shall be. —Oh, yes, but I do!

Adieu! I have not time to say a word more; but you know on these occasions I never neglect you. You shall hear again immediately.

LETTER C.

Arlington Street, Sunday, March 8, 1767.

I HAVE alarmed you, and now will give you a little repose. The victory of the opposition has had no consequences yet; and as they have given the court time to look about, the latter can recover its ground faster than they can gain more. I am sure we found it so four years ago. We did not indeed win a battle, but were so near it, that had we pursued our blow the

scale had been turned. The present enemies are composed of two very distinct bodies, and they have already shown how little they were connected. Treachery itself has been of use to us.

Charles Townshend, of whom, when he was taken in, I said that he could never do any hurt but to his friends, has acted as usual. The absence of Lord Chatham at Bath, and still more his having quitted the House of Commons, has given this Proteus courage. He had been hurt by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Chatham had forced him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Hurt, too, he was at the preference given to Mr. Conway. His brother, Lord Townshend, of whom he is afraid, for he fears everything but shame, and who has more design and more revenge, with ten thousand times less of parts, is angry at not obtaining a marquisate, and pushed Charles upon knavery. The latter, delighted to go out of the straight path into a crooked one, instilled into Mr. Conway, or found there, scruples against the extent of Lord Chatham's plan for squeezing the East India Company. The Committee of that Company had given in their proposals; Lord Chatham was not content with them; Conway and Townshend were. Here was a fine field for the opposition to try a new battle, and for this they reserved themselves. Last Friday was appointed. Beckford, by Lord Chatham's desire, moved to have the proposal laid before the house. Townshend inflamed the matter as much as he could. Mr. Conway reserved himself, and said little. Charles Yorke, the mysterious

oracle of Lord Rockingham, trimmed so much that Grenville was angry, and that brought out his hatred to his allies. In short, the two oppositions could not agree on a single point, and so did not dare to divide —a symptom of weakness that will probably send back to the court all its renegades. Townshend has acted in his usual wild, romancing, indiscreet manner, and has told everybody he is turned out. He is not; and I suppose will beg pardon. We have a fortnight's repose, and if the court is active I think the danger will be over; but consider how many strange heads we have, and how few good ones.

The diminution of the land-tax turns out an unpopular measure. Lord Temple, or Grenville, have procured themselves an address of thanks from the grand jury of Buckingham, but so larded with the exploded stamp-act that it will only revive animosity to them. They have tried for more in other counties, and been refused. The King is firm to Lord Chatham, and peremptory against Grenville. The Rockinghams would join the latter if they dared fluctuate between him and Conway, and I hope now will be blessed with Charles Townshend for their leader.

This is a much more comfortable letter than my last. I do not bid you be confident, for I know the land. But, at least, I think the other side does not abound in judgment more than we do.

I have received yours, with the enclosed for Lord Beauchamp, which I have delivered. He shewed it to me; I encouraged him to try to serve you on the first

opportunity. You will not think the present is one. Lord Hilsborough urged your cause very strongly the other night to Lady Aylesbury; but I can scarce believe that you will receive it from that quarter unless some considerable change arrives. You will not, I know, take my advice on this head, or I would recommend to you not to mark yourself for a victim, if you could, till the times are more stable. Adieu!

Tuesday, 10th.

Here is no bad postscript. The Grenville and Rockingham factions, finding the mischief they had done themselves by disunion on Friday last, have tried to repair their error; and yesterday, giving only a few hours' notice, got a petition presented by an East-India director against the order for printing their papers. Charles Townshend, though advertised, kept away; but Mr. Conway proposed that on Wednesday (tomorrow) the directors should name the dangerous papers, and did not doubt but the house would forbear printing them. This matter was fought stiffly till nine at night. Mr. Conway never spoke so well, nor Grenville so insolently; challenging the administration to battle on any set day. He will not, I trust, be so eager for such a day now. We divided one hundred and eighty against one hundred and forty-seven. You will say this victory was not great enough; but a court that can stand a defeat from two hundred and six, and has a majority of thirty-three on the next question, is not playing a losing game. The King is firm; Lord Bute's friends warm; and the

calculators of chances probably now disposed to bet on the side of the ministry. I have not time to say more. Hope the best.

LETTER CI.

Arlington Street, March 19, 1767.

WELL! I think you may begin to compose yourself again. The fortune of my Lord Chatham will ride out the storm though it blows from almost all quarters. The East-Indian affair is entangled in so many difficulties, that the Lord knows when we shall see an end of it, if it can be ended this session. It has slipped from the House of Commons back to the General Court of Proprietors, where they are at this moment actually balloting for two different proposals of accommodation with the government. We were to have gone upon it to-morrow, but must now put it off. The opposition clog it all they can. Grenville wishes to stop it, that he may be minister, and adjust it. So far he and the rest are successful, that they have shut almost every door of supply; but that falls *only* on the nation itself, and of course they do not care. In the meantime the court exerts itself strenuously in support of Lord Chatham: the delays operate for him, and chance has done more than all.

Lord Tavistock, the Duke of Bedford's only son, has killed himself by a fall and kick of his horse, as he was hunting Tuesday was se'nnight. I do not mean that he is dead yet, but he has been twice trepanned, the

skull is cracked through, and there are no hopes of his life. No man was ever more regretted; the honesty, generosity, humility, and moderation of his character, endeared him to all the world. The desolation of his family is extreme. Lady Tavistock, passionately in love with him, is six months gone with child. The news came about two hours before she was to go to the opera: they did not dare to tell her the worst so abruptly; so the duke and duchess were forced to go too, to conceal it from her and the Duchess of Marlborough,* who was with child too, and has since miscarried. Two days ago the Duke of Bedford's head broke out in boils, which shows the effort he had made to suppress his agony, and which probably has saved his life; yet subject to the gout, and very nearly blind, if this loss is not fatal, it will certainly make him quit the world; and as his two grandsons are infants of two and three years old, it must loosen the bonds of that party, which was almost all the support George Grenville could boast, for Lord Temple does but join odium to odium. Even the lingering of Lord Tavistock relaxes the activity of that faction. It is a great event, lucky for the administration, but a loss to the country for the time to come.

Charles Townshend's tergiversations appear to have been the result of private jobbing. He had dealt largely in India stock, cried up the company's *right* to raise that stock, has sold out most advantageously, and now cries it down. What! and can a Chancellor of

* Daughter of the Duke of Bedford.

the Exchequer stand such an aspersion? Oh! my dear sir, his character cannot be lowered. In truth, it is a very South-Sea year—at least one third of the House of Commons is engaged in this traffic; and stock-jobbing now makes patriots, as everything else has done. From the Alley to the house it is like a path of ants.

Mr. Conway is in great felicity, going to marry his only daughter to Lord Milton's eldest son, Mr. Damer. The estate in Lord Milton's possession is already three and twenty thousand pounds a-year. Seven more are just coming from the author of this wealth, an old uncle in Ireland, of ninety-three. Lord Milton gives up five thousand a-year in present, and settles the rest; for his two other boys are amply provided for. Miss Conway is to have a jointure of two thousand five hundred, and five hundred pin-money. Her fortune, which is ten thousand, goes in jewels, equipage, and furniture. Her person is remarkably genteel and pleasing, her face very sensible and agreeable, and wanting nothing but more colour.

> A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
> Would not have matched his daughter with a prince,

if there had been such rich lords at Rome. I think you should write a compliment on the occasion. It is the more creditable, as Lord Milton sought the match. Mr. Conway gives up all the money he has in the world, and has no East-India bonds. Adieu!

P.S. When you do not hear from me, conclude all goes well.

LETTER CII.

Strawberry Hill, April 5th, 1767.

I AM sorry for what you tell me of a successor being thought of for you, though I trust there is no danger of its taking place. Should the old drunken uncle* last, sure the worst that could happen would be, that the nephew† would be overjoyed to obtain what you would refuse, and what he dares not hope for. Without a removal, I have no notion of your being set aside, in the present situation of things. Mr. Conway is so essential to the present system, that nobody would venture to disoblige him; and removing you would be disobliging him.

You now perceive, my dear sir, the prudence of my constant advice to you of not making yourself particularly noticed, or obnoxious by receiving too many favours from any one quarter. Your services are allowed: but might not a riband be thought, or at least be pleaded as a payment? Such unsettled times as these are not a season for thrusting oneself forward. God knows when they will be more stable! But pray, suffer one on the spot to be a little better judge than you can be. It is not what will figure at Florence but what would give umbrage at London, that it is your business to consider.

No event has happened since my last; and yet the crisis does not seem past. The court, were there no

* Lord Northington. † Sir James Wright.

radical evils, would, I think, easily baffle opposition, though great endeavours have been used of late to cement the factions of Rockingham and Grenville into one. Those attempts have not quite succeeded. The marquis thinks it full as necessary for himself to be first minister, as Grenville thinks he should, and neither will bend; at least, though Grenville has appeared the more pliant, his sincerity does not gain the more credit. Nobody can believe him disposed to act under a chit, but till his own purposes are served.

The House of Commons has been engaged this fortnight in examining the East India Company, and every single evidence has brought forth in stronger and stronger colours the right of the Crown to the conquests made by the Company. This was thought the great problematic and ticklish question. There is now the highest probability that the government will carry that point.

But there is a misfortune not so easily to be surmounted, the state of Lord Chatham's health, who now does not only not see the ministers, but even does not receive letters. The world, on the report of the Opposition, believe his head disordered, and there is so far a kind of colour for this rumour, that he has lately taken Dr. Addington, a physician in vogue, who, originally, was a mad doctor. The truth I believe is, that Addington, who is a kind of empiric, has forbidden his doing the least business, though he lies out of town, and everybody sees him pass in his coach along the streets. His case, I should think, is a

symptomatic fever, that ought to turn to gout; but Addington keeps him so low that the gout cannot make its effort. Lord Chatham's friends are much alarmed, and so they say is Addington himself; yet, what is strange, he calls in no other help.

This delays all business, which had all been too long delayed. America, whence the accounts are unpleasing, is yet to come on the carpet, so, notwithstanding the expedience of putting an end to the session, one knows not when it will be concluded. Whatever happens, I do not think Mr. Conway can be left out of the drama, nor is it probable that Grenville will enter victoriously upon the scene: both King and people hate him; but fools in this country can often do more than wise men can effect or prevent, and Lord Rockingham and his party are silly enough to do a great deal of mischief. Even old Newcastle whets his busy blunted sting. In truth, our squabbles are contemptible, and merely personal; I wish I could think the consequences as indifferent. I wish too, that it may call for your patience to wait the event. As I told you in my last, whenever I do not write, you may be sure no revolution has happened. Be, however, prepared; such a suspense as the present cannot last much longer, but must be determined one way or other. Lord Chatham's recovery and appearance would quash the Opposition. His death would occasion a new settlement, and yet not of necessity pave the way for Grenville.

The papers have told you what I bid you expect,

the death of poor Lord Tavistock. The Duchess feels it heavily, but the politicians of his court have decided that the duke shall soon act as if he had forgotten it. Adieu!

LETTER CIII.

Strawberry Hill, Friday, April 17, 1767.

My letter will not set out till Tuesday, though it ought to have gone to-night; but I had not time to write it in town, nor was well enough; for I went to the House of Commons with a very bad cold, was so fatigued, and got such a headache with staying there until two in the morning, that I was obliged to defer notifying our victory to you till I could come hither for a little repose.

The examination of the East India Company turned out so little to the content of the Opposition, and staggered so many of the country gentlemen, who are less hardened than even a patriot Opposition, that they were very impatient to be rid of it. Some ten days ago they gave notice, that unless Beckford, who has conducted the business for Lord Chatham, should, the very moment after closing the evidence, produce his plan and motions, they would propose to—nay, that they would break up the committee; for they already talked as masters, and boasted of having a majority in both Houses. They were encouraged in this vaunt by success in a point that had scarce been contested with them; this was the re-election of

most of the late Board of Indian Directors. The Duke of Bedford was carried to the India House to vote—his son had not been dead three weeks. They went farther; carried him to the House of Lords this day se'nnight, and made him open a motion for which Lord Temple had summoned the Lords, though without acquainting them what it was to be: they had concealed the purport from their associates, Lord Rockingham's faction, by which, and more folly, they were defeated. Everybody but themselves was shocked at the duke's indecent spirits and insensibility. The motion was, to address the King to set aside an act of the assembly at Massachusett's Bay, in which they have irreverently taken upon themselves the powers of Parliament. Lord Halifax imprudently falling upon Mr. Conway, the Duke of Richmond took his part, and on the previous question voted with Lord Rockingham and five more, with the Court. That old busy sinner, Newcastle, and most of the faction, went away; and the Court had sixty-three to thirty-six. This victory was, however, alarming, as the union of the two factions would have run the Court very hard. Impatient to recover their ground, the Opposition hurried on their impolitic question in our House; and their boasts alarmed the government so seriously, or rather Lord Bute, that he put forth all his strength; and after a debate of eleven hours, we were two hundred and thirteen to one hundred and fifty-seven. Yesterday the House adjourned for the holidays. Many country gentlemen will probably not come back this

session; and unless we commit new absurdities, the Opposition is demolished; but consider, if we had not been wonderfully ingenious for these last three months, our majority might have been double!

When the session will end the Lord knows! We have still the East India business to finish—indeed, to begin, if Lord Chatham will not accommodate with them, but pushes it to extremities. After that, the settlement of America is to come, which is still a more thorny point, but, *Cæsarem vehimus*—we carry Lord Chatham and his fortune; who is as fond of him as ever woman was of a wayward gentleman. He locks up his doors, and will neither see her nor any body else; yet she is as constant as ever; I believe she is like me, and abhors the idea of Grenville for minister.

The Hereditary Prince arrived on Monday night, and two days after news came of his mother's death. I believe he will stay a very little time.

Last night we learned a great event, the total expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain; they are all coming to your next door. It is supposed to have proceeded from their having stirred up the insurrection at Madrid last year, when King Carlos was so wofully frightened. They must be a very silly set of fellows to be still meddling, when the times are so unfavourable. I wish they would be a little absurd here, that we might drive them out too; but in England, follies hurt nobody, nor have time. New ones succeed so rapidly.

LETTER CIV.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1767.

NOTHING was ever so vexatious! I had just written you a long letter of three sides, and laid it upon the hearth to dry, while I stepped into the next room to fetch some sealing-wax; a coal has fallen on it, and I find it all in flames. I have not time to write half of it again: I will just run over the heads, if I can remember them.

My chief article, was a wonderful speech made by Charles Townshend last Friday, *apropos* to nothing, and yet about everything—about ministries past, present, and to come; himself in particular, whom I think rather past than to come. It was all wit and folly, satire and indiscretion—he was half drunk when he made it; and yet that did but serve to raise the idea of his abilities. I am sorry I have not time to be more particular, it would have diverted you. Nothing else is talked of, or at least was not when I began my letter.

The treaty with the East India Company is at a stop. The General Court went mad, voted themselves a dividend, and dismissed prosecutions against six of their servants, against whom they had commenced suits for bribery. The House of Commons were justly enraged, and we are hatching a bill to prevent irregular dividends for the future; perhaps may extend a retrospect to the last. The Opposition are thunder-

struck; which is no little victory; yet were it better the agreement had taken place. The General Court has again voted to treat, but insist on their dividend. Mr. Conway moderates as much as possible, and I hope will be successful. To-morrow we shall sit day and night on America, wherein he adheres to moderation too, but I doubt will be overpowered. Lord Chatham's friends are for warmer work on both heads. Himself is no longer seen at all; consequently you may believe the suspicion of madness does not decrease.

Is not this very magnificent? A senate regulating the Eastern and Western worlds at once? The Romans were triflers to us; and yet our factions and theirs are as like as two peas.

In France there is a great flame on the affair of the Jesuits. It is known that they were to have attempted a revolution in Spain on Holy Thursday. The famous Abbé Chauvelin, the author of their demolition, has again denounced them to the Parliament, and demands their total expulsion on this new provocation, alleging that they were the cause of the late troubles in Bretagne, where they had again got footing. If they will make revolutions, why the devil don't they go to Petersburgh? Nobody could blame them for any mischief they might do to the Czarina.

Well! I must conclude, or my letter will be too late: you may pity me for stewing in the House of Commons at this time of year, but, luckily, we have no spring. They say it is the same everywhere, and

that the frost has killed all the vines in France and Italy. Adieu!

LETTER CV.

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1767.

We are worn out here with the Parliament, but happily the Parliament is almost worn out too; not so much from not having business still before it, but the champions are fairly knocked up. The country gentlemen are all gone, and George Grenville himself, the inexhaustible haranguer Grenville, confesses he is tired. The truth is, he is beaten, has no hopes, and spits blood. Three weeks I trust will give us our quietus. Mr. Conway's moderation and patience has at last brought to bear the accommodation with the East India Company, and it only wants the act of Parliament to finish it. In the meantime the House of Lords has revived the drooping Opposition. Last Friday they examined the rejection by the Privy Council of the act of assembly of Massachusett's Bay. Lord Mansfield maintained that more was necessary; that it ought to have been declared null *ab initio;* and demanded that the opinions of the judges might be taken. He spoke with all his subtlety, but was very roughly handled by the Chancellor,* and Lord Northington. The judges would not have given their opinions if asked. However, the motion was rejected by only sixty-two voices to fifty-six. You will be startled

* Lord Camden.

at so trifling a majority; but the case was, the Opposition had called for papers, which naturally go to the committee; and in a committee proxies cannot be used; so that if the Opposition had even carried the question, they would have lost it the next moment on the report to the House, by thirty proxies to ten.

A more remarkable event of the day was, that the Duke of York spoke for the first time—and against the court; but did not vote. His two brothers* voted with the Ministry. I am assured by everybody, for I was not present, that if the Administration can stand till routed by his eloquence, they will be immortal. How he puts one in mind of his father! This is not the only walk of fame he has lately chosen. He is acting plays with Lady Stanhope† and her family, the Delavals. They have several times played the Fair Penitent: His Royal Highness is Lothario; the lady, I am told, an admirable Calista. They have a pretty little theatre in Westminster; but none of the royal family have been audience. I have never been at this play; for though I was told I might ask for a ticket, and did not want curiosity, yet as some people have been refused, I did not choose to have such a silly matter to take ill.

Lord Chatham's state, I doubt, is, too clearly, the gout flown up into his head. He may recover, but, as yet, he is assiduously kept from all company. The

* The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland.

† Sister of Sir Francis Delaval, and wife of Sir W. Stanhope, brother of Philip the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield.

Opposition have named, and firmly believe, a new Administration, composed of Lord Bute's friends, with the Duke of Northumberland at the head; but I believe their best reason for believing it is, from having applied in that quarter themselves, and been rejected. One event I think will happen before it is long, and which may produce changes. Mr. Conway, I think, will retire, not from disgust, or into Opposition, but from delicacy towards his old friends. This was my chief reason for writing to you to-night. It is not decided yet, nor publicly known, but I chose you should be apprized, and not think there were any reasons more disagreeable for it. To me it will have nothing unpalatable. I have long wished to be off the stage; and nearly three months ago notified my intention of coming into Parliament no more. I am still young enough to enjoy my liberty, without any formal austerity of retiring, and yet shall not be hovering over the scene when it is more decent to have done with it; unless one had the ambition of being an actor, which, happily, has never been my case. I never was more than prompter. Adieu!

LETTER CVI.

Strawberry Hill, May 30th, 1767.

You will wonder at another letter so soon, but do not be alarmed. It is yourself you must wonder at; you have occasioned this *hors d'œuvre*. Lady Holland*

* Lady Caroline Lennox, wife of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland.

is just arrived, and has brought me—oh! brought me only the finest little bust* that ever my eyes beheld. I gaze on it from morning till night; and if it were possible for me to part with it, I would send it you back, as the only return, my dear sir, that I can ever make you worthy of such a present. It is more a portrait than any picture I ever saw. The sculptor evidently studied nothing but the countenance. The hair and ears seem neglected to heighten the expression of the eyes, which are absolutely alive, and have a wild melancholy in them that one forebodes might ripen to madness. In short, I do not know whether it is not more exquisite in its kind than my eagle. At least this little Caligula is far superior to my great Vespasian, which was allowed to be the fourth or fifth bust in Rome. I shall make a solemn dedication of it in my pantheon chapel, and inscribe the donor's name. I assure you it is not bronze, whatever you may have thought, but flesh: the muscles play as I turn it round. It is my reigning favourite; and, though I have some very fine things in my collection, I am fonder of none—not of the eagle, or my Cowley† in enamel.

It arrived to comfort me the very day I heard from Paris that I had no success at the sale of Mons. Julien's cabinet, where everything sold as extravagantly as if the auction had been here. Your other

* A bust of Caligula, found at the discovery of Herculaneum.

† A very beautiful enamel miniature by Zincke, from Sir Peter Lely's celebrated portrait. At the dispersion of the treasures at Strawberry Hill, in 1843, this gem was acquired by Robert Holford, Esq.

present, of Montesquieu's letters, was very agreeable too; I could not go to bed till I had finished them at nearly three in the morning; and yet there is very little in them but ease and graces. I am a little scandalized at the notes, which, though very true, are too bitter, considering the persons are alive. Madame Geoffrin* will be much hurt: indeed, the letters themselves that regard her are very mortifying; and I think it cruel to publish private letters while the persons concerned in them are living. Nobody has a right to publish what the author certainly did not mean such persons should ever see. It is making him inflict a wound against his intention; and such publications must frighten people from writing their private sentiments of others to their most intimate friends. The case happened but last summer to my friend, Lady Suffolk, who found herself in some disagreeable letters of Swift. After this, will you tell me where these letters were printed, and whose the notes are? You may safely; Madame Geoffrin and the Duchess d'Aiguillon were very obliging to me at Paris, and I am sorry they will be vexed; but I have no particular friendship with them, and you may be sure I shall never mention it. I have not even lent the book to anybody (though it amused me enough to read it twice), lest my lady Hervey should hear of it, who loves them both. I own I am much obliged to you for it, and you see you may trust my discretion.

Lady Holland has charged me to say a thousand

* A celebrated French *bel esprit*.

civil things to you for her and my Lord, who is not yet come to town. She is as much enchanted with you as I am with Caligula. The town will insist that my Lord Holland was sent for to give advice for forming a new ministry. I wish he were, for your sake. Your other protector,* whom I mentioned in my last, is in great disgrace; has been thoroughly chid, was not spoken to at a great review on Monday in the face of all England, and, they say, is to go on a pilgrimage with his sister to Spa.

Nothing has happened since my last; but the crisis approaches—I was going to say, fast; but there are so many difficulties on all sides that I think nothing can be settled quickly. I don't like the hue so well as I did. I don't know whether it was not the very night I wrote to you that there was a majority but of three in the House of Lords. I should not mind that if it frightened nobody more than it does me. The times are very interesting now, while things are yet in agitation; and yet they will appear most inconsiderable hereafter. Neither the actors nor the actions are great, —and yet I could foresee great consequences, according as the scenes shall be shifted; but I think the whole more likely to subside into trifling and instability. We are nothing but factions, and those factions have very limited views. There is not a man but George Grenville who has any deep views. He is capable of any extremities; but he had rather be very bad *for* the Court than *against* it. Adieu!

* The Duke of York.

LETTER CVII.

Arlington Street, June 30, 1767.

WELL! at last, this long session is finished, and the Parliament rises to-morrow. I have been so uncertain what to write, that I have not written to you for a month. I can now tell you but one point affirmatively: Mr. Conway does quit. It is unlucky; bad for the public, disadvantageous for himself, distressing to the King; but he had promised his late friends. I call them *late*, for they have by no means shown themselves so this winter, nor are half grateful enough for such a sacrifice. He might be Minister: he retires with nothing.

They have bowed to idols, have been led by that old heathen, the Duke of Newcastle, towards the Bedfords, and have almost sacrificed even to Grenville. Well! what is to follow? I am sure I don't know. There has been a dabbling with the Bedfords, to detach them from Grenville,—they refused; and yet I believe are still hankering. The pretensions of the last Ministers are as high as if they had any pretensions; and yet they make a show of stickling for the other opposition too. This cannot on either part be granted. The Court, too, is so strong, that it cannot be taken by storm; and even this last week, though the Government is in a manner known to be dissolved, the majority has been very triumphant. The House of Lords has sat day after day, and night after night, on the Dividend Bill, and yet all Lord Mansfield's abilities have been baffled. I should rather think some Admi-

nistration would be patched up from promiscuous quarters which may weather the next session, and when a new Parliament is chosen, the King may have what Ministers he pleases. In a week, perhaps, I may be able to be more informing; at present all is in suspense.

I do not wonder your great Duchess wonders that her dogs are not arrived, and you must wonder too; yet I am not to blame. I cannot get such a thing of the smallness and beauty you require. Lord Dacre's bitch disappointed me by a miscarriage. I have been at the repositories where they are sold, yet could find but one, and that was tanned, and too large. When Madame de Mirepoix was here, I teazed all my acquaintance for two. After six months I got them, and she sent them back the next morning, saying they were too large. I am called away and must finish: you shall hear the moment that anything is settled. Adieu!

LETTER CVIII.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1767.

You have heard enough, even in the late reign, of our *interministeriums*, not to be surprised that the present lasts so long. I am not writing now to tell you it is at an end; but I thought you might grow impatient.

The Parliament was scarcely separated when a negotiation was begun with the Bedfords, through Lord Gower; with a view to strengthen the remains of Ad-

ministration by that faction, but with no intention of including George Grenville, who is more hated at Court than he is even in other places. After some treaty, Lord Gower, much against his will, I believe, was forced to bring word, that there was no objection made by his friends to the Treasury remaining in the Duke of Grafton; that Grenville would support without a place; but Lord Temple (who the deuce thought of Lord Temple?) insisted on equal power, as he had demanded with Lord Chatham. There was an end of that treaty! Another was then begun with Lord Rockingham. He pleaded want of strength in his party,—and he might have pleaded almost every other want—and asked if he might talk to the Bedfords. Yes! he might talk to whom he pleased, but the King insisted on keeping the Chancellor,—"and me," said the Duke of Grafton; but added, that for himself, he was very willing to cede the Treasury to his lordship. Away goes the marquis to Woburn; and, to charm the King more, negotiates with both Grenvilles too. These last, who had demanded everything of the Crown, were all submission to the marquis, and yet could not dupe him so fast as he tried to be duped. Oh! all, all were ready to stay out, or turn their friends in, or what he pleased. He took this for his own talents in negotiation, came back highly pleased, and notified his success. The Duke of Grafton wrote to him that the King meant they should come in, *to extend and strengthen his Administration.* Too elated with his imaginary power, the marquis returned an answer, insolently civil to the

duke, and not commonly decent for the place it was to be carried to. It said, that his lordship had laid it down for a principle of the treaty, that the present Administration was at an end. That supposed, *he* was ready to *form* a comprehensive Ministry, but first must talk to the King.

Instead of such an answer as such a *remonstrance* deserved, a very prudent reply was made. The King approved the idea of a comprehensive Administration: he desired to unite the hearts of *all* his subjects: he meant to exclude men of no denomination attached to his person and government; it was such a ministry that *he* intended to *appoint*. When his lordship should have *formed a plan* on such views, his Majesty would be ready to receive it from him. The great statesman was wofully puzzled on receiving this message. However, he has summoned his new allies to assist in composing a scheme or list. When they will bring it, how they will bring it formed, or whether they will ever bring it, the Lord knows. There the matter rests at present. If the marquis does not alter his tone, he sinks for ever, and from being the head of a separate band, he must fall into the train of Grenville, the man whom he and his friends opposed on all the arbitrary acts of that Ministry, and whom they have irremissibly offended by repealing his darling Stamp-act. *Apropos*, America is pacified, and the two factions cannot join to fish in troubled waters, there, at least.

Lord Clive is arrived, has brought a million for himself, two diamond drops worth twelve thousand pounds

for the Queen, a scimitar, dagger, and other matters, covered with brilliants, for the King, and worth twenty-four thousand more. These *baubles* are presents from the deposed and imprisoned Mogul, whose poverty can still afford to give such bribes. Lord Clive refused some overplus, and gave it to some widows of officers: it amounted to ninety thousand pounds. He has *reduced* the appointments of the Governor of Bengal to thirty-two thousand pounds a-year; and, what is better, has left such a chain of forts and distribution of troops as will entirely secure possession of the country—till we lose it. Thus having composed the eastern and western worlds, we are at leisure to kick and cuff for our own little island, which is great satisfaction; and I don't doubt but my Lord Temple hopes that we shall be so far engaged before France and Spain are ripe to meddle with us, that when they do come, they will not be able to reunite us.

Don't let me forget to tell you, that of all the friends you have shot flying, there is no one whose friendship for you is so little dead as Lord Hilsborough's. He spoke to me earnestly about your riband the other day, and said he had pressed to have it given to you. Write and thank him. You have missed one by Lord Clive's returning alive, unless he should give a hamper of diamonds for the Garter.

Well! I have remembered every point but one—and see how he is forgotten! Lord Chatham! He was pressed to come forth and set the Administration on its legs again. He pleaded total incapacity; grew

worse and grows better. Oh! how he ought to dread recovering!

Mr. Conway resigns the day after to-morrow. I hope in a week to tell you something more positive than the uncertainties in this letter. Good night.

LETTER CIX.

Arlington Street, July 31st, 1767.

THE clouds disperse; but there have been dark moments. The very day on which I wrote to you last was critical. A meeting of the two factions was held at Newcastle House, where the Duke of Bedford was agent for the Grenvilles; and the old wretch himself laboured tooth and nail, that is, with the one of each sort that he has left, to cement, or rather, to make over his friends to the same influence. But to no purpose; passion reigned, and a quarrel soon ensued. Grenville had commissioned his proxy to demand declarations against America, whence, though everything is pacified, his pride required a hecatomb of victims. This was not yielded; nor all the places under the government, to glut the rapaciousness of the Bedford crew. The latter, too, formally protested against Mr. Conway's leading the House of Commons, which Lord Rockingham's interest and necessity called for, and which could not be waved, as Mr. Conway's resignation was a sacrifice to that party. The meet-

ing broke up in very bad terms: yet the Duke of Bedford, as if sensible of his folly, begged another the next night; and as if insensible of his folly, repeated it, and clinched the quarrel. Hallelujah! What had Grenville to do but to let the present Administration be dissolved? He could never have wanted occasion to break with Lord Rockingham again.

On the Wednesday Lord Rockingham asked an audience—as everybody did, and must think to offer his services. But common sense is a fool when it expects fools to act with common sense. The marquis behaved sillily, and impertinently, and *then* wondered he was not pressed to accept. Great offence was taken at his behaviour; and yet there was coolness and prudence enough left to permit another offer to be made. This condescension did the business. The weak man took it for weakness, and thinking that he should force more and more, lost all. In short he refused—and then Mr. Conway found himself at liberty. He and the Duke of Grafton have jointly undertaken the Administration, which was strong enough before, and now will be fortified by the contempt the world must have for both factions, who did not know how to make use of a moment which so many strange events had put into their hands.

The system, or rather arrangement, is not yet quite settled; but when one knows what is trumps, it is not difficult to play the game. I have not liked an hour so well as the present since Lord Chatham fell ill. He

remains as he was, in place, no minister, and with little hopes of recovering.

I have been very unfortunate in the death of my Lady Suffolk,* who was the only sensible friend I had at Strawberry. Though she was seventy-nine, her senses were in the highest perfection, and her memory wonderful, as it was as accurate on recent events as on the most distant. Her hearing had been impaired above forty years, and was the only defect that prevented her conversation from not being as agreeable as possible. She had seen, known, and remembered so much, that I was very seldom not eager to hear. She was a sincere and unalterable friend; very calm, judicious, and zealous. Her integrity and goodness had secured the continuation of respect, and no fallen favorite had ever experienced neglect less. Her fortune, which had never been nearly so great as it was believed, of late years was so diminished, as to have brought her into great difficulties. Yet they were not even suspected, for she had a patience and command of herself that prevented her ever complaining of either fortune or illness. No mortal but Lord Chetwynd † and I were acquainted with her real situation. I sat with her two hours on Saturday night, and though I

* Henrietta, daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, first married to —— Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and afterwards to George Berkeley, brother of the Earl of Berkeley. During the life of her first husband she was mistress of King George II., Woman of the Bedchamber, and afterwards Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline. She is often mentioned by Pope and Swift.

† William, Viscount Chetwynd, a great friend of Lord Bolingbroke.

knew that she was ill, and found her much changed, did not suspect her danger so great. The next evening she was better; and retiring to her chamber to supper with Lord Chetwynd, she pressed her hand suddenly to her side and expired in half an hour. I believe she left Marble Hill to Lord Buckingham,* and what else she had to Miss Hotham:† at least I guess so from what I have heard her say, for I have not yet been told her will. I think now of going for a few weeks to Paris: my autumns will not be nearly so pleasant, from the loss I have mentioned. Adieu!

LETTER CX.

Arlington Street, Aug. 18, 1767.

It is odd to take leave because we are coming nearer to one another, but I remember the last time I was at Paris how difficult it was for you to get my letters thence; and therefore as I shall not stay above a month or six weeks at most, I do not know whether I shall attempt to write to you. I can have little or nothing material to tell you. Your best way, if you have anything to say, will be to direct your letters to England, whence I shall receive them safely in four days.

* John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, nephew of Lady Suffolk.

† Henrietta, only child of Sir Charles Hotham Thompson, by Dorothy, only daughter of Sir John Hobart first Earl of Buckingham, brother of Lady Suffolk.

Everything is settled here; Lord Bristol* has given up Ireland, content with fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds, with having made his brother† a bishop, and his brother-in-law,‡ Phipps, an Irish baron, and not willing to expose himself to the torrents of abuse that were prepared for him. I should not say content, for he already seems to sigh after his robes and guards. Lord Townshend§ is overjoyed to succeed him, and has ceded the Lieutenancy of the Ordnance to Mr. Conway, and takes Lady Ailesbury's brother, Lord Frederick Campbell for his secretary. I do not know how the Irish will relish a Scot. Lord Townshend will impose upon them at first, as he has on the world; will please them by a joviality, and then grow sullen and quarrel with them. His brother Charles remains Chancellor of the Exchequer, will impose on nobody, though he will try to impose on everybody; will please, offend, lower his character, if possible, but will neither be out of humour himself nor let anybody else be so. Lord Rockingham will declare against Opposition, and will oppose; and the Duke of Newcastle, and their disgusts, will reconcile Lord Rockingham and the Bedfords. The latter will be violent, and George Grenville damp their fire by talking them to death, in order to blow it up. Lord Temple will call himself head of the Opposition, and will only do all the dirty work of it.

* George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol.

† Frederick, afterwards Earl of Bristol.

‡ Created Lord Mulgrave; he married Lepelle, eldest daughter of John Lord Hervey.

§ George, Viscount Townshend.

The Duke of York, we are told, has succeeded very well at Paris. I shall know more certainly in a few days. It is undoubted that that court has taken great pains to honor and please him.

It is not from any hurry that I finish my letter so soon; but politics are subsided, and the town is a desert. I am here preparing for my journey, and have come home these two nights at 10 o'clock, from having nowhere to go. It will be different at Paris, where one does not begin to go till nine. You will think me a strange man to leave England when I had just fixed everything here to my mind; but I hate politics, and am glad to pass a month without hearing of them. Nature, that gave me a statesman's head, forgot to give me ambition or interestedness; and, if I had never been contradicted, I should have been as trifling as a king. Adieu!

LETTER CXI.

Paris, September 27, 1767.

SINCE you insist upon my writing from hence, I will; I intended to defer it a few days longer, as I shall set out on my return this day se'nnight.

Within the five weeks of my being here, there have happened three deaths, which certainly nobody expected six weeks ago. Yet, though the persons were all considerable, their loss will make little impression on the state of any affairs.

Monsieur de Guerchy returned from his embassy with us about a month before my arrival. He had been out of order some time, and had taken waters, yet seeing him so often I had perceived no change, till I was made to remark it, and then I did not think it considerable. On my arrival, I was shocked at the precipitate alteration. He was emaciated, yellow, and scarcely able to support himself. A fever came on in ten days, mortification ensued, and carried him off. It is said that he had concealed and tampered indiscreetly with an old complaint, acquired before his marriage. This was his radical death; I doubt, vexation and disappointment fermented the wound. Instead of the duchy he hoped, his reception was freezing. He was a frank, gallant gentleman; universally beloved with us; hated I believe by nobody, and by no means inferior in understanding to many who affected to despise his abilities.

But our comet is set too! Charles Townshend is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished; those volatile salts are evaporated; that first eloquence of the world is dumb! that duplicity is fixed, that cowardice terminated heroically. He joked on death as naturally as he used to do on the living, and not with the affectation of philosophers, who wind up their works with sayings which they hope to have remembered. With a robust person, he had always a menacing constitution. He had had a fever the whole summer, recovered as it was thought, relapsed, was neglected, and it turned to an incurable putrid fever.

The Opposition expected that the loss of this essential pin would loosen the whole frame; but it had been hard, if both his life and death were to be pernicious to the Administration. He had engaged to betray the latter to the former, as I knew early, and as Lord Mansfield has since declared. I therefore could not think the loss of him a misfortune. His seals were immediately offered to Lord North,* who declined them. The Opposition rejoiced; but they ought to have been better acquainted with one educated in their own school. Lord North has since accepted the seals—and the reversion of his father's pension.

While that eccentric genius, Charles Townshend, whom no system could contain, is whirled out of existence, our more artificial meteor, Lord Chatham, seems to be wheeling back to the sphere of business—at least his health is declared to be re-established; but he has lost his adorers, the mob, and I doubt the wise men will not travel after his light.

You, my dear sir, will be most concerned for the poor Duke of York, who has ended his silly, good-humoured, troublesome career, in a piteous manner. He had come to the camp at Compiegne, without his brother's approbation, but had been received here not only with every proper mark of distinction, but with the utmost kindness. He had succeeded, too, was attentive, civil, obliging, lively, pleased, and very happy in his replies. Charmed with a Court so lively in comparison of the monastic scene at home, he had

* Frederick Lord North, who was afterwards First Minister.

promised to return for Fontainebleau, and then scampered away as fast as he could ride or drive all round the South of France, intending to visit a lady at Genoa, with whom he was in love, whenever he had a minute's time. The Duc de Villars gave him a ball at his country-house, between Aix and Marseilles; the Duke of York danced at it all night as hard as if it made part of his road, and then in a violent sweat, and without changing his linen, got into his postchaise. At Marseilles the scene changed. He arrived in a fever, and found among his letters, which he had ordered to meet him there, one from the King his brother, forbidding him to go to Compiegne, by the advice of the Hereditary Prince. He was struck with this letter, which he had ignorantly disobeyed, and by the same ignorance had not answered. He proceeded, however, on his journey, but grew so ill that his gentlemen carried him to Monaco, where he arrived on the third, and languished with great suffering until the seventeenth. He behaved with the most perfect tranquillity and courage, made a short will, and the day before he died dictated to Colonel St. John,* a letter to the King, in which he begged his forgiveness for every instance in which he had offended him, and entreated his favour to his servants. He would have particularly recommended St. John, but the young man said handsomely, "Sir, if the letter were written by your Royal Highness yourself, it

* Henry, brother of Frederick, Viscount Bolingbroke, and Groom of the Bedchamber to Edward Duke of York.

would be most kind to me; but I cannot name myself. The Prince of Monaco, who happened to be on the spot, was unbounded in his attentions to him, both of care and honors; and visited him every hour till the duke grew too weak to see him. Two days before he died the duke sent for the prince, and thanked him; the prince burst into tears and could not speak, and retiring, begged the duke's officers to prevent his being sent for again, for the shock was too great. They made as magnificent a coffin and pall for him as the time and place would admit, and in the evening of the 17th the body was embarked on board an English ship, which received the corpse with military honours, the cannon of the town saluting it with the same discharge as is paid to a marshal of France. St. John and Morrison embarked with the body, and Colonel Wrottesley * passed through here with the news. The poor lad was in tears the whole time he stayed.

I shall beg Madame de Barbantane to trouble herself with this letter; I must ask this favour by a note, for I do not visit her; during my last journey I once or twice supped in company with her, but without much acquaintance. She is now in a convent with Mademoiselle the Duke of Orleans' daughter;† and Madame de Boufflers is at Lisle-Adam, and will not return to Paris before I am set out.

* Afterwards Sir John Wrottesley, another of the Duke of York's Grooms of the Bedchamber.

† Afterwards married to the Duc de Bourbon eldest son of the Prince de Condé, and mother to the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien.—Ed.

Lord Holland is expected here at the beginning of October. I have no doubt of his obtaining his earldom, but it will not be given before the end of next session. It is true I believe that Lord Carlisle, who is now here, will receive the green riband from the hands of the King of Sardinia. If Lord Cowper goes to England, he may undoubtedly secure the promise of the next; and Lord Warwick is in a bad state of health; but they never give green ribands to more than two English at a time. I am sorry that being at Florence, should be made a reason against bestowing ribands—I trust it will not remain so.

You tell me of the French playing at whist; why, I found it established when I was last here. I told them they were very good to imitate us in anything, but that they had adopted the two dullest things we have, whist and Richardson's novels.

So you and the Pope are going to have the Emperor! Times are a little altered; no Guelphs and Ghibellines now. I do not think the Cæsar of the day will hold his Holiness's stirrup while he mounts his palfrey. Adieu!

LETTER CXII.

Strawberry Hill, October 29, 1767.

I HAVE been returned from Paris above a fortnight, but I found everything here so profoundly quiet that all the news of England would not furnish a

paragraph. The Ministers are firmly seated, and Opposition scarcely barks; at least, keeps its throat for the opening of Parliament. Lord Chatham is given out to be much better, and will, we are told, re-appear upon the stage. The rage of elections is so great, and so enormously expensive, that I should not think the session would be much attended. There is no popular cry in the counties, or, if any, it is against General Warrants, and the authors of them.

Mr. Conway has acted nobly, and refused the emoluments of Secretary of State, which amount to above five thousand pounds a-year, contenting himself with the profits of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, which do not exceed eleven hundred, and waiting for a regiment. This moderation is ill-matter for an Opposition.

General Pulteney is dead, having owned himself worth a million, the fruits of his brother's virtues!* He has left an hundred and fifty thousand pounds to Lord Darlington,† and three hundred a-year to each of his two brothers; four hundred a-year only to Colman, Lady Bath's nephew, whom Lord Bath had recommended to him for the Bradford estate, but the old general was angry with Colman, for having entered into the management of the theatre in Covent Garden; and had told him he would not leave his estate to an actor. All the vast rest, except a few very

* William Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

† Henry Vane, second Earl of Darlington, whose grandmother, the Duchess of Cleveland, was a Pulteney, and aunt of Lord Bath.

trifling legacies, he leaves to his cousin Mrs. Pulteney, a very worthy woman, who had risked all by marrying one Johnstone, the third son of a poor Scot, but who is an orator at the India House, and likely to make a figure now in what *house* he pleases. She has one daughter, and is with child, but is fat, and not young. If she dies without children, the whole goes to Lord Darlington; but I think Mr. Johnstone Pulteney will try every method to be a nabob before that happens. The real nabob, Lord Clive, is reckoned in a very precarious state of health. Lord Holland is set out for Nice, much recovered before he went. Well! I have exhausted the mines of both Indies, and have nothing more to tell you, nor shall have probably before the Parliament meets. Adieu!

P.S. Oh! your poor young Queen of Naples, who has got the small pox, and will lose her beauty, if not her life! How much stronger superstition and prejudice are than maternal love, when all these deaths cannot open the Empress Queen's eyes in favour of inoculation! But she has escaped herself, and that will close them faster than ever.

November, 1st.

I must contradict much of what I have been writing: the Duke of York's body is arrived, and your young Queen is dead. You gave the former very good advice. He would not have taken it, for I believe one seldom acts in health as one wishes or intends to do when one is at the point of death. The letter was not, as I told you, addressed to the King,

but to the Duke of Gloucester, to be shown to him. As I am making all sorts of *amendes honorables*, I must do justice to Lord North, who has no pension, as I heard at Paris.

I wonder all the Princes of Europe are not frightened *into* their wits—why, they die every day! and might avoid it, most of them, by being inoculated. Mr. Sutton would ensure them at twelve-pence a head. He inoculates whole counties, and it does not cause the least interruption to their business. They work in the fields, or go up to their middles in water, as usual. It is silly to die of such an old-fashioned distemper!

Monday, 3rd.

The Queen was brought to bed yesterday, of a fourth Prince. Good night! I have scarce time to save the post.

LETTER CXIII.

Arlington Street, December 2nd, 1767.

Ce qui est differé, n'est point perdu. Though the Parliament has been met a week, and I have not opened my pen's lips, you will have amends made you for your impatience. We are triumphant beyond the paltry wisdom of calculation. We do not stoop to the detail of divisions to judge of our strength. Two Oppositions, that tread hard upon the heels of a majority, are the best secret in the world for composing a ridiculous minority. In short, Lord Rockingham's

and the Duke of Bedford's parties, who could not have failed to quarrel if they had come into place together, are determined at least to have their quarrel, if they cannot have their places. On the first day, the centurions of the former were very warm, but having nothing to complain of but the bad weather and the price of corn, the Ministers had very little trouble. George Grenville, to show that he would not support the Rockinghams, did not speak till the question was passed; and then was wonderfully placid. Next day, he and Dowdswell squabbled for two hours, on their different creeds for America: the House laughed at both, and the Ministers kept their countenance: but the Bedfords were angry, or glad to be angry with Grenville. Two days afterwards, the Duke of Newcastle, who had rather make peace than not make mischief, scuttled to Bedford House, and tried to unite the two factions, but could scarcely obtain to be heard; and is gone to whisper anybody that will be whispered at Bath. However, if he has but three dependents left upon earth, and can make two of them wait in his ante-chamber while he affects to be locked up with the third, he will be satisfied. Lord Temple and Lord Lyttelton are driving about the town with long speeches, which nobody cares to hear. The latter is a very beacon, to warn folks not to come near the party he belongs to, which is always the wrong. The Rockinghams, who have no reason to be angry with anybody but themselves, which nobody likes to be, do not know with whom to be most angry. George

Grenville is distracted that the Ministers will not make America rebel, that he may be minister and cut America's throat, or have his own throat cut; and everybody else, I suppose, will get places as soon as they can. My Lord Chatham is still at Bath. If all had been quite confusion, perhaps he might have come forth again—faith! as all will be quite peace, I do not know whether he may not still come. This is the state of our Vesuvius: though the lava has done running, the grumblings have not entirely ceased.

The Duke of Bedford is to be couched on Saturday for cataracts in both eyes. This is all our public and private news, except the divorce of Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, which is determined; and by consent of her family, she is to marry Mr. Beauclerc, the hero of the piece.

Should anything happen before Friday, I shall have two days to write it; if not, as Brutus and Cassius, or some such persons as you and I, say,

This parting was well made.

Friday, 4th.

Brother Brutus, I do not know a word more. Everything remains quiet in the senate. Adieu!

LETTER CXIV.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1767.

I HAVE received your letter, of the 21st of November, just as I was going to write to you. The volumes

of Herculaneum came to me safe three days ago, for which I give you many thanks.

I must now prepare you for a new public scene. The obstinacy of George Grenville, who, on the first day of the session, would not act with the Rockingham faction, and who openly quarrelled with the second, disgusted his own friends, or gave them a handle for being disgusted. The Duke of Bedford sent for him, and told him that he himself was weary of opposition, and his friends more so; and therefore desired that each squadron might be at liberty *to provide* for themselves. Would not one think they were starving? After this *decent* declaration, his Grace sent to lay himself and *his friends* at the Duke of Grafton's feet, begging, as alms, that they might have some of the first and best places under the Government. What heart is hard enough to resist so moving a petition? Well! I believe it will be granted: it breaks opposition to pieces; and surely these good folks will not be formidable, from their characters at least. This, I think, will be the arrangement: Lord Gower, President of the Council,—it is a drunken place by prescription; Lord Granville had it, and Lord Northington has. Lord Weymouth, Secretary of State. I do not know yet, but probably shall before the post goes out, whether Lord Shelburne will keep America, or go out angrily, as he certainly is not over-well treated. If he resigns, Lord Hilsborough will be Secretary for America, and Lord Sandwich, Postmaster. Mr. Rigby will take anything he can get, and better it as soon as he can.

The rest are too insignificant, whether they are taken or wait.

The flower of this whole negotiation is, that it is not six months since the Duke of Bedford objected to Mr. Conway, as improper for leader of the House of Commons, and now stoops to place his people under him; nay, they have owned there is nobody so proper. This is triumph enough, and all I care about the matter; nay, and all I shall say about it, and more than you must say; for by the end of the week I suppose Lord Weymouth will be your master, and there is none of the set but must think opening a letter is innocence compared with anything else they have done. You will not wonder, therefore, if I become more reserved for the future—at least for some time; for though the Court will take them, I shrewdly suspect that they do not intend to keep them long. For my part, I am perfectly indifferent whether they do or not, as my resolution was taken, when I declined coming into Parliament again, to have nothing more to do with politics for the rest of my life; and I am not apt to break my resolutions. I cannot, like the Duke of Newcastle, sail through life with generation after generation; and I am sick of the present. I have seen them in all shapes, and know them thoroughly; and unless I receive new provocations from any set, I prefer none to the other. In truth, I do not know whether the Bedfords are not the best, as they have not shame enough to be hypocrites.

So your King of Naples is a madman, or an idiot!

and they set aside his eldest brother on the same pretence, to make room for him! Poor North, and poor South! The devil at Petersburgh, and a lunatic at Naples! Give me the bedlamite: one cannot be angry with Vesuvius for boiling over one, but one hates to be strangled by Lucifer, and then hear him lay it on God* himself! Yet, Voltaire and the French philosophers can find charms in such a character! 'Tis a precious world, and one must be mad too, to do anything but laugh at it. Adieu!

LETTER CXV.

Arlington Street, Dec. 25, 1767.

I SEND you these few lines only as a sequel, or confirmation of my last. The treaty is concluded, and Lord Gower has actually kissed hands as Lord President, in the room of Lord Northington, who retires on a pension. Lord Shelburne keeps the Southern department, but Lord Hilsborough is Secretary of State for America, and Lord Sandwich is to be Postmaster. The most material alteration is, that Mr. Conway will, at the end of next month, quit the Seals, which he has long wished to do, but will remain Cabinet Counsellor, and acting Minister in the House of Commons: this the King, and the Duke of Grafton, both insist on. Lord Weymouth is to wait till then. Mr. Conway was desirous of quitting the minute he could, but it was

* See the Manifesto of the Czarina, on the death of her husband.

thought right, that as the Duke of Bedford had objected to him in the summer, they should be forced to swallow this submission of coming in under him—and they have swallowed it—and nobody doubted but they would. They have swallowed Lord Shelburne too, to whom they objected next, when they could not help stooping to Mr. Conway, but this was likewise denied; and they have again submitted. The Duke of Marlborough was to have the Garter, but to defer it as long as possible, the vacant one was immediately given to the Duke of Cumberland; and two more must drop, before the Duke of Marlborough can obtain one; for this is only the second* instance in my memory, where a single one was given alone. The Bedfords are to have some other trifles.

In the moment of projection, we thought this whole arrangement would blow up. Lord Chatham arrived at Reading; but he has stopped at Mrs. George Pitt's† at Wandsworth-hill, and we hear no more of him.

Well! I once more breathe at liberty! I have done with politics, and in three months shall have done with Parliaments. I do not talk of retiring, for that would be a tie, and I should want to break it; but if I know myself at all, I shall take care how I embark again. It will not be for want of opportunity, for this arrangement, I think, will not hold to July; but I

* James, second Earl of Waldegrave, received a Garter alone, from George II., who gave it him to disappoint a cabal, in a moment not unlike that in the letter above.

† Penelope Atkins, wife of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers; a very distant relation of Lord Chatham.

neither guess nor prophecy, especially not, when there will be any system that will last. How strange and precipitate our changes are! Two months ago I doubted whether the numbers and activity of the Opposition, might not shake the Administration. By the splitting of the Opposition into pieces, and by the treachery of one of those fragments, the Administration is more shattered than it could have been but by a decisive defeat. Truly we politicians see a great way! Well! I shall only laugh at the trade now. I was born in it, and have lived in it half a century; I do not admire it, I am overjoyed to quit it, and shall be very indifferent what happens to the business. Adieu!

LETTER CXVI.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 17, 1768.

THIS, I should think, my dear sir, would be but a short letter, since I have little or no news to tell you; for I hope my good will is no news to you. The moment I saw in the papers that Sir William Rowley was dead, I desired Mr. Conway to make every necessary representation of your claim to a red riband. He spoke to the Duke of Grafton, who met him half way, acknowledged your title, and said that there was nobody he wished more to serve; and yet there are circumstances I do not like. The King has lately given the late Duke of Cumberland's riband to his second son; and I know has said, "It had already had the

effect he intended it; it was prodigious the number of considerable applications he had had since he had thus stamped the order with dignity." I do not know whence these application are; but we change hands so often, that I shall not wonder if red ribands go in part of payment. I am very sorry for it, but you see I am ready to do more than I promised, and do not want to be put in mind. I could wish to have got this for you: I shall now be of little use to you. I have totally done with politics for ever, and favours are seldom obtained by people who neither do hurt nor good. Mr. Conway will resign this week, and Lord Weymouth will have the Seals. The latter is very good-natured, and, I think, will not be your enemy. Lord Chatham is said to have the gout in both feet.

Pho! I see I have begun my letter on the wrong side of the paper. Well! no matter. Sir William Rowley has left six thousand pounds a-year—to whom do you think?—to his great-grandson. To his son, who had not disobliged him, he gives but eight hundred a-year; the same to his grandson; all the rest to his grandson's heir, and the savings. It is rather leaving an opportunity to the Chancery to do a right thing, and set such an absurd will aside. Do not doubt it. The law makes no bones of wills. I have heard of a man who began his will thus: "This is my will, and I desire the Chancery will not make another for me." Oh! but it did. If the admiral has left his riband to somebody unborn, I hope the Chancery will give it to you in the mean time.

We have had most dreadful frost and snow, but they lasted not quite three weeks. Yet, though the weather is quite warm, and it has rained several times, there are opposition-lumps of ice lying about the streets, that cannot be prevailed upon to melt, and take their places in the kennel. You tell me you have had snow at Florence.

The Duke of Newcastle has been dying, but is out of danger. He says he will meddle no more with politics, and therefore I think I will not declare that I have done with them, for I am sure he will relapse to them, and I should hate to be like him.

Well! I may as well bid you good night, for I have nothing more to say. If I hear anything to-morrow, when I return to town, I shall have time enough to tell you, for my letter will not set out till next day. If nothing happens, I shall take no notice, but end here.

Tuesday, 19th.

I met Mr. Mackenzie this morning at Princess Amelia's. He took me aside, and expressed the greatest solicitude about your riband. I told him what I had just done. He said he would himself tell the Duke of Grafton the share he had in it, and how long ago it had been promised to you. I gave him a thousand thanks, and told him I would this very evening let you know how much you are obliged to him. Write him a line, and say I had acquainted you with this mark of his friendship and remembrance.

LETTER CXVII.

Arlington Street, Feb. 26, 1768.

THE House of Commons has been employed in ferretting out bribery and corruption, and punishing some borough-jobbers and the Corporation of Oxford, who rather deserved thanks for not having taken the money for themselves. Then we had a flaming bill proposed, equal to the self-denying Ordinance of last century; and, as if Satan himself had drawn it, the only result would have been perjury; but we had the grace not to swallow it. The Opposition picked up spirits and plumped up their minority; but pushing their advantages too warmly, they fell on a jovial parson who was supported by the Treasury, and accused by one old sinner much worse than himself, and so sitting till past one in the morning, the minority was again reduced to 39 against 155. This blow will probably put an end to the campaign and to the Parliament—a Parliament for ever memorable; but you will excuse me from writing their panegyric! Old Mr. Onslow, the last Speaker, did not live to see their exit; and when they meet, I believe he will not regret that he had nothing to do with them. His death was long, and dreadfully painful, but he supported his agony with great patience, dignity, good humour, and even good breeding.

Monsieur du Chatelet is at last arrived, and is to be very sumptuous and magnificent. The ambassadress, I believe, will not come till the autumn. Lord Cath-

cart has kissed hands for Russia, in the room of Sir George Macartney, who has married Lord Bute's second daughter, and is to be in Parliament.

We are drowning again for the second winter, and hear of nothing but floods and desolation : but, come ! I will not look for such common news to fill up my letter, but tell you a short story, and bid you good night. Last Monday there was at court a sea-captain who had been made prisoner at Algiers. He was complaining how cruelly he had been used. They asked how ? " Why," said he, " you see I am not strong, and could do no hard labour, and so they put me to hatch eggs ;" but his greatest grievance was, that, when he had hatched a brood, they took away his chickens. Did you ever hear of a more tender-hearted old hen ? I laughed till I cried. Adieu !

LETTER CXVIII.

Arlington Street, March 8, 1768.

Our and my last Parliament will be dissolved the day after to-morrow. I do not know a single syllable of other political news.

Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury have had a signal escape—I was going to say, but attended with shocking circumstances, but, as I was writing the preceding words, my footman is come in, and says the affair is discovered. In short, last Wednesday, they were waked at six in the morning with an alarm that the house was on fire. It was so ; a new library, just

finished, was in flames. Many of the books are destroyed, many damaged; pictures burnt, and some papers, and nine hundred pounds in Bank notes, gone; all appearances of a robbery attempted to be concealed by setting fire to the room in three places. Thus, the suspicion fell on a set of old and faithful servants. I now hear that the assassin is discovered, and is a servant of the Duke of Richmond. I know no more yet. Adieu! I must go and inquire; for they have been in miserable suspense, and the whole town has been blaming him and her, because they would not believe it could be done by their own servants.

LETTER CXIX.

Arlington Street, Thursday, March 31, 1768.

I HAVE received your letter, with the extract of that from Mr. Mackenzie. I do not think any honours will be bestowed yet. The peerages are all postponed to an indefinite time. If you are in a violent hurry, you may petition the ghosts of your neighbours—Masaniello and the Gracchi. The spirit of one of them walks here; nay, I saw it go by my window yesterday, at noon, in a hackney chair.

Friday.

I was interrupted yesterday. The ghost is laid for a time in a red sea of port and claret. This spectre is the famous Wilkes. He appeared the moment the Parliament was dissolved. The Ministry despise him. He

stood for the city of London, and was the last on the poll of seven candidates, none but the mob, and most of them without votes, favouring him. He then offered himself to the county of Middlesex. The election came on last Monday. By five in the morning a very large body of weavers, &c., took possession of Piccadilly, and the roads and turnpikes leading to Brentford, and would suffer nobody to pass without blue cockades, and papers inscribed "*No* 45, *Wilkes and Liberty.*" They tore to pieces the coaches of Sir W. Beauchamp Proctor, and Mr. Cooke, the other candidates, though the latter was not there, but in bed with the gout, and it was with difficulty that Sir William and Mr. Cooke's cousin got to Brentford. There, however, lest it should be declared a void election, Wilkes had the sense to keep everything quiet. But, about five, Wilkes, being considerably a-head of the other two, his mob returned to town and behaved outrageously. They stopped every carriage, scratched and spoiled several with writing all over them "No. 45," pelted, threw dirt and stones, and forced everybody to huzza for Wilkes. I did but cross Piccadilly at eight, in my coach with a French Monsieur d'Angeul, whom I was carrying to Lady Hertford's; they stopped us, and bid us huzza. I desired him to let down the glass on his side, but, as he was not alert, they broke it to shatters. At night they insisted, in several streets, on houses being illuminated, and several Scotch refusing, had their windows broken. Another mob rose in the City, and Harley, the present mayor, being another Sir

William Walworth, and having acted formerly and now with great spirit against Wilkes, and the Mansion-house not being illuminated, and he out of town, they broke every window, and tried to force their way into the house. The trained bands were sent for, but did not suffice. At last a party of guards, from the Tower, and some lights erected, dispersed the tumult. At one in the morning a riot began before Lord Bute's house, in Audley Street, though illuminated. They flung two large flints into Lady Bute's chamber, who was in bed, and broke every window in the house. Next morning, Wilkes and Cooke were returned members. The day was very quiet, but at night they rose again, and obliged almost every house in town to be lighted up, even the Duke of Cumberland's and Princess Amelia's. About one o'clock they marched to the Duchess of Hamilton's, in Argyle-buildings (Lord Lorn* being in Scotland). She was obstinate, and would not illuminate, though with child, and, as they hope, of an heir to the family, and with the Duke, her son,† and the rest of her children in the house. There is a small court and parapet wall before the house : they brought iron crows, tore down the gates, pulled up the pavement, and battered the house for three hours. They could not find the key of the back door, nor send for any assistance. The night before, they had obliged

* John Campbell, Lord Lorn, eldest son of John, Duke of Argyll, and second husband of the celebrated beauty, Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess-Dowager of Hamilton.

† Duke of Hamilton, her son by her first husband.

the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to give them beer, and appear at the windows, and drink Wilkes's health. They stopped and opened the coach of Count Seilern, the Austrian ambassador, who has made a formal complaint, on which the Council met on Wednesday night, and were going to issue a proclamation, but, hearing that all was quiet, and that only a few houses were illuminated in Leicester Fields from the terror of the inhabitants, a few constables were sent with orders to extinguish the lights, and not the smallest disorder has happened since. In short, it has ended like other election riots, and with not a quarter of the mishief that has been done in some other towns.

There are, however, difficulties to come. Wilkes has notified that he intends to surrender himself to his outlawry the beginning of next term, which comes on the 17th of this month. There is said to be a flaw in the proceedings, in which case his election will be good, though the King's Bench may fine or imprison him on his former sentence. In my own opinion, the House of Commons is the place where he can do the least hurt, for he is a wretched speaker, and will sink to contempt, like Admiral Vernon, who I remember just such an illuminated hero, with two birthdays in one year. You will say, he can write better than Vernon —true; and therefore his case is more desperate. Besides, Vernon was rich: Wilkes is undone; and, though he has had great support, his patrons will be sick of maintaining him. He must either sink to

poverty and a jail, or commit new excesses, for which he will get knocked on the head. The Scotch are his implacable enemies to a man. A Rienzi* cannot stop: their histories are summed up in two words—a triumph and an assassination.

I must finish, for Lord Hertford is this moment come in, and insists on my dining with the Prince of Monaco, who is come over to thank the King for the presents his Majesty sent him on his kindness and attention to the late Duke of York. You shall hear the suite of the above histories, which I sit quietly and look at, having nothing more to do with the storm, and sick of politics, but as a spectator, while they pass over the stage of the world. Adieu!

LETTER CXX.

Strawberry Hill, April 23rd, 1768.

As Wednesday last was the great day of expectation when Mr. Wilkes was to, and did, make his appearance in the King's Bench, I ought to have told you the event by Friday's post; but, my dear sir, I could tell you no event; nor was I in my life ever so puzzled to translate law into so much sense as would form a narrative. Would not one think that on so common an event as an outlawry and surrender, it must be as well known in Westminster Hall what is to be done, as a schoolboy knows he is to be whipt if

* Nicolo Rienzi, a famous demagogue at Rome.

he plays truant? No such matter! All the great lawyers in England are now disputing in barbarous Latin and half English, whether Wilkes is Wilkes, whether he can surrender himself when he does surrender, with twenty more questions equally absurd, with which they have puzzled themselves, and, by consequence, all England, and, by consequence, all Europe. There are, at least, two dozen French now writing from London to Paris, that the *capias ut legatum* was not taken out as it should have been, and that the *fiat* should have been issued, &c. Well, patience! Let us come to facts, if we cannot get at meaning.

On Wednesday, all precautions were taken to prevent riots. Westminster Hall was garrisoned by constables, and horse and foot guards were ready to support them.

Wilkes had applied to the Attorney-General for a writ of error against his outlawry, which the attorney had promised, as they say; but the night before had been overpersuaded by the Master of the Rolls not to sign the *fiat*. Wilkes appeared according to promise. The Attorney-General moves to commit him. Lord Mansfield and the judges of the King's Bench tell him the *capias ut legatum* should have been taken out, and, not having been, there was no such person as Mr. Wilkes before them; nay, that there was no such person, for, Mr. Wilkes, being an outlaw, an *utlegatus* does not exist in the eye of the law. However, this nonentity made a long speech, and abused the chief

justice to his face, though, they say, with great trembling—and then—why then, one or two hallooed, and nobody answered, and Mr. Wilkes walked away, and the judges went home to dinner, and a great crowd, for there was a vast crowd, though no mobbing, retired.

This passed on Wednesday; it is now Saturday night. Several *capias* issued, and the Lord Mayor has turned out some of the Sheriffs' officers for not apprehending Wilkes. In short, some are afraid; more want to shift the unpopularity from their own shoulders to those of others; Wilkes does not resist, but rather shifts his quarters, not being impatient to have his cause tried when he is on the wrong side of a prison. The people are disposed to be angry, but do not know wherefore, and the Court had rather provocation was given than give it; and so it is a kind of defensive war, that I believe will end with little bloodshed. At least, hitherto, it is so uninteresting, that I should not have studied it so much, but to try to explain it to you, as at such a distance you might think it more considerable. As I shall be in town to-morrow, and my letter cannot go away till Tuesday, I will tell you if I hear any more, though I am heartily tired of the subject, and very indifferent about the hero.

Tuesday, 26th.

I am not a jot wiser than I was. Wilkes has certainly played at hide and seek, and is heartily sick of his personage, and would fain make his peace, having the sense to see that he must fall at last. There was

a great crowd at Westminster to-day, expecting his appearance, but I do not know whether he came or not, for I have not been abroad, nor seen anybody that could tell. *Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*, but not a Cromwell. Adieu!

LETTER CXXI.

Arlington Street, Thursday, May 12, 1768.

You sit very much at your ease, my dear sir, demanding ribands and settling the conveyance. We are a little more gravely employed. We are glad if we can keep our windows whole, or pass and repass unmolested. I call it reading history as one goes along the streets. Now we have a chapter of Clodius —now an episode of Prynne, and so on. I do not love to think what the second volume must be of a flourishing nation running riot. You have my text; now for the application.

Wilkes, on the 27th of last month, was committed to the King's Bench. The mob would not suffer him to be carried thither, but took off the horses of his hackney-coach and drew him through the city to Cornhill. He there persuaded them to disperse, and then stole to the prison and surrendered himself. Last Saturday his cause was to be heard, but his Counsel pleading against the validity of the outlawry, Lord Mansfield took time to consider, and adjourned

the hearing till the beginning of next term, which is in June.

The day before yesterday the Parliament met. There have been constant crowds and mobbing at the prison, but, on Tuesday, they insisted on taking Wilkes out of prison and carrying him to Parliament. The tumult increased so fast, that the Riot-Act was read, the soldiers fired, and a young man was shot. The mob bore the body about the streets to excite more rage, and at night it went so far that four or five more persons were killed; and the uproar quashed, though they fired on the soldiers from the windows of houses. The partisans of Wilkes say the young man was running away, was pursued and killed; and the jury have brought it in wilful murder against the officer and men: so they must take their trials; and it makes their case very hard, and lays Government under great difficulties. On the other side, the young man is said to have been very riotous, and marked as such by the guards. But this is not all. We have independent mobs, that have nothing to do with Wilkes, and who only take advantage of so favourable a season. The dearness of provisions incites, the hope of increase of wages allures, and drink puts them in motion. The coal-heavers began, and it is well it is not a hard frost, for they have stopped all coals coming to town. The sawyers rose too, and at last the sailors, who have committed great outrages in merchant ships, and prevented them from sailing. I just touch the heads, which would make a

great figure if dilated in Baker's Chronicle among the calamities at the end of a reign. The last mob, however, took an extraordinary turn; for many thousand sailors came to petition the Parliament yesterday, but in the most respectful and peaceable manner; desired only to have their grievances examined; if reasonable, redressed; if not reasonable, they would be satisfied. Being told that their flags and colours with which they paraded were illegal, they cast them away. Nor was this all: they declared for the King and Parliament, and beat and drove away Wilkes's mob.

It is now Friday morning; everything was quiet yesterday. Lord Suffolk moved the Lords to address the King to confer some mark of favour on the Lord Mayor Harley, for his active and spirited behaviour. The Duke of Grafton answered that it was intended; and the House were very zealous.

I wish with all my heart I may have no more to tell you of riots; not that I ever think them very serious things, but just to the persons on whom the storm bursts. But I pity poor creatures who are deluded to their fate, and fall by gin or faction, when they have not a real grievance to complain of, but what depends on the elements, or causes past remedy. I cannot bear to have the name of Liberty profaned to the destruction of the cause; for frantic tumults only lead to that terrible corrective, arbitrary power, which cowards call out for as protection, and knaves are so ready to grant.

I believe you will soon hear of the death of Princess Louisa,* who is in a deep consumption.

I am much obliged to Lord Stormont for his kind thoughts, and am glad you are together. You will be a comfort to him, and it must be very much so to you at this time, to have a rational man to talk with instead of old fools and young ones, boys and travelling governors. Adieu.

LETTER CXXII.

Strawberry Hill, June 9, 1768.

To send you empty paragraphs when you expect and want news is tantalising, is it not? Pray agree with me, and then you will allow that I have acted very kindly in not writing till I had something to tell you. *Something*, of course, means Wilkes, for everything is nothing except the theme of the day. There has appeared a violent North Briton, addressed to, and written against Lord Mansfield, threatening a rebellion if he continued to persecute Mr. Wilkes. This paper, they say, Wilkes owned to the Chevalier de Chastelux, a French gentleman, who went to see him in the King's Bench, and who knew him at Paris. A rebellion threatened in print is not very terrible. However, it was said that the paper was outrageous enough to furnish the law with every handle it could want. But modern mountains do

* The King's sister.

not degenerate from their ancestors; their issue are still mice. You know, too, that this agrees with my system, that this is an age of abortions. Prosecutions were ordered against the publishers and venders, and there, I suppose, it will end.

Yesterday was fixed for the appearance of Wilkes in Westminster Hall. The judges went down by nine in the morning, but the mob had done breakfast still sooner, and was there before them; and as judges stuffed out with dignity and lamb-skins, are not absolute sprites, they had much ado to glide through the crowd. Wilkes's counsel argued against the outlawry, and then Lord Mansfield, in a speech of an hour and a half, set it aside; not on *their* reasons, but on grounds which he had discovered in it himself. I think they say it was on some flaw in the Christian name of the county, which should not have been *Middlesex to wit*, —but I protest I don't know, for I am here alone, and picked up my intelligence as I walked in our meadows by the river. You, who may be walking by the Arno will, perhaps, think there was some timidity in this; but the depths of the law are wonderful! So pray don't make any rash conclusions, but stay till you get better information.

Well! now he is gone to prison again,—I mean Wilkes; and on Tuesday he is to return to receive sentence on the old guilt of writing, as the Scotch* would *not* call it, *the* 45, though they call the rebel-

* The Scotch called the rebellion in 1715, "*the* 15," and that in 1745 "*the* 45."

lion so. The sentence may be imprisonment, fine, or pillory; but as I am still near the Thames, I do not think the latter will be chosen. Oh! but stay, he may plead against the indictment, and should there be an improper *Middlesex to wit* in that too, why then in that case, you know, he did *not* write *the* 45, and then he is as white as milk, and as free as air, and as good a member of Parliament as if he had never been expelled. In short, my dear sir, I am trying to explain to you what I literally do not understand; all I do know is, that Mr. Cooke, the other member for Middlesex, is just dead, and that we are going to have another Middlesex election, which is very unpleasant to me, who hate mobs so near as Brentford. Serjeant Glynn, Wilkes's counsel, is the candidate, and I suppose the only one, in the present humour of the people, who will care to have his brains dashed out, in order to sit in Parliament. In truth, this enthusiasm is confined to the very mob or little higher, and does not extend beyond the county. All other riots are ceased, except the little civil war between the sailors and coal-heavers, in which two or three lives are lost every week.

What is most disagreeable, even the Emperor of Morocco has taken courage on these tumults, and has dared to mutiny for increase of wages, like our journeymen tailors. France is pert too, and gives herself airs in the Mediterranean. Our Paolists were violent for support of Corsica, but I think they are a little startled on a report that the hero Paoli is

like other patriots, and is gone to Versailles, for a peerage and pension. I was told to-day that at London there are murmurs of a war. I shall be sorry if it prove so. Deaths! suspense, say victory;—how end all our victories? In debts, and a wretched peace! Mad world, in the individual or the aggregate!

Well! say I to myself, and what is all this to me? Have not I done with that world? Am not I here at peace, unconnected with courts and ministries, and indifferent who is minister? What is a war in Europe to me more than a war between the Turkish and Persian Emperors? True; yet self-love makes one love the nation one belongs to, and vanity makes one wish to have that nation glorious. Well! I have seen it so; I have seen its conquests spread farther than Roman eagles thought there was land. I have seen too the Pretender at Derby; and, therefore, you must know that I am content with historic seeing, and wish fame and history would be quiet and content without entertaining me with any more sights. We were down at Derby, we were up at both Indies; I have no curiosity for any intermediate sights.

Your brother was with me just before I came out of town, and spoke of you with great kindness, and accused himself of not writing to you, but protested it was from not knowing what to say to you about the riband. I engaged to write for him, so you must take this letter as from him too.

I hope there will be no war for some hero to take

your honours out of your mouth, sword in hand. The first question I shall ask when I go to town will be, how my Lord Chatham does? I shall mind his health more than the stocks. The least symptom of a war will certainly cure him. Adieu! my dear sir.

LETTER CXXIII.

Strawberry Hill, June 22nd, 1768.

You will see in all the papers the sentence passed on Wilkes, which is severe enough, though not so strong as usual, it not having, I suppose, been thought prudent to add the pillory, though that disgrace would have ascertained the rejection of him from the House of Commons. He does intend to appeal to the House of Lords, but I doubt that is not just the court where he will find the easiest redress. In the meantime, his stock is much fallen. His sentence being rather passive than active, and exhibiting no spectacle, does not strike the mob with much compassion: they love to be shocked in order to be melted. The novelty, too, is over: though great pains were taken, and a thousand handbills dispersed to summon his constituents, the crowd was very small at his receiving sentence, with which he was much struck. Contributions hang off; in short, the holiday is over.

But there was a collateral reason which helped to put out this flame. The coal-heavers, who, by the way, are all Irish White-boys, after their battles with

the sailors, turned themselves to general war, robbed in companies, and murdered wherever they came. This struck such a panic, that in Wapping nobody dared to venture abroad, and the city began to find no joke in such liberty. They cried out for the guards, were transported to see them, and encouraged them to seize or kill the coal-heavers,—for aldermen love the military when their neighbour, Alderman Ucalegon's* house is set on fire. This dangerous riot is quelled, and I hear that several of these banditti are to be tried and hanged immediately. You may be easy; I think we shall have no more tumults.

I am quite ignorant what is to be done about Corsica; it looks rather as if we should take no part: but I live here out of all politics, and am content if there is no war between my neighbours, the two Kings of Brentford.† If the monarchs round about you expel the Pope, I hope they will not send him hither, as they have done the Jesuits; for, wise as Europe thinks us, there is no folly of which Europe purges itself, which we are not ready to receive.

I have written to you so often lately, that you must excuse a short letter, which is but the epilogue to all I have been telling you before. As riots, events, revolutions, compose the gross of our correspondence, 'tis happy when we have little to say. The world would be more dull if it furnished no matter for history, but its felicity would be greater too. Adieu!

* Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon.

† The King and Wilkes.

LETTER CXXIV.

Arlington Street, Aug. 4th, 1768.

SINCE our riots and tumults, I conclude you are glad when you do *not* hear from me; it is a symptom that we are tolerably quiet; for you can have no fear for me, who live out of the storm. It is true, our mobs are subsided;—several of the formidable coal-heavers are hanged. I intended to tell you the wonderful story of Green, who defended himself against them all for thirteen hours together, and killed eighteen or twenty; but you will see the trial at large in the papers. You will be charmed with his heroism, and with the courage and indifference of the sailor who shut himself up with him and assisted him, and stayed behind in the house coolly when Green was gone off. It is pretty astonishing, too, that a house should be besieged for thirteen hours together in the capital, and no notice taken of it, though a justice of peace passed by at the time! Well! but we have a worse riot, though a little farther off. Boston—not in Lincolnshire, though we have had a riot even there, but in New England, is almost in rebellion, and two regiments are ordered thither. Letters are come in, that say the other provinces disapprove; and even the soberer persons there. In truth, it is believed in the city that this tumult will be easily got the better of. Our navy, too, is in so very formidable plight, that our neighbours will not much

care to interfere. It is tremendous the force we have in the river, at Plymouth and Portsmouth.

We expect our cousin and brother of Denmark next week;—since he will travel, I hope he will improve: I doubt there is room for it. He is much, I believe, of the stamp of many youths we have sent you; but with so much a better chance, that he has not a travelling tutor to make him more absurd than he would be of himself. Poor Denmark, if Oxford or Cambridge had furnished him with a governor!

We have lost our Pope. Canterbury* died yesterday. He had never been a Papist, but almost everything else. Our Churchmen will not be Catholics; that stock seems quite fallen.

At last I have got two black puppies for your great duchess. They are as small as if I had bought them out of the fairy tales; and though I have had them a fortnight, I think they are rather grown smaller than increased. I have laid out by different channels for the first ship that goes to Leghorn, but as yet have not heard of one. Don't, therefore, drop a hint about them, lest they should arrive as slowly as your riband. They may die by the way, they may grow large or ugly, they may get the mange with salt provisions, &c. I will tell the captain that you will give him two guineas if they arrive safely, and if they do, and are beautiful, that the great duchess will give him her hand to kiss. In short, I will do

* Dr. Secker.

my utmost that you may be content. I had not, you see, forgotten, but literally, these were the only I could procure. They are excessively scarce, especially when very small, as these promise to be; they are the merriest little mice imaginable, the bitch, the smaller of the two. Adieu! this commission was the chief purpose of my letter. Possibly you may hear again soon, if our royal visitor produces anything worth repeating.

LETTER CXXV.

Arlington Street, Saturday, Aug. 13, 176[illegible]

My impatience insists on writing to you to-night, though my letter cannot go till Tuesday. Mr. Mackenzie surprised and rejoiced me yesterday in the evening, by telling me that Sir John Dick* is to carry you the riband of the Bath, and is to carry it immediately. Mr. Mackenzie settled it with the Duke of Grafton, and said to me, "I would carry the riband myself rather than he should not have it." In truth, I never saw more earnest friendship; and I congratulate you that you had so powerful an intercessor. I, you see, could get nothing but promises; but since you are content, I shall be so, for seldom does my satisfaction depend on favour and interest. What little I had I shun and relinquish every day, and get more and more out of the world as fast as I

* Consul at Genoa, and then at Leghorn.

can. Death shall never find me at a levée. Nor will he, I think, see me very unwilling to go with him, though I have no disappointments; but I came into the world so early, and have seen so much, that I am satisfied. While the comedy lasts, I sometimes go to it, but indifferent whether Lord Chatham or Garrick is on stage, and determined to meddle with the scuffles of no green-room.

The puppet of the day is the King of Denmark; in truth, puppet enough; a very miniature of our late King, his grandfather. White, strutting, dignified, prominent eyes, galant, and condescending enough to mark that it is condescension. He arrived the night before last, is lodged at St. James's, where he has levées, but goes and is to go everywhere, to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Bath, the Lord knows whither, to France, to Italy; in short, is to live in a crowd for these two or three years, that he may learn mankind, by giving all mankind an opportunity of staring at him. Well! but he is not twenty, and is an absolute Prince: sure subjects are happy when absolute twenty only runs away from them! He was last night at my Lady Hertford's, having told my lord, who by his office* received him at St. James's, that having made his first acquaintance among the men with him, he would be acquainted among the ladies first with his wife. All the people of fashion that could be got together at this time of year, were there. He stayed near an hour, behaved very properly, and talked to the minis-

* Of Lord Chamberlain.

ters and some of the ladies. His own Prime Minister, Bernsdorffe, is with him, a decent, sensible man; but there is a young favourite too, called Comte de Holke, who, poor lad! is quite intoxicated with his favour.

Apropos, did I tell you that Lord Bute is gone abroad, and, as his friends and the physicians say, never likely to return?—but he must die, before the generality will believe he is even ill. You should say something civil to Mr. Mackenzie on this chapter, and that you hope his brother is not so ill as report makes him; and that if he should think of Italy, you hope he will command your house.

Sunday.

The little King was last night at the Opera, and seemed extremely tired of it, though it was the Buona Figliuola, played by Lovatini and the Guadagni. He not only seems to have no ear, but not the least curiosity;* he took no notice of anything, and was only occupied with acting Royalty, for his assumed principality of Travendahl† is scarce at all in question. His court behaves to him with Eastern submission. What would I have taken to be Bernsdorffe, bowing and cringing to him at every word in the face of a new and free nation! A grave old man, running round Europe after a chit, for the sake of domineering over a parcel of beggar Danes, when he himself is a Hano-

* He was extremely short-sighted. Bernsdorffe owned to somebody "que c'étoit le secret d'état."

† As he travelled incognito, he took the title of Comte de Travendahl.

verian, and might live at ease on an estate he has in Mecklenburgh!

Bishop Cornwallis* is our new archbishop; a quiet, amiable, good sort of man; without the hypocrisy of his predecessor, or the abject soul of most of his brethren. He had a stroke of a palsy as long ago as when I was at Cambridge with him, the remaining appearances of which will keep up the hopes of our other cardinals.

There is a disagreeable affair at home, resulting from the disquiets in America. Virginia, though not the most mutinous, contains the best heads and the principal *boutes-feux*. It was thought necessary that the governor should reside there. It was known that Sir Jeffery Amherst would not like that: he must, besides, have superseded Gage.† At the same time, Lord Bottetourt,‡ a court favourite, yet ruined in fortune, was thought of by his friend Lord Hilsborough. This was mentioned to Sir Jeffery; with the offer of a pension. He boggled at the word *pension*; but neither cared to go to his government, nor seemed to dislike giving it up. On this, the new arrangement was too hastily made: Amherst refused the pension, and yesterday threw up his regiment too. His great merit and public services cast an ugly dye on this

* Frederic, Bishop of Litchfield and brother of the first Earl Cornwallis.

† Brother of Lord Gage, and afterwards general at Boston in the beginning of the American war.

‡ Norbonne Berkeley, Lord Bottetourt, Groom of the Bedchamber to George the Third.

affair, though a necessary one. Both sides seem to have acted too hastily.

The black dogs are not yet set out; I cannot hear of a vessel going directly to Leghorn. I have written to your brother (with the news of the riband) to desire he will employ some of our people at the Custom House to lay out for the first ship. The dog grows a little; but, *sa future*, will lie in the palm of your hand. However, do not announce these black princes till you can introduce them at court. Adieu!

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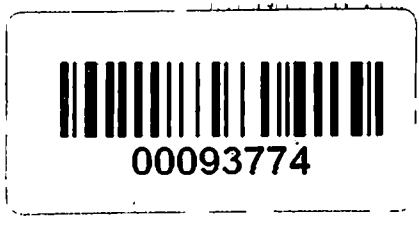
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